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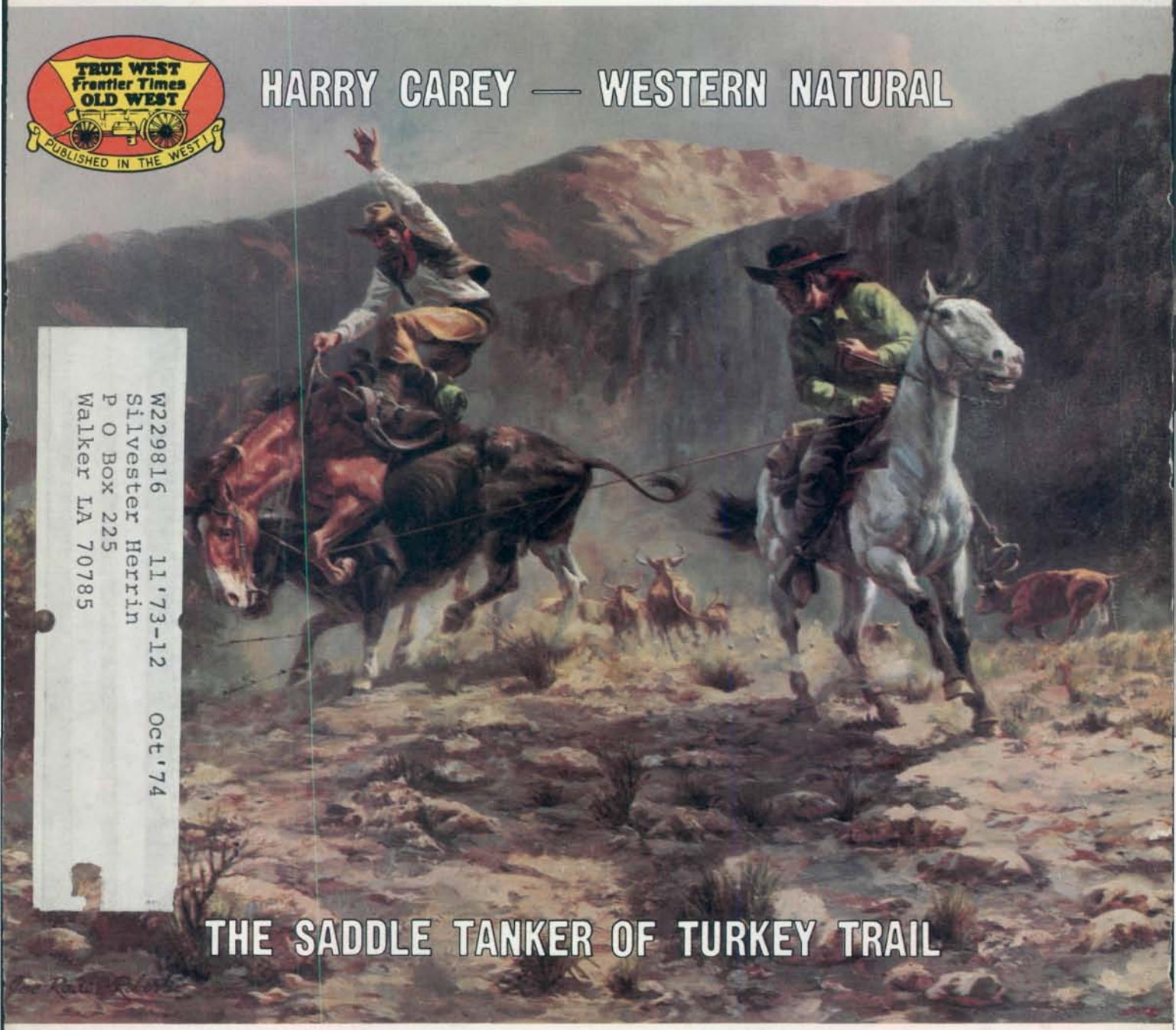

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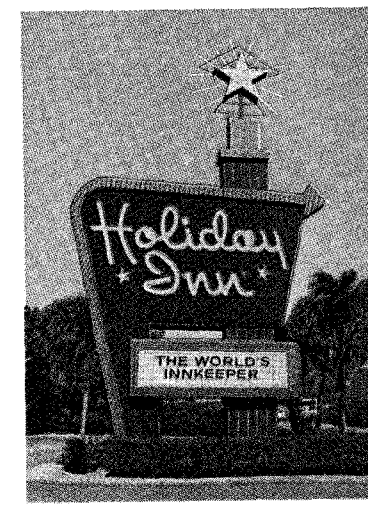

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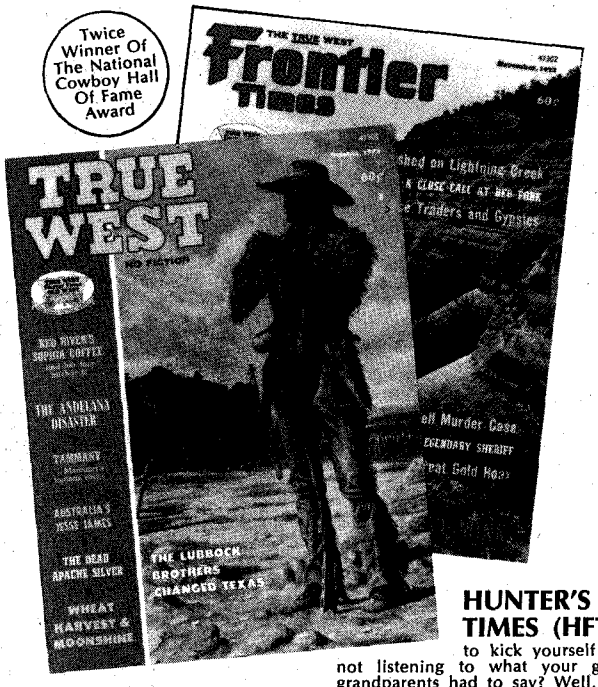

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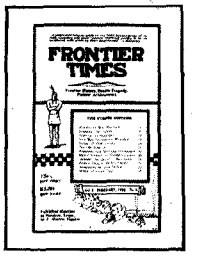

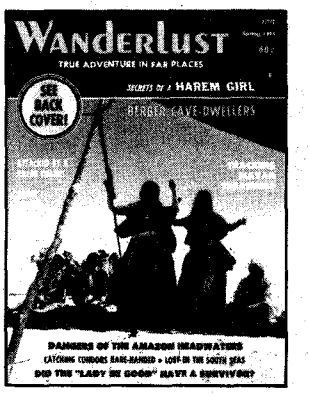

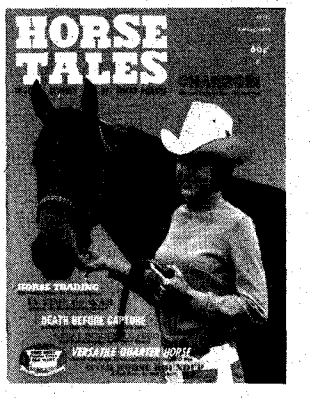

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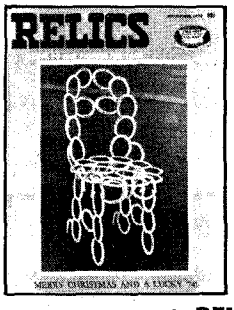

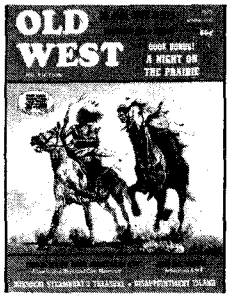

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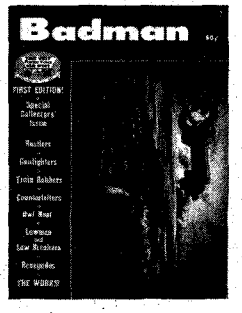

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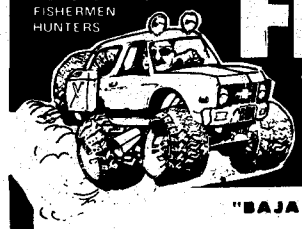

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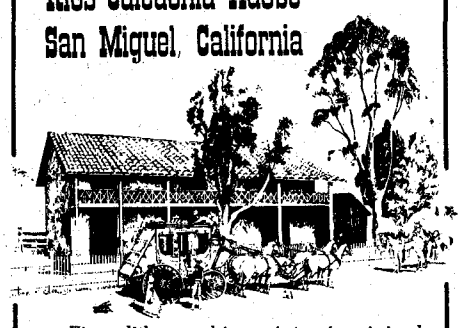

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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Cover: "Changing Mounts"
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True West

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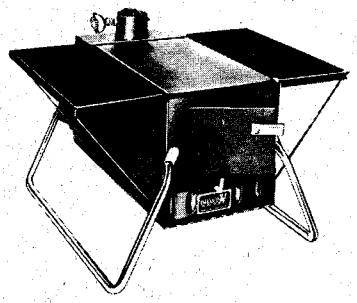

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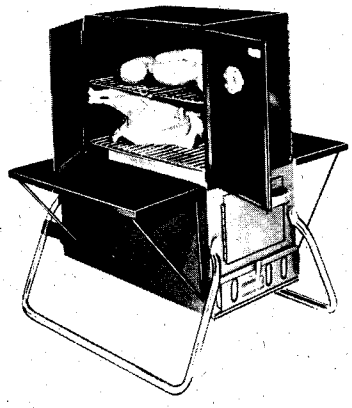

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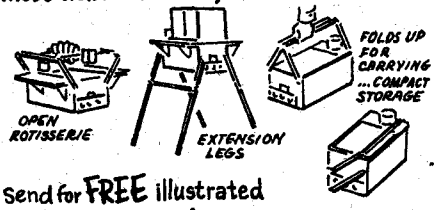

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Truly Western

Stewart F. (Mac) McClure

Can the Readers Help?

In the February 1973 issue of TRUE WEST is a story "Fringe Benefits of a Prospector," page 13. Does anyone have any information on the man in the center of the picture? The name is Stewart F. (Mac) McClure.

This man looks enough like my father to be a brother. I am wondering if possibly he could be related to my dad in some way.

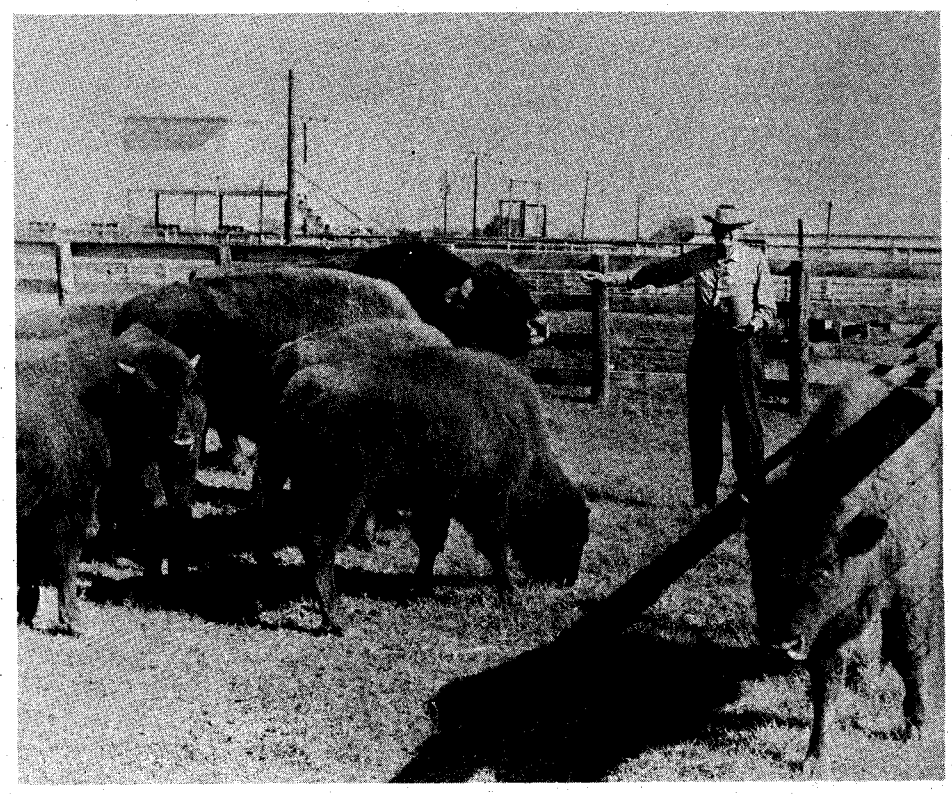
Would appreciate hearing from anyone who knew or knows this man. If he is still alive I'd like to write to him.—Mrs. Aloha Medlock, Winlock Route, Fossil, Oregon 97830

A Message from Hackberry

To my many good friends throughout the United States, just a letter of thanks to you all, and especially to my Navajo friends in Navajoland in New Mexico and Arizona. For many years I rodeoed with my buffaloes in many places and always drew a proper amount of applause. I hope you'll remember me as one of the great cowboys of the old days. I was eighty-six years old on February 17. I

(Continued on page 69)

Hackberry Johnson with his buffalo herd.



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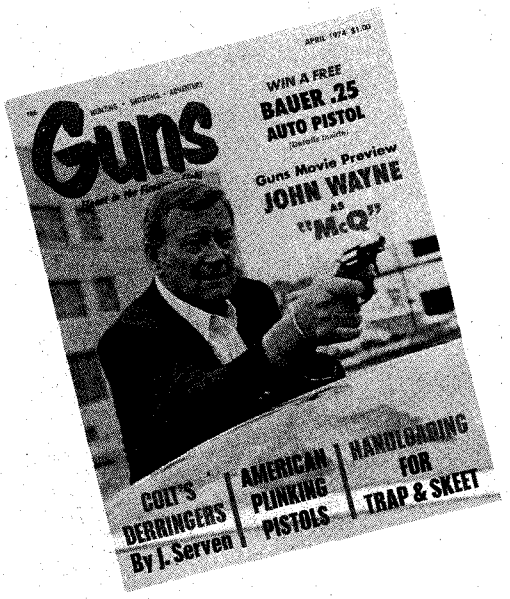

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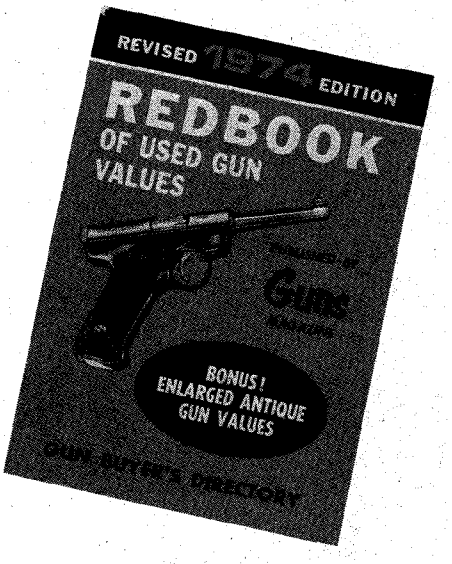

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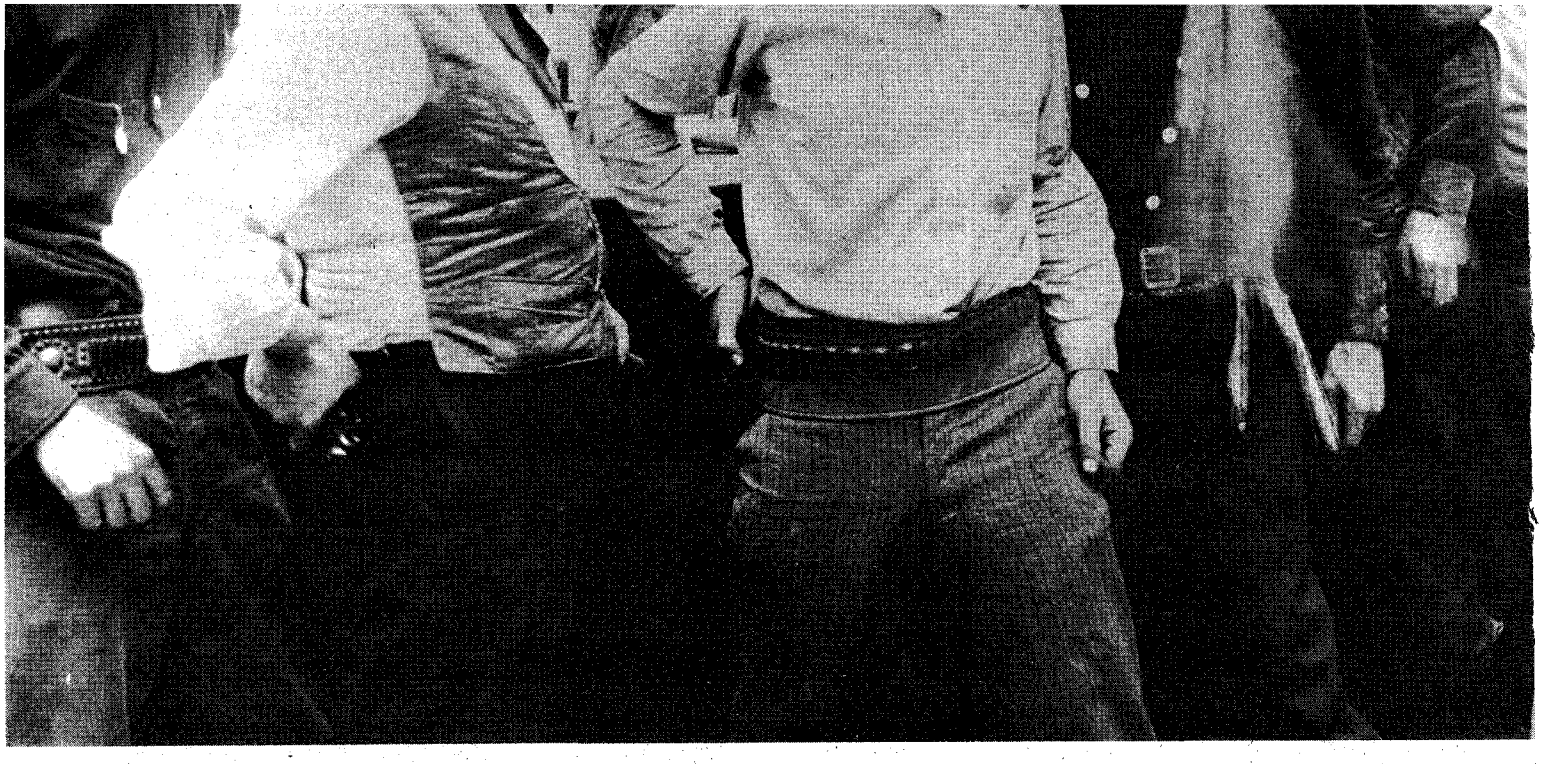

HARRY CAREY
WESTERN NATURAL

A MAJORITY of early favorites who epitomized the Western hero on the silver screen were born east of the Mississippi and knew little of riding, roping and rough-and-tumble combat before becoming transplanted sagebrush idols.

Harry Carey was no different. City bred, he won fame and fortune far from the streets of his native New York. For more than a decade he portrayed a two-fisted son of the West, and after a brief sojourn on the stage, came back as a character actor in motion pictures. His dedication and durability went unquestioned, and his casual approach and down-to-earth individuality made him unique at a time when many Western stars were merely carbon copies of each other. He has been described as "a stern Bill Hart and homespun Will Rogers rolled into one."

Harry DeWitt Carey II was born on January 16, 1878 in the Bronx, the son of a Tammany Special Sessions judge, Henry DeWitt Carey, who later operated a horse-car line. Young Carey grew up in City Island, and as a boy learned from the mounted police some of the rudiments of horsemanship. He attended Hamilton College and New York University, where he took part in track, played tackle on the football team, and studied law.

While filling in as an emergency horse-car driver during a snowstorm in 1899, Carey was stricken with pneumonia. He was forced to give up his law studies, and was sent to a friend's ranch in Montana to recuperate. During this visit he became a student of the history of this

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Carey was a young man who played strong roles by not troubling himself with "acting"

By GLENN SHIRLEY
Photos Courtesy Author

Below, Harry Carey. "He was a great actor, and we didn't doll him up—made him sort of a bum, a saddle tramp, in a dirty blue shirt, and old vest and patched overalls. . . ."—John Ford. Opposite page, Hoot Gibson (third from left) goes for his gun as Harry Carey (fourth from left) restrains him with a hand on Gibson's shoulder. Scene is from "A Knight of the Range," a 1916 Universal release.

great colorful land. It inspired him to write a melodrama, a burlesque on western plays, entitled *Montana*. When the star "fell down on the job," he took the leading role of "Cheyenne Harry."

Carey made his stage debut in the Yorkville Theater in 1903, and for the next four years toured America. His initial success resulted in a second effort, *The Heart of Alaska*, but this play was a failure. His experience, however, convinced him that he would rather act than become a lawyer.

IN 1908 he found work in a western two-reeler then being filmed on Staten Island entitled "Bill Sharkey's Last Game." David W. Griffith was just starting his Biograph Studios. Griffith was impressed with Carey, and gave him an important part in "The Unseen Enemy," the film in which the popular Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, made their debuts. Lionel Barrymore also was in the cast. Again, in 1912, Carey appeared in Griffith's "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," ancestor to the gangster films of later decades.

During the winter of 1913 Biograph Studios moved to California. The future of flickers was still doubtful and nickelodeons were looked upon as a fad that would soon pass, but Carey took a gamble and went along. In the next two years, under Griffith's direction, he established himself as a competent actor in a variety of roles, both hero and villain.

Meanwhile, the serial as a cinema form had reached a respectable maturity. In 1912 *McClure's Ladies World*, with the view of increasing magazine readership, arranged a promotion with the Edison Company. A series of one-reelers—a group of short stories having the same plot— were released simultaneously with the publication each month. The result was a twelve-chapter thriller entitled "What Happened to Mary?", starring Edison's favorite actress, Mary Fuller. The idea had a far-reaching effect. Companies financially unable to produce feature pictures turned to the serial as a product which could be shot in a short time, at a small cost, and which could be relied on to make a profit.

In 1913 Selig released "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in thirteen chapters, starring Kathlyn Williams. The following year Lubin did "The Beloved Adventurer," and Pathe produced its Pearl White "Exploits of Elaine" and "The Perils of Pauline." Thanhouser made "The Million Dollar Mystery" and "Zudora," starring James Cruze and Marguerite Snow; North American Film Corporation released "The Diamond From the Sky" in thirty chapters, featuring Lottie Pickford in a role originally intended for her sister, Mary; and Vitagraph made "The Goddess" with Anita Stewart and "The Fates of Flora Fourflush," starring Clara Kimball Young. Not to be outdone, Kalem launched "The Hazards of Helen" (119 chapters, one reel each!) starring Helen Gibson and Helen Holmes.

Universal also got into the act in 1914 with "Lucille Love, Girl of Mystery"; "The Trey of Hearts" and "The Master Key." In 1915 the company released "The

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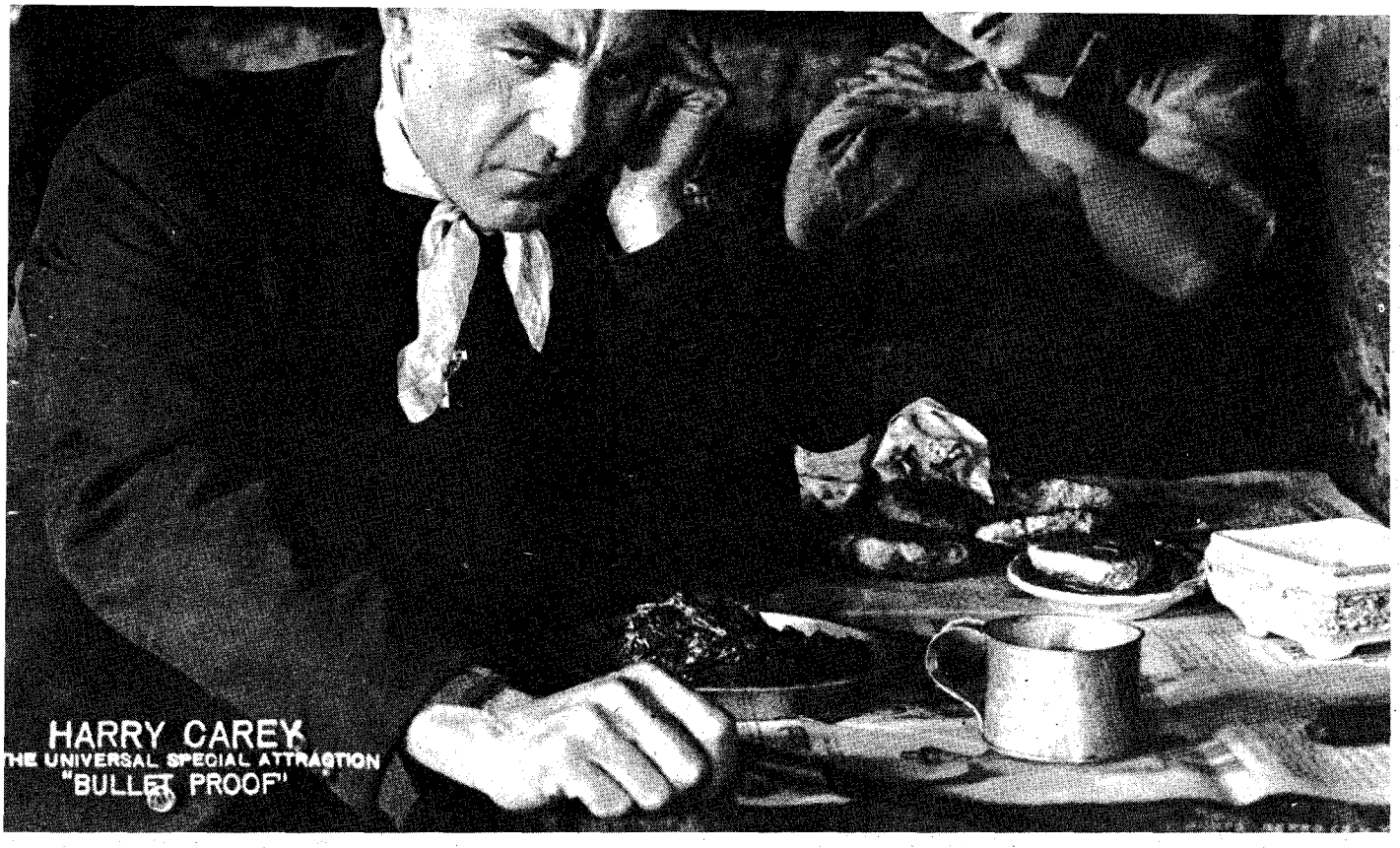

Harry Carey in a typical pose. Scene is from "Bullet Proof," a 1920 Universal movie directed by John Ford.

Black Box" with Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little, and "The Broken Coin" in twenty-two chapters, starring Francis Ford and Grace Cunard.

Joe Brandt was then general manager at Universal. He was always looking for a new slant. Perhaps the original *McClure's* idea was still turning in his brain. He conceived the proposition of a round robin—a continued picture in fifteen episodes, written by the nation's leading fiction authors. One writer would prepare the opening chapter, and the next would pick it up, until each had handled a chapter in the manner he felt best.

THE serial title was "Graft." Hobart Henley played the leading role of a young attorney in the first three episodes, then was forced to give it up. Brandt looked around for another actor already in public favor. Biograph, for some reason, had not entered the serial field, perhaps because the company was on its way out of business. Brandt prevailed on Harry Carey to replace Henley. By this time, "Graft" had been expanded to twenty episodes, and Carey finished the remaining seventeen, from "The Power of the People" battling "The Railroad Monopoly," "The Insurance Swindlers," "The Illegal Bucket Shops," "The Iron Ring," "The Pirates of Finance," and "The Hidden City of Crime" to "The Final Conquest."

With "Graft," Carey became "instantly recognizable on-screen." Though still far from being a star, his taciturn characterizations and humanistic approach had won him many faithful fans. Nearly forty years old, with a strong body and rugged features, he was a natural for a Western hero. So thought the famed John Ford, then an assistant director at Universal. Carey's contract was running out and Ford had orders to utilize him. He went to Carey about an idea he had.

Carey replied, "That's good, let's do it."

"Well, we haven't a typewriter," Ford said.

Carey shrugged, "Oh, hell, we don't need one—we can make it up as we go along."

It turned out to be one of Universal's best pictures of the year—released February 3, 1916, entitled "A Knight of the Range."

This picture also introduced Carey to his leading lady, Olive Fuller Golden, a blonde charmer of eighteen, whom he later married. Another member of the cast, and destined to go far in Western films, was twenty-three-year-old Hoot Gibson.

During the next two years, Carey appeared in thirteen Westerns under Ford's direction and the Universal banner: "The Soul Herder," "Cheyenne's Pal," "Straight Shooting," "Secret Man," "A Marked Man," "Bucking Broadway," "The Phantom Riders," "Wild Women," "Thieves' Gold," "The Scarlet Drop," "Hell Bent," "A Woman's Fool" and "Three Mounted Men."

Excepting for "Thieves' Gold" (from Frederick R. Bechdolt's *Back to the Right Trail*) and "A Woman's Fool" (from Owen Wister's popular novel *Lin McLean*), the story lines were Ford's and Carey's.

"Carey and I usually wrote our own scripts," Ford recalled. "We finally got a writer to take it down in shorthand and tap it out for the crew so they would have some idea what we were doing—we certainly did not. Then we'd ride our horses out to location, shoot till dark, and camp in sleeping bags. We just stayed till we'd finished the picture, then rode

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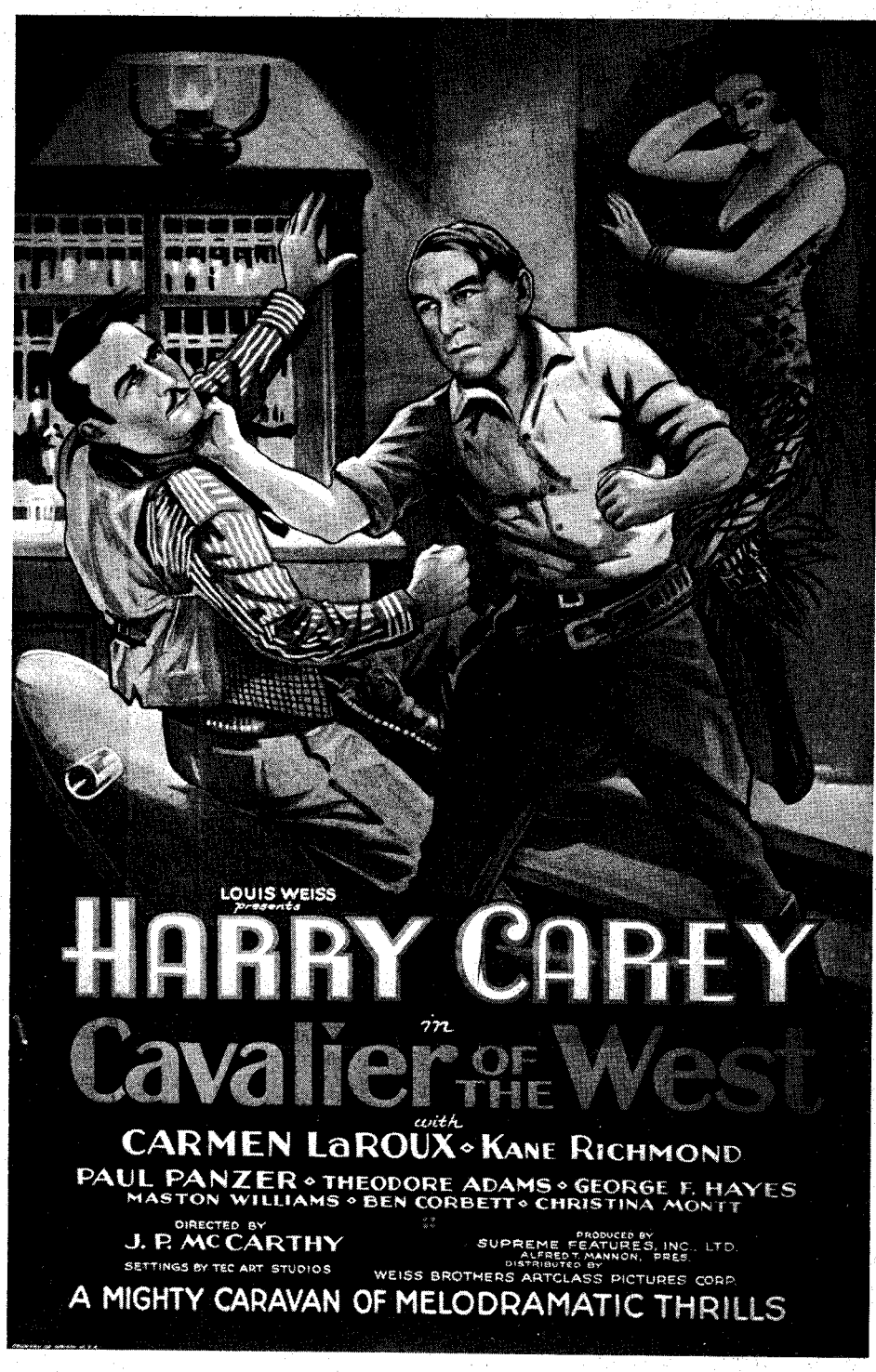
back. The two-reelers were made in five —six days at the most."

With the exception of "Scarlet Drop" (as "Kaintuck" Harry Ridge) and "A Woman's Fool" (as Lin McLean), Carey appeared as "Cheyenne Harry," the hero of his first melodrama.

"STRAIGHT SHOOTING" the only film that exists from Ford's early career at Universal, was Ford's first full-length feature, a five-reeler. It was also a milestone, in that Ford had only six months of directional experience behind him and had been working in two-reelers that were little more than rough-and-tumble "actioners" with roistering, rowdy heroes.

In this film there is a surprisingly slow, methodical build-up as Carey, a professional gunman, is hired by cattlemen to help them fight their war against homesteaders. It erupts in violent action when Carey learns that the cattlemen are terrorizing women and children, and ends in a spectacular street battle, with the homesteaders beseiged, and a ride to the rescue. The William S. Hart influence is apparent, both in austerity of production and the intermingling of good and bad in both the good guys and bad guys.

In these early pictures, Hart's "good badman" style even overlapped Carey's role as "Cheyenne Harry." Generally there was showmanship and polish, a more epic and grander view of man and the land, and a deliberate striving for realism and detail typical of Ford in later years. *Moving Picture World* (October 13, 1917) described "Secret Man" as "a generous lot of picturesque scenes, flooded with California sunshine," and commented on "Bucking Broadway" (December 22, 1917): "Ford again demonstrates his happy faculty for getting all outdoors into the scenes." *Motion Picture News* (June 29, 1918), reviewing "Hell Bent," stressed the "sustained punch" Ford put in his pictures.



At right, advertisement for the Artclass-Weiss Bros. 1931 production, "Cavalier of the West." Below, Carey plays villain Jack Locasto in the MGM production of Robert W. Service's novel, *The Trail of '98*.

In "The Soul Herder," Carey, a drifter, is thrown out of town. In the desert he meets the new minister and his family en route. When the minister is killed in an Indian raid, Harry assumes the care of his small daughter, dons his frock, and returns to reform the settlement.

In "Cheyenne's Pal," Carey, again down on his luck, sells his mount Cactus to a British quartermaster, only to learn that the shipment of horses is going to France—probably to death. He boards the boat in the guise of an employe and that night jumps ship with Cactus. Carey is captured, but the captain allows him to keep the horse and puts him to work to pay back the sale price.

"They were character stories," Ford said. "Carey was a great actor, and we didn't doll him up. They had several at Universal whom they were grooming to be Western leading men, so we decided to kid them—made Carey sort of a bum, a saddle tramp . . . in a dirty blue shirt, an old vest, and patched overalls. He seldom carried a gun, and sometimes didn't even wear a hat. We tried to do it in the way it had been done in the West. In the shoot-outs, he used a rifle instead of a pistol—none of that quick draw stuff and flashy clothes."

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Harry Carey and Winifred Westover in a scene from "Marked Men," an early version of Peter B. Kyne's "The Three Godfathers," which John Ford remade with John Wayne in 1949.

BY 1919 Carey was one of Universal's hottest properties. He had been getting $75 a week. He signed a new contract at $1,250, and Ford was elevated to director. This successful combination continued another three years and through nearly a score of Western short subjects and features: "Roped," "A Fight For Life," "Bare Fists," "Riders of Vengeance," "The Last Outlaw," "The Outcasts of Poker Flats," "The Ace of the Saddle," "The Rider of the Law," "A Gun-Fightin' Gentleman," "Marked Men," "Overland Red," "Bullet Proof," "Human Stuff," "Blue Streak McCoy," "'If Only' Jim," "The Freeze Out," "The Wallop" and "Desperate Trails."

The plots continued strong and unusual, always uncomplicated. While George C. Hull was a frequent scenarist, Carey and Ford depended more often on popular stories like Bret Harte's *The Outcasts of Poker Flats*. Ford's greatest affection was for "Marked Men," an early version of Peter B. Kyne's *The Three Godfathers*. "'If Only' Jim" came from Philip Verrill Mighel's *Bruvver Jim's Baby* (1904); Courtney Ryley Cooper's *Christmas Eve at Pilot Point* provided the source for "Desperate Trails"; and "The Wallop" was adapted from Eugene Manlove Rhodes' *The Girl He Left Behind Him*.

Critics continued to take note of Carey's steady improvement as an actor and Ford's magnificent locations and first-class camera work. *Photoplay* called "The Outcasts of Poker Flats" an "optic symphony."

Carey's last two pictures for Universal were directed by Robert Thornby ("The Fox," 1921) and Stuart Paton ("Man to Man," 1922). Ford became director at Fox Studios, where he was to work exclusively for the next ten years, and Carey left Universal for a more lucrative contract with R-C Pictures—Film Booking Offices of America, one of the foremost producers of Westerns in the 1920s. He made six features for FBO: "The Kick-Back," "Good Men and True," (another Rhodes story), "Canyon of the Fools," "Crashin' Thru," "Desert Driven" and "The Miracle Baby."

In 1924 Carey cast his lot with Stellar Productions for "The Night Hawk," "The Lightning Rider," "Tiger Thompson," "Roaring Rails," "The Flaming Forties" and "Soft Shoes," distributed by W. W. Hodkinson; and "Beyond the Border" for Rogstrom Productions and PDC (Producers Distributing Corporation). In 1925 he joined forces with Hunt Stromberg for a series of features that ranged across the breadth of the West: "Beyond the Border," "Silent Sanderson," "The Texas Trail," "The Bad Lands," "The Prairie Pirate" and "The Man From Red Gulch." Charles R. Rogers Productions—Pathe Exchange kept Carey on the move in 1926 with "Driftin' Thru," "The Seventh Bandit," "The Frontier Trail" and "Satan Town."

All were intelligent, well above average programmers, and Carey's fans continued to enjoy his strong roles. The New York *Times*, reviewing "Silent Sanderson," described Carey as "possibly the best of his type portraying Western heroes," and, about "The Texas Trail" commented: "One of his excellences is that he doesn't trouble himself about 'acting' but just walks through what he has to do—when he is not riding."

But none of the series brought Carey the recognition received from his films with the Ford touch. Nor did he nail down the fame being enjoyed by Hoot Gibson at Universal, and Tom Mix and Buck Jones at Fox. Independent producers did not have the distribution facilities of the big studios.

Somewhat discouraged, Carey finished his work at Rogers Productions with "Burning Brigades" and "The Border Patrol." Pathe did not renew his contract.

Below, Saul Scanlon (Harry Carey) realizes he must let his brother Paul (James Morrison) seek the adventure he craves. From "The Seventh Bandit," a Charles R. Rogers-Pathé production, 1926.

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"AT LIBERTY," so to speak, Carey played character roles in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's adaptation of Rachel Crother's play, *A Little Journey*, and a sports melodrama built around the pitching skill of the New York Yankees' bush-leaguer, Jim Kelly, entitled "Slide, Kelly, Slide." In MGM's production of Robert W. Service's novel, *The Trail of '98*, Carey portrayed villain Jack Locasto, whose cutthroat existence in the Alaskan wastes during the gold rush ended in a wonderfully realistic brawl, in which Locasto, enveloped in flames, plunged from his burning dancehall and gambling den to his death.

With the arrival of the "talkies" and the attendant problems of additional equipment—in some cases, the reorganization of whole production companies—Harry Carey was forced into temporary retirement.

He had no worries. Like Bill Hart, he was caught up in the West. With the monetary returns of an already lengthy career, he had purchased and stocked a large ranch and trading post in the San Fernando Valley. He and Olive had a son, Henry DeWitt Carey III (later to appear in pictures as Harry Carey, Jr.), and a daughter, Ada. For a while he was content to enjoy his family, manage the ranch and work with genuine cowboys. He often made camping trips into the mountain ranges, covering many of the back trails of the old frontier.

Then tragedy struck. The St. Francis Dam was part of the great Owens aqueduct system supplying Los Angeles and the San Fernando Valley with water for irrigation and domestic purposes. At one o'clock on the morning of March 13, 1928 the dam collapsed, pouring a sudden, seventy-eight-foot wall of water into San Francisquito Canyon in a mad race to the ocean. The dry bed of the Santa Clara River was able to contain the initial outlet, but soon the banks broke and it spread over a strip of country sixty miles wide. Citrus orchards, roads, and utility lines were destroyed; state highway bridges and a steel bridge on the Southern Pacific railroad were demolished; more than 700 homes and ranches that dotted the canyon were crushed like egg shells and, in most instances, their inhabitants were swept to their doom.

Within an hour after sunrise, thousands of volunteer rescue workers had assembled on the Carey trading post trail and at every other entrance into

(Continued on page 46)

Above left, promotional advertising on an early Harry Carey western, "Hell Bent." It was directed by John Ford, and produced by Universal. Below, native drums fill the jungle as Nina (Edwina Booth), Peru (Duncan Renaldo), and Trader Horn (Harry Carey) with his faithful companion, Rencharo (Mutia Omoolu) flee from the pursuing Isorgi warriors, in the MGM production, "Trader Horn." It was one of Carey's most notable roles.

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THE

—what it's

WHEN Bert Judia was ten years old he began wrangling horses for a rancher near Clifton, Arizona; when Bert was thirteen he was drawing a man's wages; on his sixteenth birthday, he was top hand for the Parks Brothers, one of whom was sheriff of the county; two years later Bert served as deputy sheriff for a year.

The Parks boys sent him as a rep, with a mount of horses, to the Lazy S wagon, Ol' Man Day's, near Bowie. Day had a cowboy riding for him, a Texan who called himself Jim Strickland. He was a fine looking man and *muy hombre.* He was tall, slender and handsome; he weighed about 190. He had dark hair and black eyes. Jim Strickland dressed well, too well for a working cowboy, but he was as good a hand as Bert had ever seen. Above all, Strickland had a winning personality.

It was customary for outside men to take turns on day herd (which all cowboys disliked), and when Bert's time came he was teamed with Strickland. Toward evening, the Mexican wrangler came and spoke to Bert in Spanish.

"You speak it well, don't you?" inquired Strickland.

"Ought to. Anyway, Mex. I grew up with it."

"I'm figuring on going to Old Mexico soon, and would like to have you along. Not now, but later. I'm going down to look over the ground and might need somebody to interpret for me."

Bert said, "I told him that I might consider joining him but it would depend upon what I was doing when I heard from him."

Strickland grinned. "This job will be far more profitable than punching cattle; pay three times as much. I'll write when I need you."

Bert was so impressed by the man and so flattered by his offering him work that he looked week after week for a letter. Six months later, when he had almost forgotten the matter, he got word to join Strickland at Cananea. Young though he was, working for thirty dollars a month indefinitely did not appeal to him. Strickland had promised much better wages, and had sent a hundred dollars in advance.

BERT set out with his one mount and a bedroll. He followed the Rio San Pedro up into the mountains to Cananea. Strickland had written that they were to meet at a *cantina* overlooking a deep gorge on the east edge of the town.

When Bert described Strickland to the bartender, the man shook his head but invited Judia to sit at one of the tables and wait. Bert was hungry. He ordered a meal and before he had finished eating he saw a slovenly, stooped man enter and

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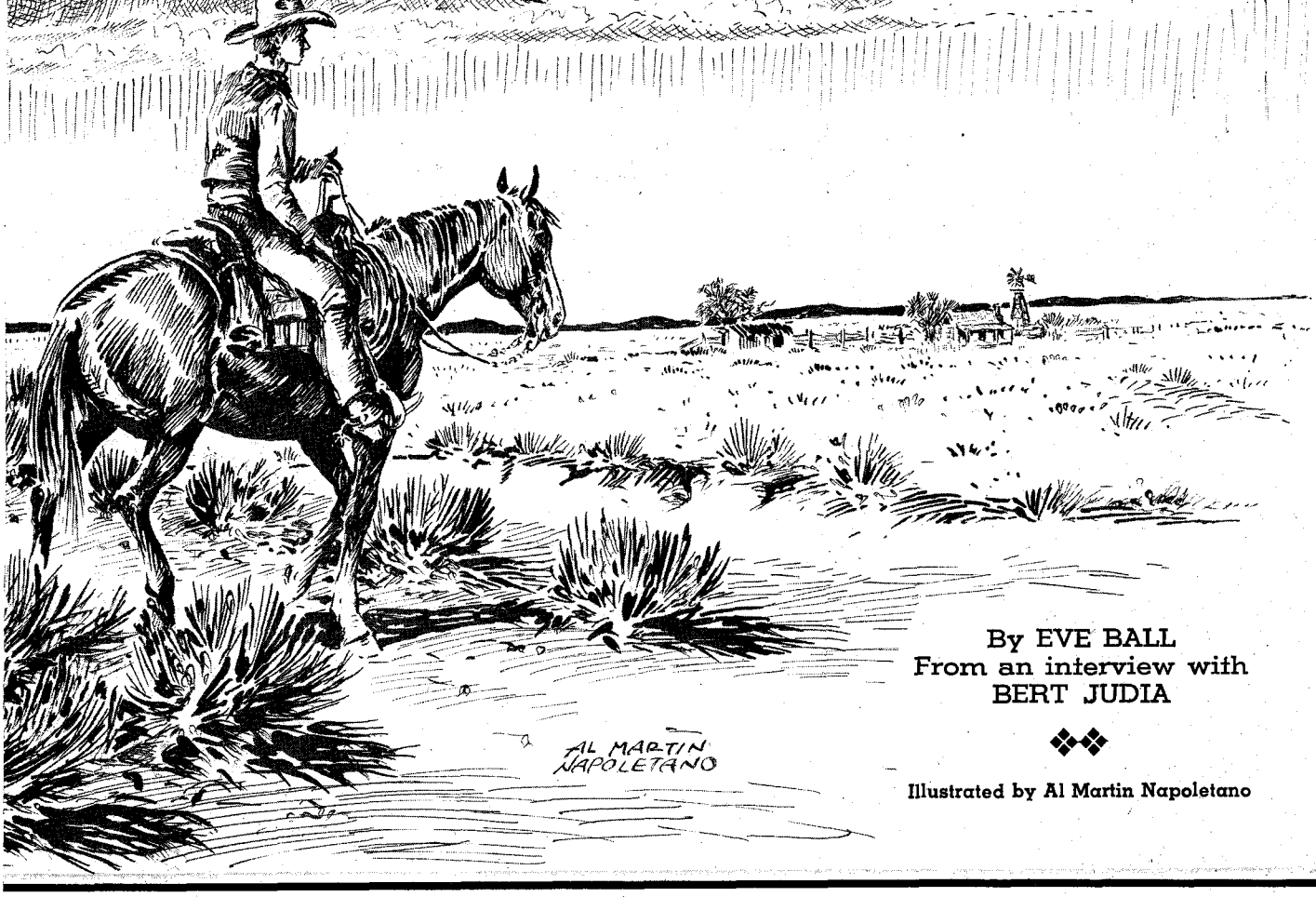
BURIED MONEY

like to help bury the loot and then be afraid to go back and get it!



By EVE BALL
From an interview with
BERT JUDIA

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

sidle up to the bar. The man ordered *tequila* but the bartender shook his head.

Upon the man's insistence that he could pay for it, he was ordered out of the place. As he staggered past Bert he seemingly, by accident, stumbled against his chair. Bert got a good look and recognized Strickland. He waited until the man got outside, then paid his check and followed.

Strickland led the way around the *cantina* to a hitching rail. There he untied Bert's horse and started down a winding path to the bottom of the canyon. When they reached it, Strickland said, "Here I'm Mescal Jeem, and a drunk. The bar belongs to Colonel Bill Greene, who owns almost the whole town. I'm glad you didn't give any sign of recognition. I don't want anyone to know you are here."

After Bert had unsaddled, Strickland brought grain from beneath an overhanging ledge. They watered the horse and tied him under the same ledge beside a mule. Beyond, was a good saddle horse.

Soon Strickland led the way up a path on the side of the canyon opposite the *cantina*. On a shelf near the top, but well concealed by chaparral, was a *chosa*. Strickland opened the door and beckoned to Bert to precede him. The place was neat and clean. There was a fireplace, and a table and chairs made of mesquite and cowhide. Along a bench on one wall was an amazing array of books.

Bert was eager to know the nature of his job, but Strickland was evasive. All he would say was that his objective must be kept secret, because he might have difficulty in getting out of Mexico with the profits. In that day (1908), people were careful not to appear inquisitive, but they kept their ears and eyes open. Bert gathered that Strickland's project involved minerals, and since only very valuable ones would be conveyed by *one* pack mule, the logical answer was gold.

TALES of buried treasure, either coin or very rich ore, are common in the Southwest and Bert was convinced that Strickland was on the trail of something of this kind. He knew that the Mexicans reportedly had pack-mule loads of silver sent to the smelters at Chihuahua.

Bert was convinced that much of Strickland's drinking was a blind, and that he was deliberately creating the impression of being a drunken bum for a purpose.

Bert had been there several weeks, drawing his pay and doing nothing except housework and caring for the animals, when Strickland produced a map.

"I want you to study this," he said. "Become thoroughly familiar with it. I've gone over this trail several times with the horse and mule. Each time I've made the

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trip I've stopped at the same place to camp and feed in order to teach the horse and the mule the route. Now they know where they're going and will stop at the right places whether or not you know them. They can make the trip in the dark and never fail to find the spots where I feed and water them. You may have to make it alone sometime. When you do, don't depend on your own judgment. Let them make the decisions.

"This canyon—you take right up it. You cross a divide and from it you can see the lights of Naco at night. During the day the smoke is visible. You pass the town, and keep on till you come out close to Columbus, New Mexico. I've a map here of Columbus, showing the railway station and the stock pens. There's a road east of the town to the place I want you to meet me if I don't get off with you. The minute I get this stuff on the mule, you take off. Don't wait for me. I'll follow."

So now Bert knew. It had to be money or rich ore. Perhaps Strickland had found some of that buried treasure that people in Arizona are always talking about.

Bert was sure of it when Strickland told him not to cross the Line in a town. Sure, there were customs officers at Columbus, but a mile or so beyond, there was no fence even. The place he wanted Bert to wait for him was a deserted ranch house, a few miles out of Columbus at the edge of the sand dunes.

Meanwhile, Strickland spent his evenings in the gambling house across the canyon. It seemed to be the most popular one in Cananea, and Strickland said it was raking in the *dinero*, both American and Mex. How much he drank, or how much he gambled, Bert didn't know, And, as was the custom, he didn't ask any questions. He was getting his pay, and keeping it.

One morning at breakfast, Strickland told Bert he was about ready to make his play. The miners were due to strike any time; that rumor had been confirmed by someone he knew. Colonel Greene owned practically the whole goshdarned town. Owned the gambling house. When Strickland found out how this strike notice was going to work, he'd make his play. Getting the stuff out was the only part that entailed any danger, and he didn't intend getting Bert involved; he'd do that himself.

Bert was to wait till dark, saddle both horses, take their gear, and get ready to ride. He was to take the mounts and pack mule to the foot of the trail below the *cantina*, and await Strickland there. He told Bert not to tie the animals; and he emphasized his orders not to wait for him. As soon as the stuff was in the kyacks, Bert was to take off up the canyon, and to keep riding.

"How'll I know when to expect you?"

"You'll hear some explosions. I've got my *amigo*, Old Lupe, an old miner, to get some dynamite for me. He is to lay it close to the works [copper smelter] with fuses attached." That should have told Bert something, but it didn't.

"When that dynamite goes off, strike or no strike, people will think one has started—or that Villa's hit town. Old Lupe will run into the *cantina* and tell everybody that Colonel Greene wants them at the smelter. Everybody but the gamblers will go."

AS SOON as it got dark enough, Bert saddled up, filled the canteens, checked on the chuck, and took his stand at the foot of the path from the gambling house. With the mounts and mule backed into the brush, he waited.

Then came the explosion! He could hear running and shouting. Loose gravel spewed from above and he knew that Strickland was descending the path. And he wasn't alone. Bert heard voices. There was more gravel and a man slid to Bert's feet. Another followed. Then Strickland.

Strickland gave them a terse order

Bert Judia at 86.

to put the bags into the kyacks fastened to the mule, and the men obeyed. Though Bert could see little, he knew Strickland must have the men covered.

Bert mounted and took off. He could hear the mule and horse, but paid little attention to them. He must have been a half mile up the canyon before he heard shots. He called to Strickland, but there was no reply. He urged his mount on and heard the others behind him.

When he began to climb abruptly, his horse slowed down and Bert looked back. Strickland's horse was riderless. What was he to do? Just what he'd been ordered, he decided—keep on and await his boss in New Mexico.

Bert tied the reins of the riderless horse to the mule, and made time. After he crossed the divide, he slowed down a little. It wasn't long before he could tell by the mule's wanting to pull to one side that they were approaching one of the campsites of which Strickland had spoken. He was right.

They stopped; Bert fed the animals, and rested two hours. Then he let the mule take the lead and followed him until they were past Naco. He kept worrying about what Strickland would do without a mount, but he was obeying orders as he had been given them. Strickland had insisted, so that was his only course.

Bert spent the day at another of Strickland's camping places, well concealed in a thicket. And the next night brought him close to Columbus.

About twenty-eight miles south of Deming a mountain divides the plain; it runs down into Mexico. Where the Mimbres River sinks, there is a valley which at that time had water during the rainy season.

Bert crossed into New Mexico, and headed for where he thought the house and dunes should be. He found them without difficulty. He left Strickland's horse tied to the pack, and rode to the house. Nobody was at home. Bert made sure of that by looking around, pounding on the door, and checking the corral. No tracks going out—no sign of anybody's having been there recently.

Bert was tired, thirsty, hungry and sleepy. Right then and there was a good time to camp. He watered and fed the animals. He cooked a real meal for the first time since leaving Cananea. Then he pulled out behind a dune, unsaddled, and turned the horses and mule loose to graze.

When Bert took the kyacks from the mule, they seemed pretty heavy. He decided that before going to sleep he'd better hide whatever was in them. Turned out those leather bags were full of money! Both American and Mexican money, coin and paper. Bert didn't dare risk taking time to count it, but could see that there was a lot of it—thousands, he was sure. And thousands in American, not Mex.

At last his head began to work. Strickland had robbed the *cantina*!

WHAT was he to do? How was he to get rid of that money? He *had* to get rid of it, that was for sure. Suppose he were caught with it! Who would believe his story? He wouldn't have believed it himself.

Bert went back to the house. Inside he found some empty cans, fruit jars, and some lids. He located a shovel. He went back to the dune, and dug a hole on the east side so that if the sands should shift, as they're said to do, the stuff would remain covered. Bert crammed the paper money into the jars and cans, and put the lids on them. The silver he left in the bags. When everything had been cached, he tore up the kyacks, and buried them in the sand.

So there he was. Strickland had told him to wait for him, but if he did so, somebody was sure to discover his presence, and what was he to say? Somebody owned that ranch—that was for sure. Suppose the owner came to check on the cattle? He probably had some.

But what was Bert to do with Strickland's horse and mule? When he came he'd need them. If he left his gear in sight it might be picked up. He carried the stuff fifty yards farther into the dune and buried it. His mule and horse wandered out toward the tank, and Bert lit a shuck.

Bert knew he could find the place he'd left the money, for it was on a direct line

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from the windmill, toward the peak of a mountain.

Bert Judia stopped at Deming. As he ate his noon meal a boy came into the restaurant with the weekly papers. Spread across the front page in inch-high letters was the announcement: "Lone Bandit Killed at Cananea." Colonel Greene's *cantina* had been robbed during the excitement caused by an explosion. Mescal Jim had held up the two men who stayed at the saloon during the confusion caused by what people believed was an attack on the warehouse and commissary. At the point of a gun, the bartenders had been made to descend a path to the foot of the bluff, and there shots were exchanged. The robber, Mescal Jim, was killed and one of the Mexicans wounded. More than one horse had run up the canyon; one of the men thought there were three. So far none of them had been found. There was a widespread search for the animals for the Mexicans had been forced to put the money into kyacks on one of them.

"I was petrified," Bert Judia said. "At first I could think of nothing except that Strickland had been killed. I had liked him and trusted him, and now he was dead. Then I began to realize that he had not trusted me, that he had used me, and that I was in reality, so far as the law was concerned, an accessory to the robbery. The paper had made no reference to a second man but I had worked in the sheriff's office long enough to know that such an omission is often made so the suspect will be caught off guard."

Though Strickland had carefully shielded Bert from being connected with him, it was entirely possible that *somebody* knew of his arrival in Cananea and possibly, too, of his staying at the *chosa*. Undoubtedly it would be searched. Had he left anything by which he could be identified? Drawings, yes; but he had never thought of signing one. Clothes or other belongings? He could think of none. What was left in the shack had belonged to Strickland.

The horse and mule that belonged to Strickland—wouldn't they be traced? Where had he got them? Vaguely Bert recalled Strickland's having told him of buying them at the O K Stable at Naco. They would probably go back there unless somebody picked them up. Or it was possible they might return to the canyon at Cananea.

When Bert paid his check, the owner of the restaurant remarked that Jeff Keeth was in town and looking for a hand. Bert asked where he could be found; and he applied for work. His prospective employer looked doubtful.

"This job," he said, "calls for a good cowboy with experience. You look young to take on anything that may be dangerous."

"I'd like to try it," was Bert's reply.

Courtesy Western History Collections; University of Oklahoma Library

In the early 1900s, trouble was easy to find "below the border." These Bisbee, Arizona miners are marching up the railway to Cananea, Mexico, to rescue Americans from striking Mexican workers (1906).

"You'll be absolutely alone on the ranch for months, maybe for a year."

"I'd still like to try it."

"All right. Meet me at five in the morning. I'll need the afternoon to get some chuck and other things you'll need. Then we'll ride out. I want to get an early start."

THEY had breakfast. Bert noticed that both Mr. Keeth's mount and his pack mule were branded CC, but that didn't identify the ranch for him. Keeth headed south and, as they rode, told Bert that his ranch was the Diamond C and that the house was less than a mile from the Chihuahua line. He could not spend the night but would take time to show Bert around a little and let him see how he liked the place. He had a good remuda and a big bunch of Longhorns.

Bert carried his gear into the house. He found an old broom and swept out the place. He stored his supplies on shelves, and cooked lunch. Again Keeth reminded him that it would be a lonely life. There would be times, of course, when Bert would have to ride into Columbus for supplies. Keeth would go back that way and arrange for Bert to charge chuck at a little store owned by Tomlins.

Keeth was to pay for all thing customarily furnished by the owner, including ammunition. At the end of the month Bert could draw his wages from the merchant. He would send a bill to Keeth, so Bert would have no responsibility for that.

After Keeth mounted, he hesitated. "Got a gun?" he asked Bert.

"Six-shooter."

"Ammunition?"

Bert nodded.

Keeth nodded. Then he reached for his saddle gun. "I'm leaving you this .30-40; ammunition belt, too. You might just need it."

"Coyotes bad?" inquired Bert.

"Not much. Talk Spik?"

"Better'n English."

"*Bueno*! Some pretty rough *hombres* travel these parts, something like Kosterlisky. He's the colonel of the Mexican *Rurales*. Stops at nothing. When his men get after anybody, and especially a lone *gringo*, that *hombre* just disappears—blood, guts and feathers."

Keeth waited for a reaction that did not come. "Still stayin'?" he asked.

Again Bert nodded, so Keeth rode away.

Though not reassuring, the information was not entirely new to Bert Judia. He had once seen Kosterlisky and he had often heard of the operations of the famous officer along the border. He was said to be a hard man.

Then Bert looked up to see that Keeth was returning. Perhaps he'd changed his mind.

"If a norther comes up there's no fence between here and Mexico. Cattle will drift before a storm, and you'll have to turn them back. If you cross the Line, the Mexicans are apt to jump you. Better be ready for them."

Again Bert nodded. He wondered if Keeth might be attempting to discourage him by exaggerating the danger. If so, he was wasting his breath. And he wondered if by any chance Keeth suspected that he had been involved in the hold-up at Cananea. This ranch could not be more than a few miles from the one where he had buried the money.

Was Keeth going into Columbus to put officers on his trail? Well, he was wasting his time.

WHEN his new boss had gone, Bert examined the place carefully. There were the ubiquitous windmill and tank, shed and corral. The tank extended into the latter so that animals could drink from either side of the fence. The house was built of adobe with walls two feet thick. It had one window, so high that a man on foot could not see into the house. Horseback, it was the right height.

Attached to the one adobe room was a sort of lean-to built of lumber. It contained, as he knew, a two-burner iron stove, a crude table, two chairs, and some shelves. The only opening into the adobe room was through that kitchen. Better make sure. Bert walked around the place and found that there was another door to the big room, with unusually large and heavy adobe bricks piled against it. The stack extended to the roof, which was covered with a layer of earth a foot

(Continued on page 65)

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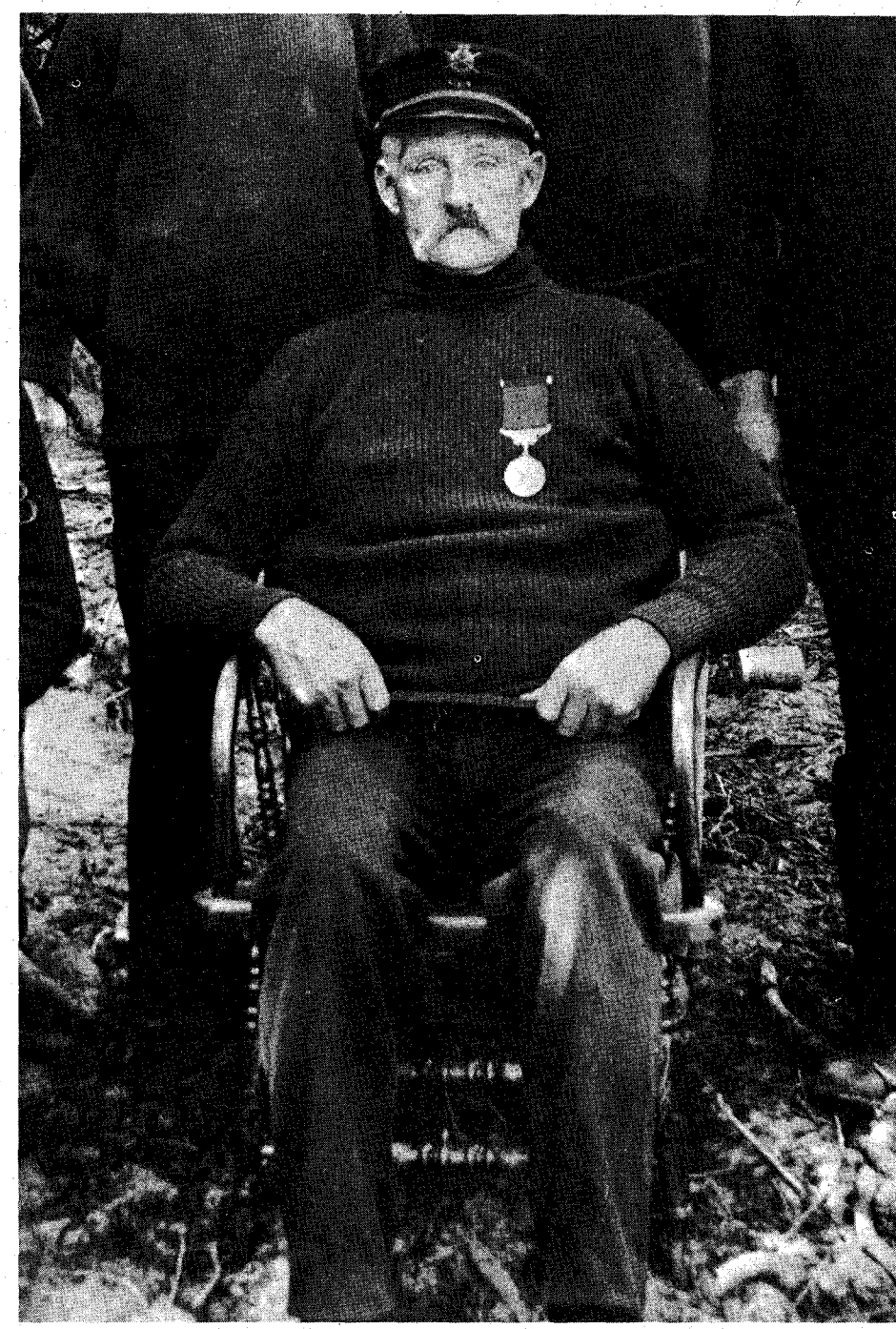
HERO OF THE TACOMA

By HOWARD WYLIE

Photos Courtesy Author

More than a ship had run aground in the violent winter storm — human courage and leadership were also impaled on that needle-like reef in the sea . . .

Captain Bergman's gold medal shows off well against his dark, unpretentious uniform.

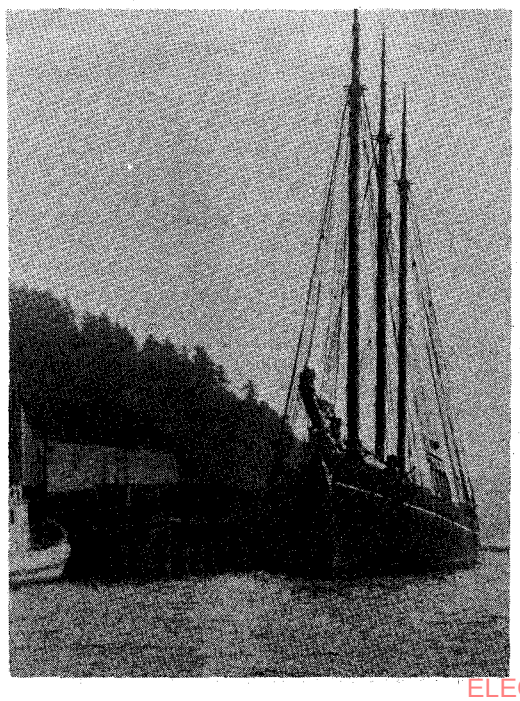


BEFORE the wreck of the *Tacoma* off the Oregon coast in 1883, John Bergman was known to his companions simply as "the cannery man." After that shipwreck, the legend of the young German's bravery in leading the rescue of eighteen doomed men was an inspiration to mariners everywhere.

On January 28, Captain George D. Kortz and his crew were somewhere off the Umpqua bar on the *Tacoma*. The new ocean steamer's cargo, 3500 tons of coal, came from mines at New Carbonado, near Port Townsend on the Puget Sound. Sometime around nine p.m. this southbound collier struck a rocky reef four miles north of the Umpqua River's mouth, ending her maiden voyage in disaster. The Captain waited helplessly for morning to assess the damage to his ship. Dawn came late that stormy January day.

The situation proved to be more perilous than Captain Kortz had imagined. The *Tacoma* had run hard aground and, as any sailor can tell you, there is no tide-lift to a steamer loaded with coal. To add to the danger, the ship's small boats were all stove-in or washed overboard save one. Captain Kortz and a crew of six launched this one boat into the churning waves and pulled hard for the Oregon shore 400 yards away. They made the beach safely and stumbled

Below, a schooner waits at Gardiner's docks to be loaded with lumber for California ports.



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through the boiling surf, but their frail boat was dashed to pieces on the rocks and was of no further service. They could not return for the stranded men still on board the *Tacoma*.

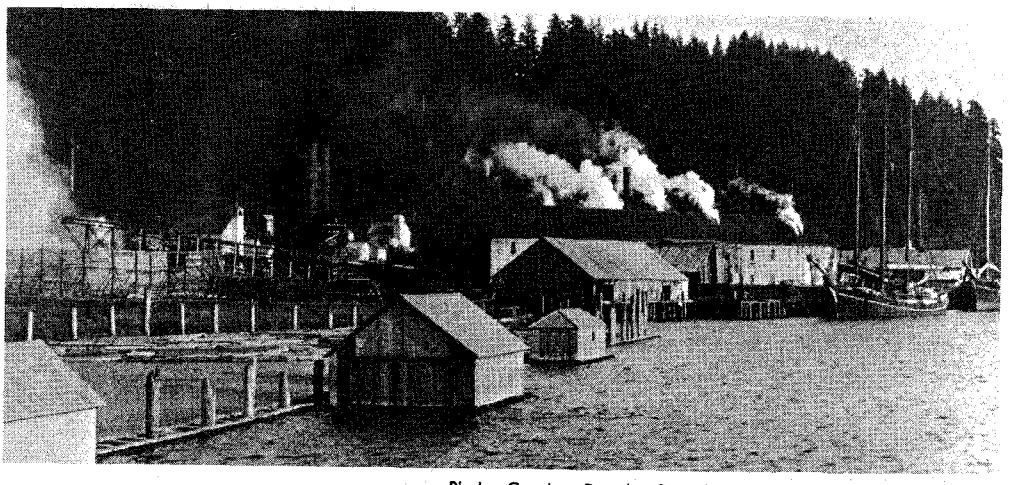
Captain Kortz immediately sent word to Gardiner, the "little white city by the sea," up the Umpqua from the bar. A neat town of red-roofed white clapboard company houses, Gardiner had long since given its heart to the sea and the men who sailed her. When the port city was founded, land transportation to inland Oregon was limited. The people of Gardiner could make the trip to San Francisco on a sailing vessel faster than they could jolt over the mule-team pack trail to Roseburg to trade. Relying on the sea for supplies, and living their lives within sound of that sea, Gardiner residents well knew the peril of those aboard the *Tacoma*. People set out at once for the beach with blankets, medicines and food. They built driftwood fires. They hauled a fishing dory to the spot and they waited for a chance to launch it, but still the January storm raged on. John Bergman took an active lead in all the preparations.

When the second day dawned, those on shore could see that the *Tacoma's* hull had broken in two. The men who took refuge in the officers messroom the first night were forced now to the open deck in the full fury of the storm. Gale-driven sleet, ice forming on rigging, and fog closing in like a shroud, chilled the poor crewmen to their very bones.

Captain Lawson took his tug *Sol Thomas* out over the Umpqua bar and steamed north to the site of the wreck. Helplessly he stood offshore unable to get near enough to the *Tacoma* to put a line on her, while waves pounded the ship relentlessly. Captain Lawson remained with his tug while his mate, John Erickson, sped down the coast to Coos Bay. At Empire City, Erickson quickly rounded up a crew of volunteers to man a lifeboat from the Cape Arago Life-Saving Station. Arrangements were made for the tug *Escort No. 2* to tow the lifeboat from the Cape to the Umpqua on the following morning. The men who volunteered included Tom Hall, C. E. Getty, C. B. Watson, Andrew Jackson, Joe Collumber, George Wilson, George Morris and L. Geiger.

AT CAPE ARAGO, James Desmond held the post of Keeper but he had no crew. Activated in 1878, the station at the Cape Arago lighthouse furnished a lifeboat when called upon, but volunteers manned the rescue craft. Desmond, the third Keeper at Cape Arago, had received his position in 1881.

Two days had passed since the *Tacoma* had run aground. The tempestuous winter storm had not yet blown itself out and the pounding waves attacked the deck, sweeping it clean of everything but the masts and stack. The Cape Arago volunteers, knowing how a Pacific gale could punish a stranded steamer, had hurried to Keeper Desmond and asked for aid. At first he seemed entirely willing to put his equipment in readiness for the arrival of *Escort No. 2*. But when the tug came, he asked the volun-



Photos Courtesy Douglas County Museum, Roseburg, Oregon

Above, Gardiner mills and docks were scenes of bustling activity around the turn of the century. Below, Captain Bergman (third from left) and the crew of the rescue station at Gardiner. Bottom of page, a group shot of the Gardiner life-saving crew on the Umpqua.

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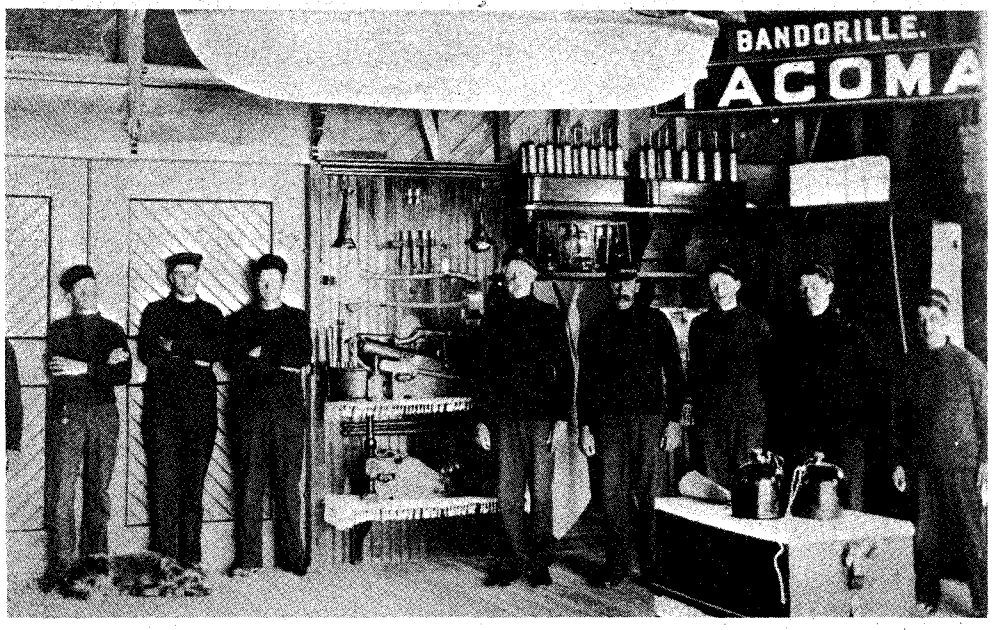
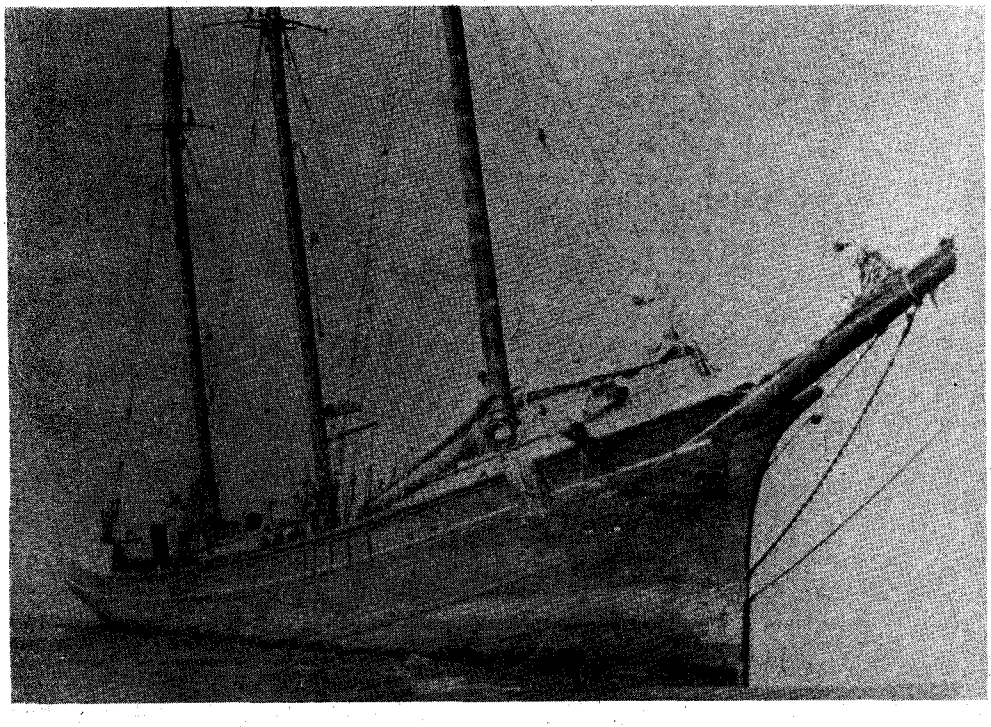


Above the heads of the rescue crew hangs the name-board from the ill-fated *Tacoma*. Below, the wreckage of the *Fearless*, Captain Hill's tug, which wrecked on the same reef as the *Tacoma* in 1889, six years after the first tragedy.

Below, a closer look at the stranded *Alpha*.



teers to return to the landing to trim ship. After an hour of discussion and delay, Desmond finally told them that he absolutely would not risk his equipment. He refused to either accompany the lifeboat to the site of the wreck or to allow the crew to take the craft. Many and varied were his excuses.

The editor of the Coos Bay *News* wrote bitter words in condemnation of James Desmond for whom, he stated, "there is no excuse, and it is only a pity that our laws cannot reach him and hang him for the lives of the men who were sacrificed through his pusillanimity and cowardice."

Desmond's lack of response to this January tragedy would occasion his dismissal. Soon after the incident, he was replaced at the Cape Arago Station by Keeper William Abbott.

Back at the wreck, rescue attempts continued. John Bergman directed the work from shore, and his commands were obeyed without question. Although he was only one of many seafaring men present, there was a special quality of leadership about him. Perhaps it was Bergman's determination, or it may have been the way he looked straight at a man with his honest blue eyes. Whatever it was, volunteers did his bidding quickly and took great risks in the long hours that followed, though none did more than Bergman himself.

Throughout the second and third day, a small fishing boat was launched many times into the heavy surf. The waves repeatedly capsized the boat, spilling the men into the icy water and endangering their lives. Again and again they righted the boat, waited for what seemed a moment of calm, and set out once more for the marooned sailors. Four hundred yards out from the shore lay the *Tacoma*, near enough for those on the beach to hear the cries of the men when the gale slackened, but far enough to make rescue almost impossible in the winter storm.

JOHN BERGMAN and his helpers never gave up. Finally, on the third morning, two successful trips were completed. Perhaps eighteen or twenty men in all—reports differ—were brought to shore where medical treatment, warm clothes and hot food awaited them. The second trip ended in near-tragedy. While those on the beach watched helplessly, a great wave lifted the tiny fishing boat high in the air and then dropped it into the trough, spilling all aboard into the breakers. One of these men, First Assistant Engineer James K. Grant, had stayed on board the *Tacoma* after the first trip, keeping order with his pistol. When Bergman's first rescue craft had approached, men rushed to pile into the small boat. Without Grant's firm command and drawn gun, the boat would have been swamped.

On the ill-fated second trip Grant managed to reach the beach from the overturned fishing boat, but died of exposure there on the sand. Other men were flung ashore by the waves, or waded in as best they could, or clung to bits of floating wreckage until pulled from the sea.

Nine men still remained on the *Taco-*

(Continued on page 42)

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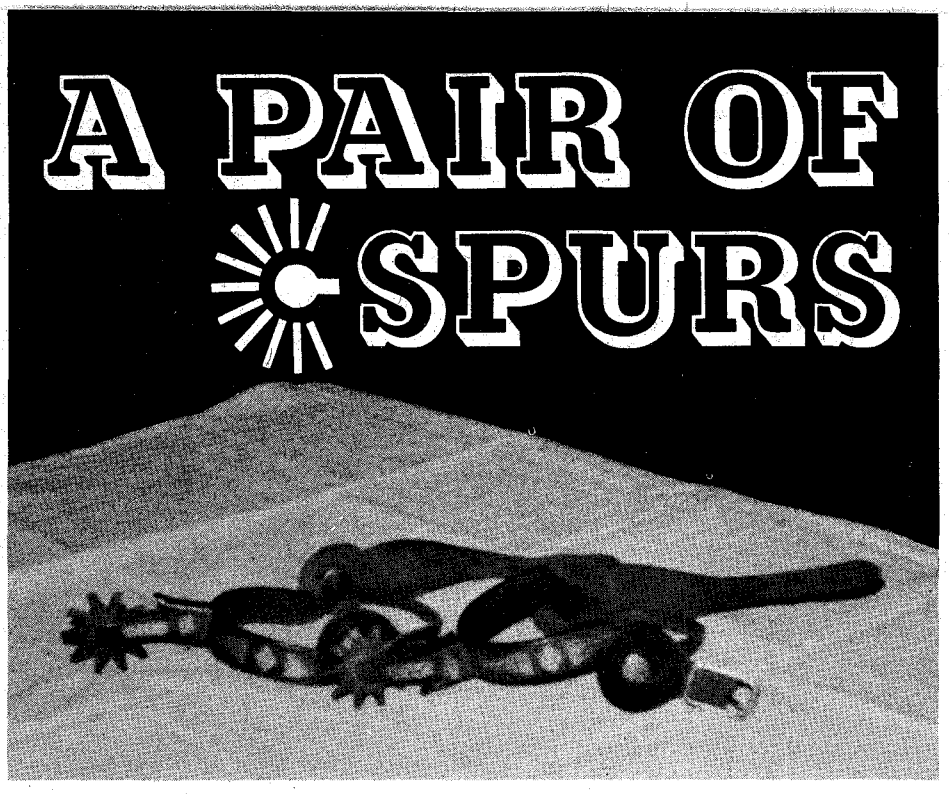
A PAIR OF SPURS



The set of spurs given to the author by Walter Rison.

Not every memento can rest in your hands and tell a story like this one

By JACK SMILLIE
Photos Courtesy Author

TOM RISON and his wife left their small farm one morning in May to drive to Greeley, Colorado for groceries. It was a ten-mile drive by horse and buggy. They would be gone all day, so they admonished their two little sons, Walter and Thomas, not to leave the farm, as it was close to prairie country which had all kinds of varmints— wolves, coyotes, badgers, and rattlesnakes.

The little boys promised. Thomas was ten years old and Walter a year older. They were good boys who always minded their mother and dad, so the Risons had no misgivings about leaving the children at home alone.

After an hour or so of playing around the yard, the youngsters became somewhat bored with their usual games, and they missed having someone to talk to.

"Walt, do you reckon Dad would care if we took our air rifle and hunted rabbits?" Thomas asked.

"Not if we don't go out on the prairie," Walt answered.

"But there ain't no rabbits here on the farm," Thomas said dolefully.

"Yes, there is—up on that little dry hill yonder, just inside our fence. I don't think Dad would care if we went up there."

"Well, let's go. We might even surprise somebody with rabbit for supper!"

So the kids took off, not thinking that the "little hill up yonder," although within the farm boundary, was part of the prairie—too high to irrigate, yet available to varmints.

Soon after reaching the hill they jumped a cottontail, and Walter shot it. An air rifle isn't too high-powered and though the bunny turned a somersault he quickly got up and ran into a prairie-dog hole.

"I'll get him!" Thomas yelled in excitement, "I'll get him!" And running over to the hole he shoved his hand down, only to jerk it back quickly, gasping with pain.

Walter ran up and looked in the hole in time to see a rattlesnake crawl farther down, rattling as it went.

The little kids didn't know what to do. Mother and father gone, nearest neighbors two miles away, little town of Eaton four miles away, Greeley ten miles. What could they do?

They ran to the house and put the rifle down, then Walter tied a string around Tom's finger. But the finger still hurt, and Tom was crying. They walked out to the gate and called for their parents, knowing that no one could hear them. They put their arms around each other and sobbed as Tom's hurt grew worse.

No help, no telephone, no means of travel, just two little boys in real bad trouble.

Finally Walt straightened up, dried his tears and said, "Come on, Thomas, lay your finger across this log and I'll cut it off with the ax. It won't hurt no worse than the bite."

Bravely, Thomas shut his eyes, doubling all of his fingers but the bitten one; this one he placed on the log. With careful aim, Walter cut that finger off with the ax. Quickly they tied a string around the stub to stop the blood flow, which probably was a mistake. Then they started walking down the road, their arms around each other, both crying for their mother.

About five o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Rison, coming home from Greeley, found their two young sons three miles east of home, lying beside the road. Walter was holding his dead little brother in his arms.

THOMAS was buried in the Eaton cemetery, the first person to be buried

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Graves of the Rison family in the Eaton cemetery. The small stone on left marks the grave of young Thomas Eaton, the first person to be buried in the cemetery.

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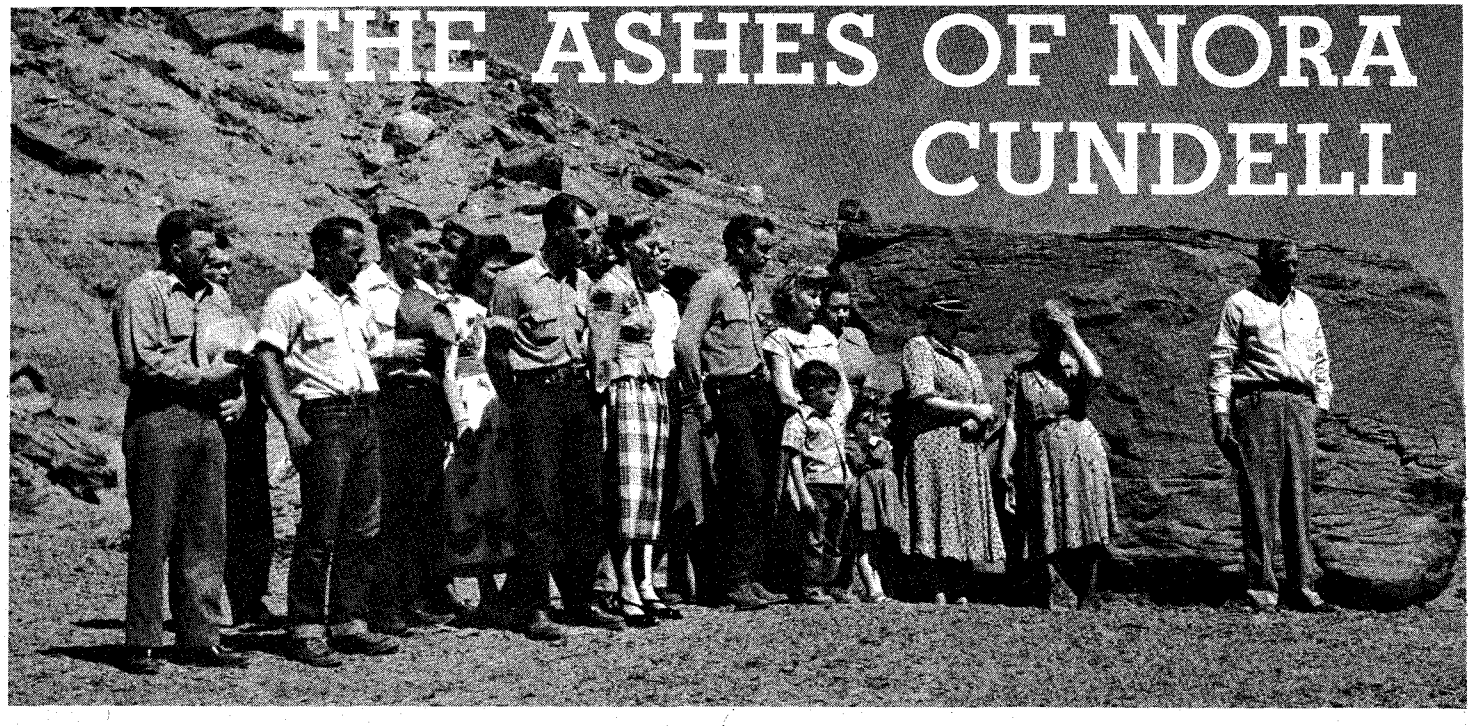
THE ASHES OF NORA CUNDELL



One look at Arizona's cliffs and canyons erased all thoughts of England as "home" — so Nora vowed to return and she did — never to leave again

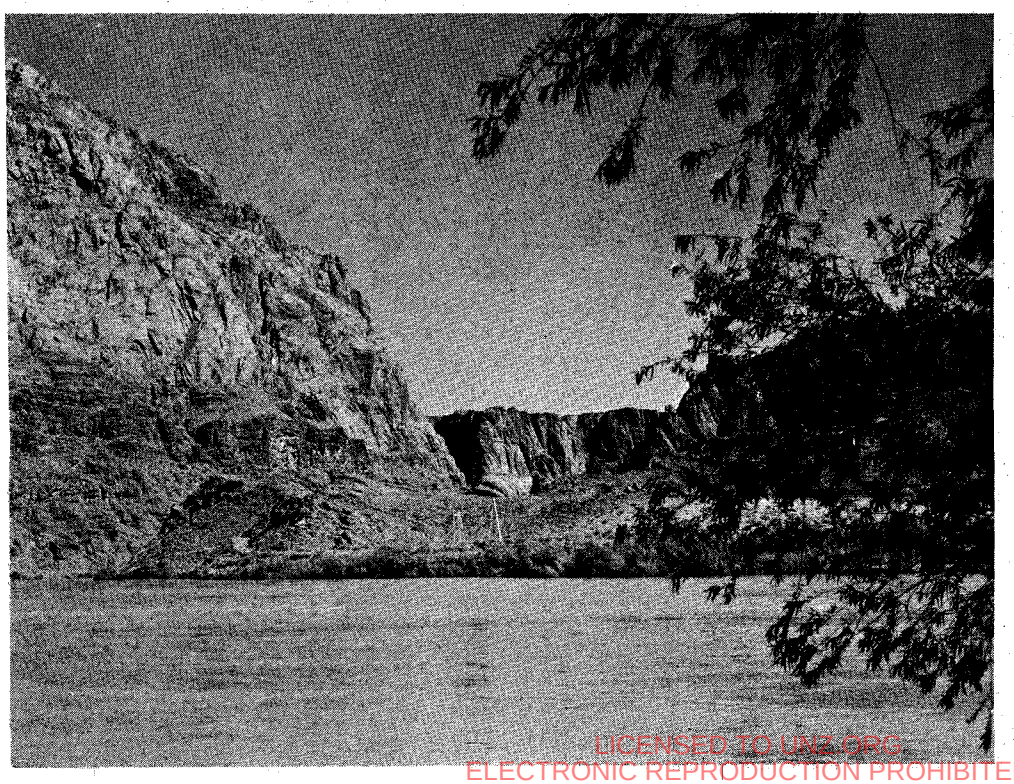
ON a still sunny day in May 1949, a group of people—some friends, others who had known Nora slightly and a few who hadn't known her at all—made their way along the dim road leading from Marble Canyon to Lee's Ferry, Arizona. The party stopped near a large rock which ages ago had rolled from somewhere along the Vermilion Cliffs, rising 2,000 feet above, to its resting place near the foot of the cliffs. This was the fourth and final trip Nora Cundell made to the "Color Country," and the place she called her second home.

She had spent many hours enjoying the beauty of these majestic cliffs, with their ever-changing shadows. Cloud formations, drifting over color reflected by the sun, gave them an indescribable beauty. Nora had spent hours and worked hard to capture this beauty on canvas. (She had written one book about her second trip from England to Marble Canyon which was both humorous and refreshing. *Unsentimental Journey* was never a best seller, but was a treasure to her many friends.)

Nora had discovered the Vermilion Cliffs when she and a party from England stopped at Marble Canyon for the night. Nora later told me she had felt a peace and contentment she had never experienced before. It was as if sometime, somehow, she had lived in this country before, so much at home she felt. Yet she loved England, where she lived in her ancestral home, some 400 years old.

As she and her party resumed their journey to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Nora knew she just had to come back as soon as she could. Many of her paintings, done in the early 1930s when she returned and spent a year with the Lowreys at Marble Canyon, hung in the Royal Society of British Artists Galleries in London.

Below, one of the scenes captured on canvas by Nora Cundell. This is believed to be the photograph Nora used for studio reference.



DURING World War II Nora drove an ambulance at night. After German bombing raids she and the ambulance crew would go out and pick up the injured, take them to the hospital, and render any aid they could. She slept on a table for five years during the war. Others of the crew had their own little corners, the shack was so small. Nora told me that if the Germans had

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kept coming at Dunkirk, England would have fallen.

After the war was over, Nora longed for the peace and beauty of her Color Country in Arizona. She wrote to the Lowreys, who no longer lived at Marble Canyon Lodge, and asked for information as to a place to stay. Money was a problem, since she could bring so little out of England. She figured the most she could pay for board and room was a dollar a day.

The Lowreys, being friends of ours since 1923, came to see us at Lee's Ferry and brought Nora's letter. Jim and I had never met Nora, having left Lee's Ferry in 1925 and returning in 1946. We had few comforts to offer but were assured by the Lowreys that the English lady would be grateful for just getting to come—so Jim and I decided it would be fun to have her.

At left, a memorial service for Nora L. Cundell, British artist, in May 1949. Artist-preacher "Shine" Smith scatters the ashes. Below, Christina Klohr (left) and Nora Cundell.

Unfortunately, 1947 was a very cold winter in England. Nora sailed the last of February with her feet and hands swollen and black from chilblain. She couldn't wear her shoes for some time after arriving in America, so before coming on to Arizona she spent a while with friends in New York and Chicago.

The Lowreys brought Nora to Lee's Ferry in April and we were happy to have this artist of note share our rugged life. We settled her in a little stone cabin built in 1910 by a mining company. It sat on a rise above the larger rock house in which we lived. Our house was Jim's office as well as our dwelling. Nora talked of tea and crumpets, but she truly enjoyed coffee more than tea, so I kept a quart ready for her at all times.

After breakfast each day Nora concentrated on painting, working on more than one canvas at a time but working on each with the same light as the day before. She was very particular about the light. She loved to take a stroll just after the sun dropped behind the Paria Plateau and the Vermilion Cliffs. Each evening we would walk up to the spring and old ferry crossing or over to Paria Creek, each jaunt about a half-mile. This was a treasured time, the most spectacular time of day. Shadows from the Vermilion Cliffs crawled across the river and up Echo Cliffs until the tops were magnified in the afterglow. Rocks that were not seen during the day along the tops of the rims stood out in colorful detail—really rather hard to describe. The river rushed over Paria Ripple, changing its sound with the rising and falling of the river. Bats emerged to fly about and catch whatever bugs were in the air. As darkness fell, the stars shone like millions of diamonds. A feeling of utter peace settled over the canyon.

TWICE Nora and I nearly got into trouble, each time hiking in daylight. Jim would go up the river to take measurements, which was a day's work in high water. Nora and I would hike along a bench where we could see for miles looking down on Paria Creek and where the Colorado River lost itself in Marble Canyon on its way through the Grand Canyon and on to the ocean. Nora would do watercolors which she would re-do in oils when she returned to England; I would gather petrified wood. It was at this time I began to see how many colors of earth I could collect. The most I found were forty-two, but I know there were others that eluded me.

About five miles up Paria Creek was an old log cabin built by a friend of ours when we lived at Lee's Ferry in the early Twenties. On a day when we felt on the peppy side, we decided to hike up to this old ranch. One bad thing about going was crossing the creek some twenty times, for we could never tell when a flood might occur. In the summer, thunderstorms often sent flash floods from way up in Utah, the head of the creek.

However, the day was perfect for a hike so we decided to try it. Nora took a pair of rubber bathing shoes, and each time we came to a crossing she sat

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Above—From left: a lady tourist, Christina Klohr, Nora Cundell, Jim Klohr.

down and changed her shoes—put her hiking shoes in her carry-all bag, crossed the creek, and put her hiking shoes back on. This took a lot of time. I wore a pair of tennis shoes and waded in them, for if one's feet are kept wet the tennis shoes will not rub or make blisters.

Nora did a sketch or two while I studied the interesting old wooden flume built by the early Mormons who settled the ranch where the Paria enters the Colorado. The flume was hung on the side of the bluff above the creek, out of reach of any high water. Some three miles up the creek were the remains of what had been a dam to force water into a ditch and into the flume to carry irrigation water down to the ranch.

The sun was on the west side of noon when we rounded a curve and there stood the log cabin across the creek. A beautiful spring of water flowed from under a huge sand-slide. This spring rose high up under the Sleeping Chief at the top of the rim, along Paria Plateau.

The creek made a square turn around the four acres of bar the cabin stood on, flowing into a narrow channel, rushing around large and small stones, and suppressed to a two-foot flow of very swift water.

Above, a memorial plaque placed on a rock at the base of the Vermilion Cliffs in Marble Canyon, Arizona.

While Nora once more changed her shoes I picked a path and hopped from stone to stone. But before I could put the back-pack down and turn around I heard Nora call out. I turned just in time to see her slide down between two large rocks before her hat rode the water downstream and lodged along the edge where the creek widened and the water was less deep. Nora was trying to keep the bag with her paints and gear in it, out of the water.

I leaped to the rock nearest her and took the bag, but getting her up was something else, we were both laughing so hard. It was funny to think of all the trouble she had taken to keep dry, and here she was stuck between two rocks. Everytime I tried to pull her up, she slipped back into the water. At last she waded, dripping, to the spot I had picked to enjoy lunch. I rescued her hat while she ate her lunch, and let the sun dry her clothing. I recall that the spring supported a large grove of trees and that the ferns underneath made a home for some of the largest striped frogs I have ever seen.

When one goes on this kind of hike, the distance home seems twice as far as it does going. I could see clouds to the north of us and knowing they were in a place to bring a flood down Paria, I felt a little worried as we started our return trip much later than I would have liked. I tried to hurry Nora along, and she tried to the best of her ability.

As we came into the old Mormon ranch I was relieved to hear the pick-up and know that Jim was on his way to give us a hand. We rode across the last Paria crossing, Nora was a good sport, and it had been a fun day.

JUNE was getting well underway and Nora and I knew the long trips would soon be out; we'd have just our short walks in the evenings. However, there was a place we both wanted to go. Nora had been there on horseback on one of her previous trips, but we figured that if we started early enough we could hike across this big bench under the Sleeping Chief in a few hours.

We had almost decided our adventure on foot was not to be when we were favored with a cool day. The river was running high and Jim was very busy. He left earlier than usual that morning so we packed a lunch, took our canteens and Nora's bag of art things, and were off. We had never gone on a long hike before without telling Jim the place we were going, but this day we decided after he left so we were really on our own.

We had just left the house on our way to the old Mormon ranch when a fellow in a jeep came along. He asked if we wanted a lift. The government was core drilling for Glen Canyon Dam and he was on his way to Flagstaff for something needed for the job. We immediately decided to ride with him out about three miles and climb a cattle trail up a sand-slide, then hike back across the bench and come off the trail behind the old Mormon ranch. This lift was a bit of luck we had not expected.

We found the trail steep and hard to climb. Often we took a step forward and slid back two; however, at last we were on top and the beauty made us catch our breath, it was so overpowering. Billowy clouds floated across the richly colored

(Continued on page 63)

Below, Nora and Chris Klohr, ready to begin a day of sketching.

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By ZOLA FARRIS AMBROSE
Photo Courtesy Author

Zola Ambrose stands in front of a saddle-tanker engine on display in Virginia City, Montana.

THE SADDLE TANKER OF TURKEY TRAIL

Slag piles and tumbleweeds mark a narrow-gauge track that taxed the patience of everyone it served. Most folks just don't have the kind of nerves that stand up under a 5% grade!

ONCE upon a time there was a little old narrow-gauge railroad that climbed up the side of a mountain to reach the coal mines near the top of the Continental Divide. Before that railroad was built in 1889, coal was hauled to Bozeman, Montana in heavy wagons pulled by six-horse teams.

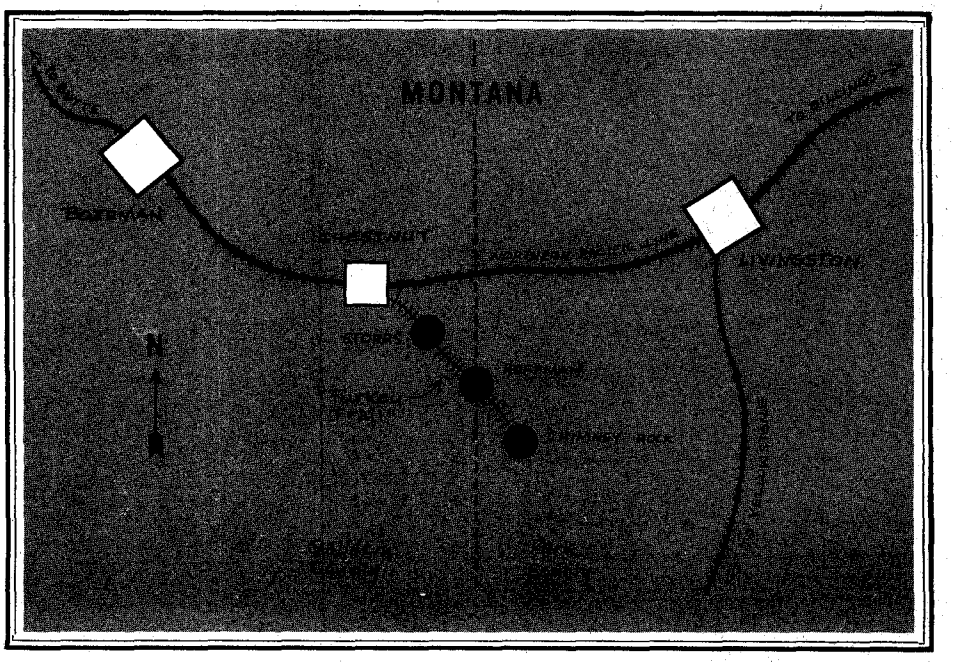
Turner Brothers of Spokane, Washington built the short narrow-gauge from Chestnut, Montana to the top of the Divide with a 5% grade. (Many of the older railroads have a grade of 2.2%, but the newer ones covering much of the same area have grades of only .4 or .5%.)

For twenty-nine years the narrow-gauge carried coal from Chimney Rock or Maxey's Mine, twelve miles through Hoffman and Storrs north along Trail Creek to Chestnut, a point in Rocky Canyon on the Northern Pacific Railroad between Bozeman and Livingston. The new spur was dubbed Turkey Trail by Livingston men. All the railroaders hated the eight crooked-mile climb to the top of the Divide on the Park-Gallatin County line, then four more miles down to the mines.

There was many a wild ride down the steep crooked grade. One of the wildest was piloted by No. 403, short coupled and built heavy on the rails, good for short curves and the best engine the N. P. had for the job. The train started from the summit with only four cars coupled in on air, the fourth with its valves open.

A half mile out of the switch, engineer Bill Barker whistled for the brakes. The brakemen, George Glass, and Frank Baker could do nothing about it. This left the engineer and the fire-

(Continued on page 48)



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Bristling action caught at its peak describes this Roberts painting, "Escape From the Cantina."

THE COVER ARTIST — JOE RADER ROBERTS

By ROBERT L. WAGNER

JOE RADER ROBERTS, whose "Changing Mounts" is the cover for this issue of TRUE WEST, has a straightforward quality of honesty and candor which carries over into his paintings.

He was born in Lockhart, Caldwell County, Texas on July 4, 1925. Like most artists, his interest manifested itself early, and he sketched from boyhood. During summer vacations from high school, he worked for an Austin, Texas sign painter who would leave him all day in the blazing Central Texas sun armed with a Fitch brush, bucket and paint can to block in advertisements on the sides of buildings—and then complain that Joe Rader didn't work fast enough.

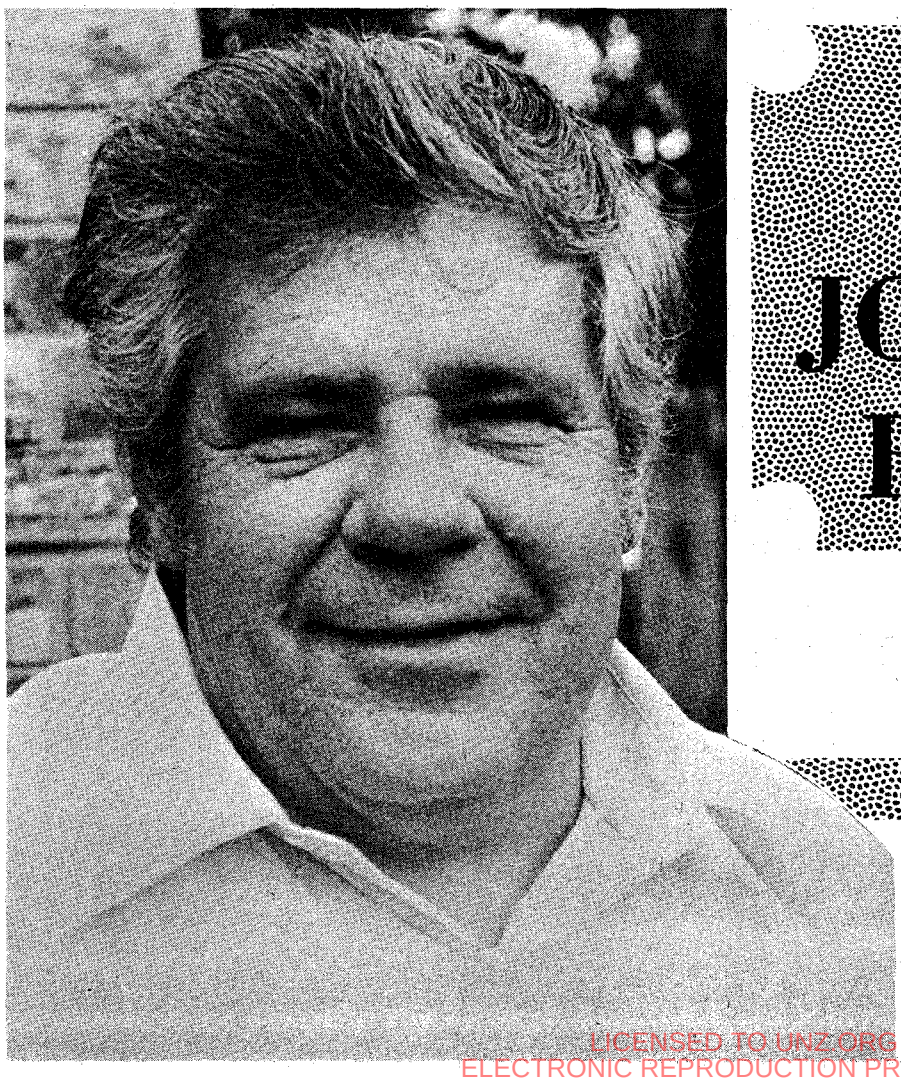
Perhaps some good did come out of it, for action is the hallmark of all Roberts canvases, whether depicting violence, work, or play. Of these he prefers work as a dominant theme. A cowboy riding herd on the tough old Longhorn cattle, the chuckwagon boss fighting to control his team during a thunderstorm, a homesteader staking out his house—all portray the work ethic.

Violence, too, has its place in Joe Rader's Western pantheon: a trapper suddenly confronted by a band of Comanches; a classic shoot-out in a dusty frontier town; a couple of *compadres* making their hurried exit from a border *cantina* to the tune of the six-gun polka.

Yet endemic to all of Roberts' work is a concern with character, hardship and strength. He takes obvious enjoyment in painting animals and men, and his knowledge of anatomy is encyclopedic. Horses particularly are central to this theme—the interplay of muscle against bone, as well as linear concept, have seldom been done as well by any other Western artist, living or dead.

AFTER wartime service in the Merchant Marine from 1943 to 1945, Joe Rader returned to Lockhart and, like many young vets, found himself at loose ends. Early in 1946, strictly on the spur of the moment and with a sense of adventure, he packed up and joined a friend headed for San Francisco. Getting a part-time job to carry himself, he enrolled in the California School of Fine Arts in that city. This school, known now as the San Francisco Art Institute, which

Joe Rader Roberts Courtesy Tom Kielman



Joe Rader Roberts' work can be seen at the Texas Art Gallery, Dallas, Texas and at the Country Store Gallery in Austin.

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he attended during 1946-47, imposed upon him a new sense of discipline.

On returning to Texas Joe Rader moved to Houston and, in 1949, got married. Eventually faced with the responsibilities of a growing family, he took a job with a paper company as a boiler fireman, a specialty he had learned in the Merchant Marine. Blessed with spare time on the job, he began illustrating paper flyers for grocery store specials, and soon was making $150-$200 a week on the side. This increased prosperity led in 1953 to his starting his own sign business, which in turn afforded him more time to paint and sketch. Even in the Service, he had "had his little paintbox along," and his first painting had been sold as early as 1947.

Those years in the rough-and-tumble sign painting business provided a lot of experience in the use of colors and the effects which could be derived from widely contrasting surfaces. To list a few, Joe Rader has painted on glass, on cement, corrugated metal, plywood, and masonite, with probably fifty types of brushes known to the trade. Using showcard color, he has even painted a Thom McAn shoe sign on the flanks of a live elephant before it walked in a circus parade.

During the late 1950s and on into the '60s, Joe Rader's business venture flourished and his leisure hours were spent in working with dry brush, watercolor and oil, the latter being his preferred medium of expression. He found time to study with Ralph Dickerman, the distinguished portrait painter resident in Houston, and in 1968 he met the immensely successful Hungarian artist, Lajos Markos, who also has had a marked effect in Joe Rader's development.

Trouble on the way! One can sense the rider's quick decision to make tracks in the opposite direction.

The fact that both Dickerman and Markos are best known as portrait painters has not bent Roberts in that direction. His main interest has never wavered from depicting men and horses, early days and raw country. There is, however, a worn canvas from which the direct, believable gaze of a child looks out—Joe Rader's little daughter at age seven.

GRATEFUL though he may be to contemporaries, Roberts thinks his greatest debt is owed to books. Books on all phases of art line his studio shelves

(Continued on page 63)

The title of this work is "Fired On!"

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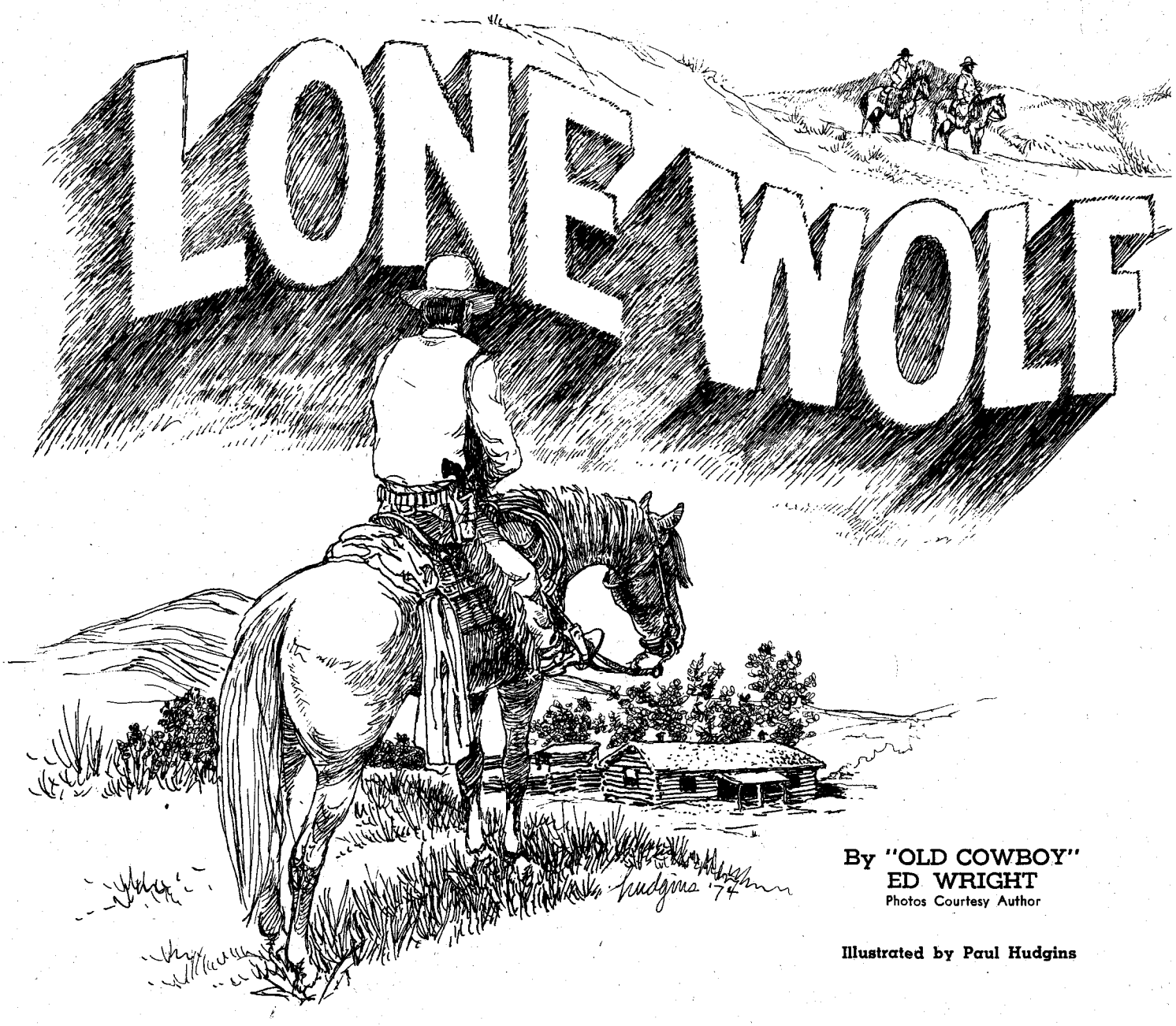

By "OLD COWBOY"
ED WRIGHT
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

IN the late 1800s Wyoming was one of the most unsettled parts of the United States. The invasion was still unsettled, the sheep and cattle men's war was on, and friends were few. White Caps were still offering a bounty on what they called rustlers. A "rustler" in those days took in a lot of territory. He might be a cowboy who refused to rustle or brand anymore mavericks or cattle for them, or one who filed on a homestead and was trying to settle down and make a home for himself.

The (so-called) White Caps controlled most of the law and imported gunmen to support the law the way they wanted it. A cowboy who had left their side had to have lots of guts and needed eyes in the back of his head, to keep from being slipped up on.

Thank God there are always two sides to everything. Most cowboys had friends, and their friends were not hired but the kind that stick together. They sure did or we wouldn't have the West we have today, and the real old-time cowboy wouldn't be copied so much as he is today. He had to be a great character to be copied, admired and loved so much. I was raised in that country, Johnson County, called "The Powder River Country."

One year the spring roundup had just started. I was working with the Hat outfit, which was about the biggest in Wyoming. It was owned by Adam and Lou Webb. Their ranch was on Middle Fork of Powder River, close to the notorious "Hole in the Wall" country.

The Hole in the Wall country was a place hard to get into without being seen coming. Most writers have written it up as a hold-out for outlaws; but most of the outlaws that went there were hunted by worse outlaws than they were. I have been holed up there myself and I never was an outlaw. I might have been called one by that side of the law that made their own outlaws. These so-called outlaws won over them, in the long run, the same as right always overcomes wrong.

The Hat outfit's roundup wagon range was south of Powder River. It took in most of the Salt Creek country as far as Casper where they shipped in the fall. Somehow or other those White Caps gave that Hat outfit plenty of room. Far and wide it was known as the rustlers' outfit.

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OF WYOMING

There's such a thing sometimes as a feeling, when you meet somebody, that you ought to go ahead and kill him right then — and Father Time hardly ever does anything but bear the feeling out

I was a cowhand; Horace Snyder was the wagon boss. I think Snyder, myself and the Webbs were the only last names in the outfit. Others went by nicknames or their first names. We had Montana, Dakota, Two Gun Speck, Cactus, Slim, Pee Wee, Missouri, Windy, Crip, Step-in-a-half, Bone Head and Slick. You name 'em, we had 'em.

Seems like all cowboys ended up with a pardner. They just seemed to come together. I never mixed very much, kind of stayed by myself, and even talked to myself sometimes. I started talking to a tall feller with steel blue eyes that looked right through you. Everybody called him Tex (he answered to the name so I called him Tex). He didn't talk much. The wagon boss kind of started us off as pardners. He gave me the same night guard from eight to ten and we were always on the same circles. We just kind of got to talking to each other. Tex was the home type and wanted to settle down, so I told him about a good place to homestead at the head of Wind River. We talked more as time went on.

HE couldn't read or write so he asked me to write his mother for him and tell her where he was. I couldn't keep from liking Tex even after he unfolded all his past to me.

He'd been born on the Mexican border. His father was foreman for the Turkey Track cow outfit; they were about the biggest spread along the border on both sides, Texas and Old Mexico—around Marfa, Del Rio and Alpine. Tex had worked with range cattle from wrangler to rep since he'd been big enough to get on a horse.

His father married a girl out of one of the honkytonks at Alpine, which that was not uncommon in those days. Plenty of our best settlers in the early West married girls out of those places and built homes and raised good families.

The way Tex explained it to me was, he (Tex) had got off with the wrong girl. When he was full of puppy love, one of the gold diggers named Katy got her hooks into him. She told Tex she wanted to settle down and get a home, so he let her save his money for him. Everytime he got to town he gave her his money. Finally she told him where he could make more, if he went to work for an outfit she knew and kept his mouth shut. Tex had it bad and took the job.

Tex said he and the others rode for three days till they met a large herd of cattle. He didn't know if he was in the States or Old Mexico when they took the cattle. The boss was a stranger, but Tex had seen most of the cowboys and some of them called him by name.

The fifth day with the herd the boss said he was supposed to throw them in with a trail herd going north. They were driving through a rough country all the way. Along about sundown they saw some riders coming from both sides. The boss pulled his horse up and yelled, "We better make a run for it!" About that time the shooting started. It was quite a battle. Six men were killed and the rest ended up under arrest.

"I don't know if I killed anyone or not; my gun was empty," Tex said. They put me in the big pasture [the penitentiary] for one year.

"When I got out I went to see my mother. I told her the whole story and asked her about Katy. Mother said, 'Son, there have been some fine girls found in those houses, but they never *stayed* there long. Most of them you can figure out for yourself. I am your mother, and that other woman is no good. If I was you I'd throw in with a trail herd going North, that had not been stolen, and start over.'

"Her last words were: 'Remember, my boy, a good woman is where you find her. Just be sure she is good.' That's been over three years ago, Ed, and I never found a place to settle down. I have never heard from my folks but I know my mother is a fine woman."

I knew Tex had told me more about himself than he had ever told anyone. I never passed it on.

THE general roundup was just about over, and Tex and I had agreed to go to Buffalo before the beef roundup started. There he would file on a homestead at the head of Wind River. We were going fifty-fifty on everything. One of us would work while the other held the homestead down.

I told him I wasn't ready to be tied down so he could tend to the homestead

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"Old Cowboy" Ed Wright

part. Tex was one of the hardest workers, and could get more done in less time and done better than anybody I ever saw.

After we got the homestead filed on, we bought a hammer, ax, saw, wagon, some barbwire, then a couple mares that was about to have colts. We worked to beat the band for a couple of weeks. Then I had to pull out for the Hat wagon for the fall beef roundup.

News traveled mighty fast. Everyone already knew Tex and I were pardners. They always asked, "How you an' your pardner doin', Ed?"

When the roundup pulled into headquarters in November I headed for the homestead.

Most cowboys could ride a horse day and night, wrestle calves and brand them all day and still stand a two-hour guard and never kick; but when it came to digging post holes or building something, they always got tired quick. Of course it was a little different when you were doing it for yourself. That pardner of mine sure didn't get tired. I never saw a place, with nothing to start with, look like that homestead.

He had a two-room shack, big round pole corral, a forty-acre pasture fenced, and the spring dug out and fenced with a reservoir dammed up below it for stock water. And there were enough poles and logs to build that much more. He had been changing help with Step-in-a-half Jones up the creek. The Jones outfit had quite a spread. Tex helped put up their hay, and brand, and it looked like the Joneses sure paid us back double.

Horace Snyder, Webb's wagon boss rode by and stopped overnight with us. Tex had been running all the stock away that had been watering at the spring, so the grass was sure good. All the predictions were for a hard winter and the Hat outfit had bought a trail herd of Old Mexico Longhorns. They were pretty poor and weak from the trip to go into a hard winter, so Snyder offered us what we had feed for, a cow with a calf for fifteen dollars, and we could work it out.

It was only a day-and-a-half's ride from Webb's ranch to our place, so we saddled up and rode home with Snyder. We ended up buying thirty-five cows with calves for $500 and Webb told us we could break twenty head of saddle ponies at $10 a head. We took the broncos home with us, along with the cattle. Webb sent three cowboys with us to help. When we got home I'm sure that was the greatest feeling a cowboy could have. We had an outfit of our own. Tex acted like a king.

WE worked to beat heck till the last of January. The country was frozen up, and about all a cowboy could do was keep the ice off the waterholes so the stock could get water.

Then Tex had a couple of visitors. He didn't say much about them—they were from Texas—and I figured they must have been in the pen with him. He called one Dutch and the other Jobe.

Whiskey Dick, an old bronco-busting pardner of mine, came by and I told Tex if he could hold down the outfit I'd take the horses we'd broke back to Webb and save feeding 'em. Besides, I wanted to go to town for some tobacco and things.

Tex didn't smoke or drink, and he didn't act like he went for the women much, but he had been riding over towards Dry Fork of Powder River pretty often to see a half-breed girl. Her father was a trapper and had filed on a homestead for an English outfit and married an Indian.

The daughter was teaching about ten of the ranch kids. I guess she was pretty smart, for she had Tex so he could sign his name. Already he knew if we had thirty-five cows with calves that we had seventy head of cattle. He even told me if they all had a calf the next spring, we'd have over a hundred head of cattle.

Whiskey Dick and I left about daylight that morning and got to the Hat outfit the next day early in the evening. I'd been eating venison and beans at the homestead all winter, so I stayed a couple days and filled up on good beef. Did you ever take an ax and cut off a T-bone steak about an inch and a half thick from a frozen two-year-old steer when you were hungry, fry it in its own taller with hot baking powder biscuits, and see how much you could eat? If you never did, you sure missed something.

I rode into Kaycee on my way home and tried my luck with the gamblers. They all knew me pretty well. I had my arm broken, and tended bar one winter. All bartenders off duty help rob the suckers when they come to town. I knew all the tricks and found out how easy it was to be robbed. When a feller sat down in a game, the percentage of the cards was always against him, and most always fifty percent of the players were working for the house. The cards were most always marked and he always ended up loser. I was quick tempered and found out I was being cheated a few times, and ended up jerking out my gun and taking my money back.

They were pretty sure I took it back a few times when I *hadn't* been cheated. I got in what looked like a honest game; I knew most of them were ranchers and cowboys. The dealer and I had tangled once and he hated me. I played till daylight and ended up with $450 to the good. Then I think I did the smartest thing I ever did in my life. I saddled up and rode back to Webbs' and paid them the $300 Tex and I owed them on the cows and calves.

Old Lew asked me if I held up the bank. I laughed and told him I got lucky in a card game at Kaycee. I stayed overnight. Seems like all ranches had a poker game every night all winter. It was about the only pastime a cowboy had. I wasn't lucky and dropped the $150 I was still winner from Kaycee. Then I hit the hay and made a new start for the homestead early in the morning. I stayed clear of town and went straight home.

When I got home the Dutchman was still there and Jobe was gone. I told Tex right in front of Dutch that I sure hated that Jobe's guts, all the time thinking he was hired by the White Caps and might lower the boom on us any time.

Tex came right out and told me Jobe and Dutch were both with the gang that had been stealing a herd when he and the rest were caught. They had been in the big pasture together. Dutch said he didn't trust anybody and guessed he didn't have a damn friend in the world, unless it was Tex.

WE HAD a three-day blizzard, and Tex and I were riding through the pasture looking the stock over. There was a bull laying down. We didn't have any bull so I made him get up so I could see the brand on him. He had both ears cropped so you couldn't tell what his earmark was, and the whole left side of his hide was scarred like someone had cut a brand out. Tex and I looked at each other.

I yanked Tex's arm. "Tex," I said, "we need bulls and haven't any, but that one sure as hell was planted here by someone that don't like us. We better get rid of him."

Tex was about half smart and said, "Well, he hasn't got my brand on and we sure as hell wouldn't claim him, so let's see what happens. We need a couple bulls."

Tex's girl had told him that Jobe stopped a lot at the English outfit that her father trapped for. We knew that outfit was on the wrong side of the fence from us, so I told Tex to be sure and keep that so-and-so Jobe in front of him.

After the storm settled and the weather cleared I rode up to Step-in-a-half Jones' place. While I was gone Jobe rode in. I learned that the first thing he said was, "I see you got a bull. Where did you get him?"

Tex faced him and said, "That's just what I was gonna ask you. Where did you get him?"

"Whose side are you on?"

"I know you ain't on our side, so get on your horse and don't come back."

Tex said Jobe doubled his fist. "Now, hold on, Tex, you and I should be on the same side. It's that damn pardner of yours. He hates my guts, but I don't think a damn bit more of him, and you kin tell him so."

"Tell him yourself," Tex said. "Just

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get on your horse and get goin' like I told you, and take your bull with you."

Dutch was taking it all in. Jobe started walking off, then grabbed his gun and wheeled and shot. His bullet went through Tex's coat sleeve, but Tex didn't miss. We buried Jobe and I told Tex he better take Dutch and ride to Kaycee and notify the sheriff it was self-defense and have the Dutchman swear to it. I told Tex whatever he did, not to go to Buffalo or they would frame him. It worked out all right, but we could tell the Dutchman was scared to death.

WELL it was spring at last and the Hat outfit was starting to gather their saddle horses for the general roundup. I was supposed to be there the first of April. I asked Tex if he could hold the homestead together till I got back, between the general roundup and the beef roundup.

He said, "Well, I suppose that lazy Dutchman will be hanging around most of the summer."

I asked him if he knew for sure the Dutchman was on our side. Tex thought he deserved a chance because, as he said, "He saw the shootin' and told the truth, so I'm givin' him a chance to show his cards. If he isn't on our side, I'll find out sooner or later."

I left and pulled into the Hat outfit the last of May. I met a feller they called Cactus, and he was just too easy to get acquainted with. He told me he knew Tex and had been in the pen with him. Said he had been offered a job with the White Caps, and Tex and I were on their list as rustlers.

I told Webb and he said that the feller talked a lot, but he came from the same range Webb came from, and if he was on the other side it would be easy to find out. Well, he must have been on the wrong side, for he got in an argument and came out on the boot-hill end of the deal.

The last of June the wagon headed for the ranch, and I headed for the homestead. Tex had sure been putting the finishing touches to the joint. He had curtains up and had built on another room. I told him it looked like he was gonna get married. "Well," he said, "I sure want to. What do you think about it?"

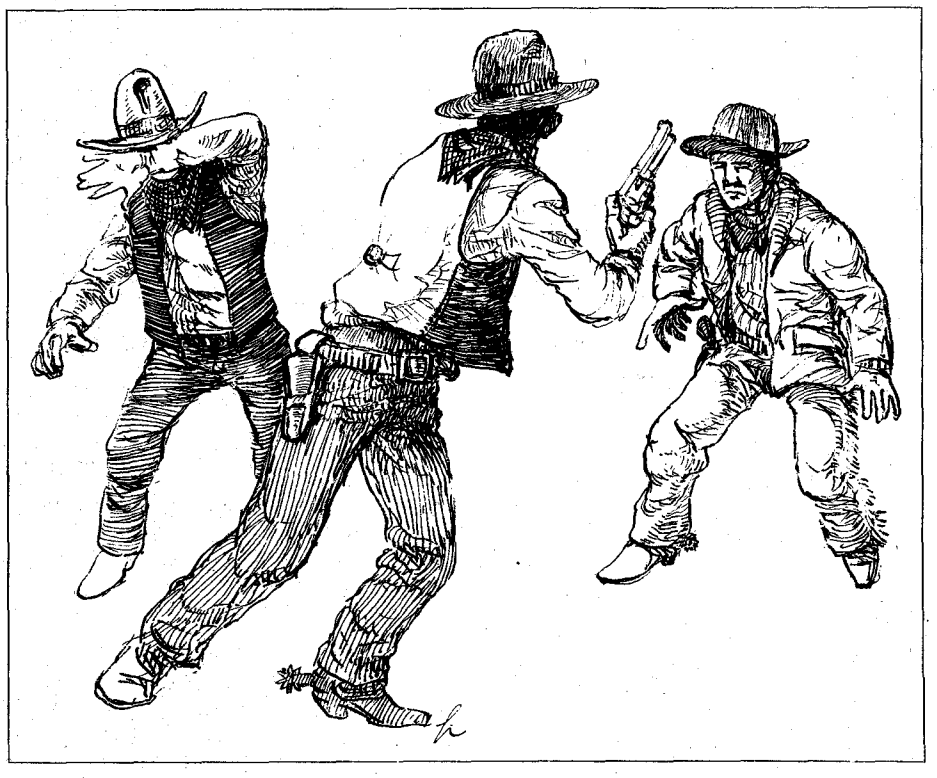
"We're pardners; I wouldn't say anything if you got married."

I had filed on a section south of the place Tex and I had. I told him I was going to relinquish it to the government as I didn't want to settle down, and he should get his wife to file on it before he married her. I honestly believe Tex wouldn't have gotten married if I had squawked. I told him I would stay till they got back, if he hurried.

I called his wife "Pocahontas." She was sure a good worker, and even quieter than Tex. Believe me, that's *quiet*, and a wonderful asset in a woman. You know some say 'still water runs deep.'

The Dutchman came the day after they left. I pumped him and he told me he'd gone to work for the English outfit Tex's wife's father worked for. He said a man's life wasn't worth much unless he acted like he was on their side. Then I knew that Dutchman had a yellow streak in him. I'd told Tex plenty of times not to trust him. But I knew Tex, and they'd done plenty together that was on the shady side and neither of them trusted the other.

Tex and his wife were a day late getting home. I pulled out right away. I mentioned kissing the bride, but the way Tex looked at me, I forgot it and left.



That was one roundup I'll never forget. The sheep and cattle war was in full swing. They had plowed a dead line, from Gillette, Wyoming to the south of the head of Powder River, for the sheep outfits to stay on the other side—or else. Many a sheep wagon went up in smoke and every once in a while a herder went with them.

That was the year in the basin country that the Frenchman was tied to the wheel of his wagon and the wagon burnt. The French Government raised hell about it, and all it did was make the war worse. Everybody on the roundup was nervous and ready for anything. I was sure glad when the roundup was over and I headed for home. I worried about getting along with Tex being married.

I RODE into the homestead and Tex met me. He said he saw me coming when I tipped the ridge. Tex was hard to slip up on, I'll tell you. He had that woman of his broken in pretty good. She was milking a couple of wild cows. She would shut the corral gate against them and reach through and milk them. She had milk, cream, butter and cheese. Tex had built a bunkhouse and had it fixed up pretty nice with bunks, a looking glass, a card table, and a couple spittoons.

Next morning we rode down through the pasture. We had sixteen head of saddle horses and had started with the two work mares that were having colts. I counted eighteen two-year-olds and twelve yearling colts. I told Tex we sure made a good buy when we bought those work mares. The cattle was the same. Looked like they all had twins though. I asked Tex what the Dutchman knew about this.

He said, "He's just like you and everybody. He doesn't know only what *he* did. Everybody brands mavericks; you and I both have branded plenty for whoever we rode for. Who in the hell would you brand them for but ourselves? God helps those who help themselves."

Tex about half-way convinced me he was right. The White Caps had taken some pretty good beatings and were on their last legs. If a cowboy or homesteader was lucky enough to get a jury trial instead of getting shot by one of their hired gunmen, he most always got turned loose. Most of their picked jurors had met with some kind of an accident or weren't available; I knew one that left dressed in his wife's clothes.

Winter was closing in on us. We were trying to save all the feed around the ranch. We were riding line on most of the stock, holding them several miles north. We changed off on the job, Tex's wife taking her turn and relieving Tex and me about ten o'clock every morning while we ate. Then Tex and I stayed till after dark.

I couldn't help but notice how jealous Tex was. He watched me all the time and if I got in the house before him it was an accident. His wife noticed it, too. One day Tex had to do something while his wife was on herd. I told him I'd go let her come home, and rode off. His wife saw me coming and rode to meet me.

I told her, "Go home. Tex had some-

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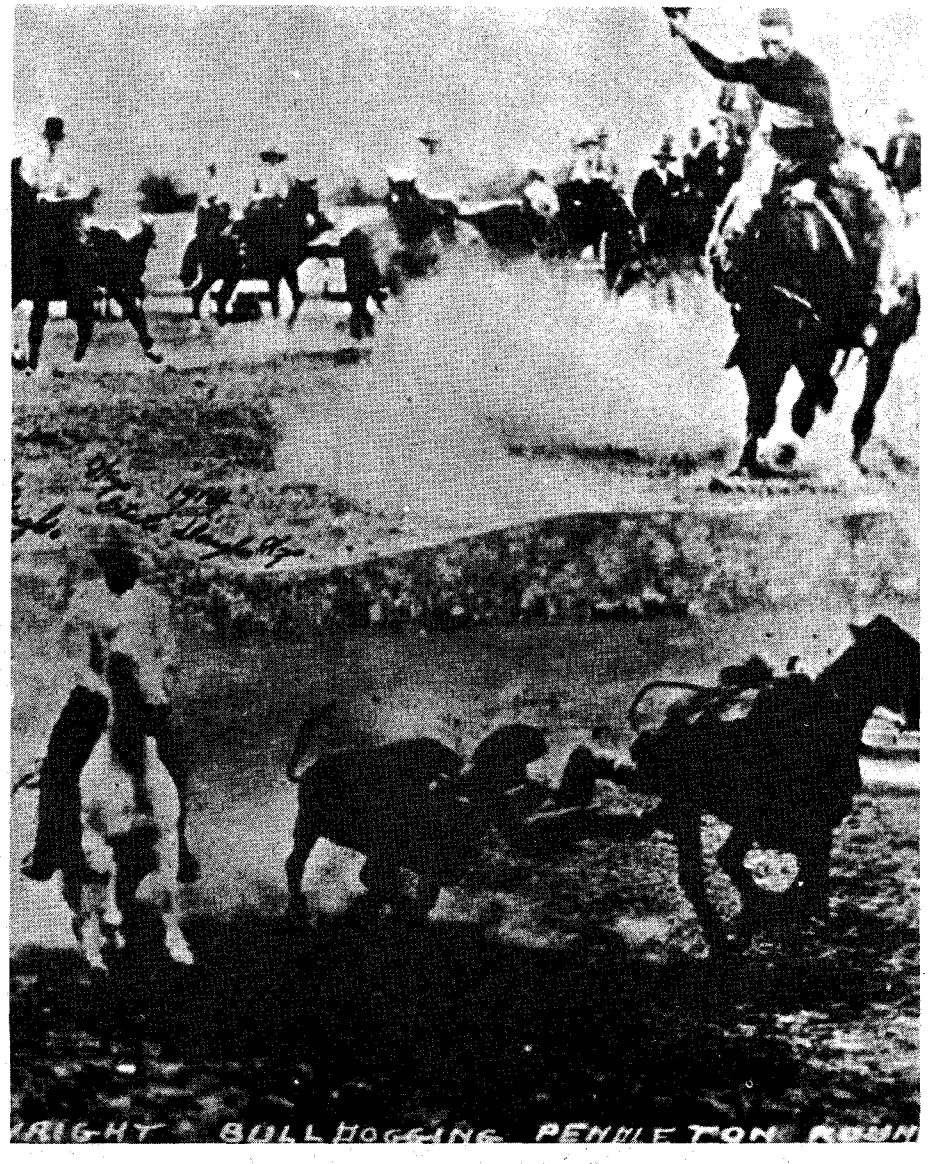

Ed Wright bulldogging at the Pendleton Roundup (no date provided).

thing to do and I'll take over till he gets here."

She laughed, winked at me and said, "Him plenty jealous. Look, there he comes already."

OLD MAN WINTER didn't knock; he just rushed in. One storm after another without much wind made it bad for the stock. The wind always blew the snow off the feed so the stock could get at it. A horse will paw for feed, but a cow won't. We got busy moving the stock and finally ended up throwing all of it close to the ranch.

In a few days one of those blizzards hit a-howling and a-blowing. All we could do was feed the saddle ponies. When it stopped, we rounded up the stock. Then here came another blizzard. It was a humdinger. We had a hard time getting the stock that wasn't backed up to the cabin, fed at all. Most of our worst blizzards lasted three days but this one lasted four. It died down long enough to get a long breath, then here it came again worse than ever.

I told Tex, "Well, here goes what we thought we had."

The second night the wind died down and we went out to see what we had left. There were only two horses left and it looked like they were in a snow cave up against the cabin. Only way we knew they were there was that they nickered when they heard us. That snow was blown in so hard we had to knock a hole in it to get them out. We had to scrape about two inches of snow and ice off their backs where it had melted and froze on them, before we could put on our saddles. We hung the nose bags on them and fed ourselves before starting out looking for the rest of our horses.

A feller raised in Wyoming was used to storms, summer or winter, but this was the worst I can remember. It even went down in history. Many a cow outfit went broke that year. There is something about livestock raised on the range and wild game—we call it instinct—that guides them to shelter in bad storms. After that storm, cattle were found frozen to death standing up huddled together in little draws and behind cutbanks in creek bottoms. The marks of that winter were left so it could never be forgotten.

In those days nothing was buried. The carcass lay where it fell for the coyotes, wolves, vultures, sun, wind and weather to get rid of it. The smell came with the wind to all who rode the range for a long time after that winter. Some of the bleaching skulls and bones may be there to this day.

We got on our horses and rode down through the pasture. There were no tracks. Snow had drifted over the fences and packed so hard we could ride over them with our horses. There was a pine ridge that ran along the south boundary line of the homestead about a mile from the cabin. We rode up to the top of it and stopped on a high place and looked all around, trying to locate any signs of livestock or life. It was sure clear. We could see peaks a hundred miles away, but we couldn't locate anything alive so we split up. Tex went up the ridge and I went down. The tops of all the ridges were blown bare. The wind had swept them clean. That was a godsend to hungry livestock.

I finally spotted twelve of our horses and it took me over an hour to get a trail to them so I could get them headed for home. Tex must have seen me, he rode up to help me. He said he had run onto a bunch of sheep piled up on the south side of the ridge, all frozen to death. There were at least eight or nine hundred in the bunch.

We headed the horses for home. They hit our trail and we followed them. When they came to where we had come up on the ridge, Tex's horse saw something and shied as he went by. Tex pulled up and rode back and got off. When he yelled at me, I rode over to him, and there lay a man frozen to death. He had a silk muffler tied around his head and ears, tied under his chin. We had never seen him before. Tex rolled him over and he was stiff as a board. I told Tex to look in his pockets and maybe we could find out who he was.

He wouldn't do it. He said, "When you find somebody dead you always want to leave him alone till the coroner or sheriff sees him."

"How in the hell are we going to call the sheriff?" I asked him.

Tex didn't want to leave him alone, but I said, "Don't worry, he'll be here when we come back."

"If anybody found you dead, would you want them to ride off and leave you alone?" Tex asked me.

I told him I guess I wouldn't give a damn if they did. He was alone when we found him and wasn't kicking none.

Tex had more excuses to stay with that stiff than you ever heard. The best one was that the coyotes would eat him.

"What in the hell would a coyote want to eat a sheepherder for, with eight or nine hundred sheep froze just over the hill?" I said.

We finally agreed if we covered him good with snow, he'd be okay for a day or so. It wasn't hard to get plenty of snow, so we covered him good and headed for the cabin.

WE HAD a deep draw in the pasture heading down to Wind River. It was a good shelter in storms. We found the bull with the brand cut out and a few

(Continued on page 54)

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By HAROLD MABRY

Text & Illustration From
Profiles of the Past, by Harold Mabry
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Sad to say, but the happenings of the last few months may make this story obsolete!

THE CHIMNEY MAKERS

THE CLAY CHIMNEY, one of the familiar landmarks of my part of the country, is already rare and is destined to become extinct within a few years because it is virtually impossible to preserve. It would be necessary to put a roof over one to protect it—left exposed, the weather will inevitably claim it.

Even so, the clay chimney was remarkably long-lived and practical when constructed properly. One at Hurrah City on Highway 70 E near DeQueen, Arkansas, probably the best preserved in the county, is over seventy years old and survived a forty-four-mile trip when the cabin was moved there.

Not all chimneys were constructed right, and there are plenty of stories of fires caused by faulty ones and others that collapsed on a cold winter night (never in the summer). A ladder leaning against the chimney end of a house, handy for repair or in case of fire, was a common sight.

One of the existing pictures of the log-constructed Hotel De Horse, DeQueen's first hotel, shows the clay chimney propped with poles to avert collapse. Three young men posed for the picture on the ladder. Most communities had one or more men with experience at such work and they were usually called upon when a chimney was to be built.

The framework was built first and consisted of four upright corner poles or "scantlings" (2'x4's) to which were nailed, ladder-like, horizontal sticks or laths about five inches apart. The fireplace or firebox was wider than the chimney which made necessary the fitting, mortising and pegging together of the scantling in the better jobs. This framework resulted in such a chimney being called a "stick and mud chimney."

ANOTHER frequently used name was a "cat chimney," so called because of the mud cats that were applied to the frame work. The making of these cats probably required the most skill of the entire operation. The proper mixture of sand and clay, choice of grass, and other factors greatly affected the durability of the chimney.

A hole was dug near the chimney site to mix the mud in; clay was added to make the right proportion and the mix was allowed to "ripen." Grass had been pulled or cut and stockpiled, with the straw kept straight.

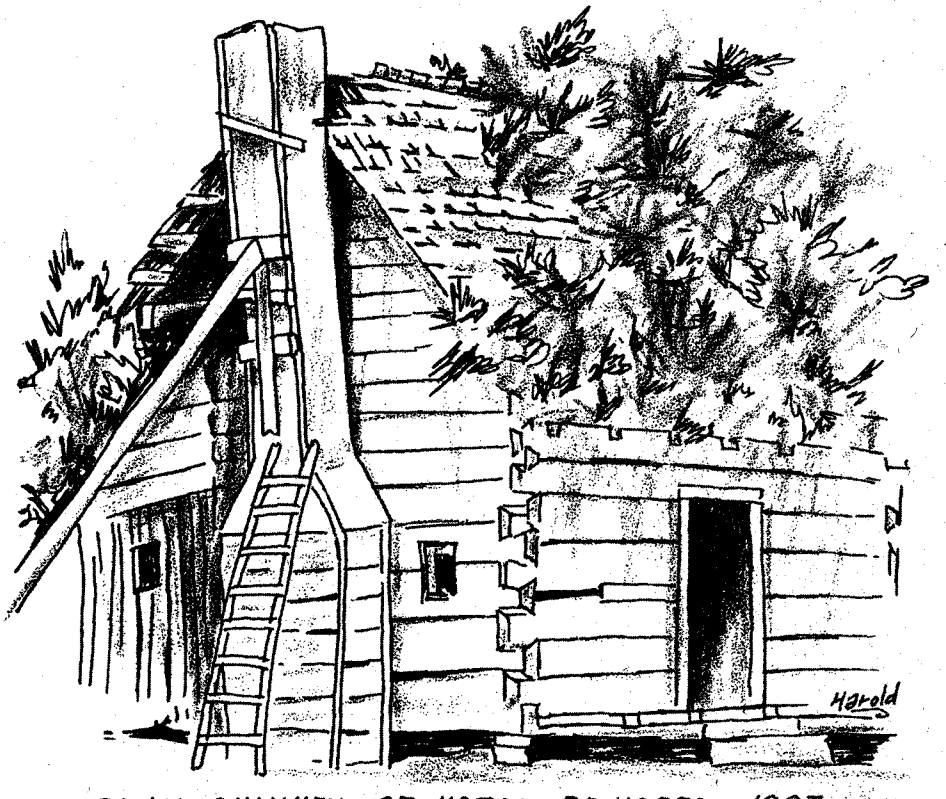
To make a cat, a worker grasped a bunch of grass and worked it in the mud, resulting in a loaf-like cat of grass and mud, perhaps sixteen inches long. This he tossed to another worker; and he to another and so on, brigade fashion, until it reached the worker on the chimney. This man draped it, halfway, over a lath. He then smoothed the clay on each side. Another worker inside the chimney might help by smoothing the inside. One cat was laid tightly against another, starting at the bottom, with the row of cats on the lath above overlapping the lower.

When the chimney was "topped out," attention was turned to the fireplace. Using mud as mortar, the sides were lined with rocks. The floor and hearth were also covered with choice flat stones, a row up each side helping to support the mantle piece.

Cat chimneys were not all alike, of course, depending on the materials available and the skill of the workers. Sometimes the outside of a chimney was boarded up to protect the clay from the weather but, unfortunately, this increased the fire hazard.

Claude Holt of Green's Chapel community east of DeQueen, recalled a "mud mill" which the community used. It was a heavy barrel-like contraption with a vertical center shaft of timber with holes bored in it for irregular teeth, or rakers, to mix the mud. It was turned by a sweep, as a sorghum mill, by horse or mule power. There were other such mills in the county.

A few years hence, when these chimneys are all gone, it will be hard to make the young generation understand how a chimney was built of sticks and mud, and the only proof will be preserved on today's shutterbug's film. So if you can find one, have your photograph taken with a mud chimney. It's a cinch it will be an heirloom picture.



CLAY CHIMNEY OF HOTEL DE HORSE, 1897

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Captain B. B. Paddock, pioneer editor, and guiding spirit of the Spring Palace project.

PIONEER business and civic leaders of Fort Worth, Texas apparently were seeking to rid the city of its rawhide-rowdy cowtown reputation and create an image of progress and sophistication when they erected the ill-fated Texas Spring Palace during the winter and spring of 1888-89.

Yet despite widespread publicity and seemingly solid public support, the exposition ended its first year's run with a deficit of more than $23,000. And at the close of the second season, the Palace was leveled by a fire so destructive that the concept of "a grand karporama of the material resources of the great Lone Star State" never was revived. All that remains of the Texas Spring Palace are a few mementoes—posters, ticket stubs, theater programs, and a page in the city's history telling first of the pomp and glory of the exposition and then detailing its wild, fiery demise on the night of May 30, 1890.

There is also—at the site of the Palace near the present Texas & Pacific Railroad Depot in mid-town Fort Worth—a half-forgotten monument commemorating the valor of one Alfred S. Hayne, a civil engineer from London, England, who perished in the fire and became Fort Worth's hero of the Gay Nineties.

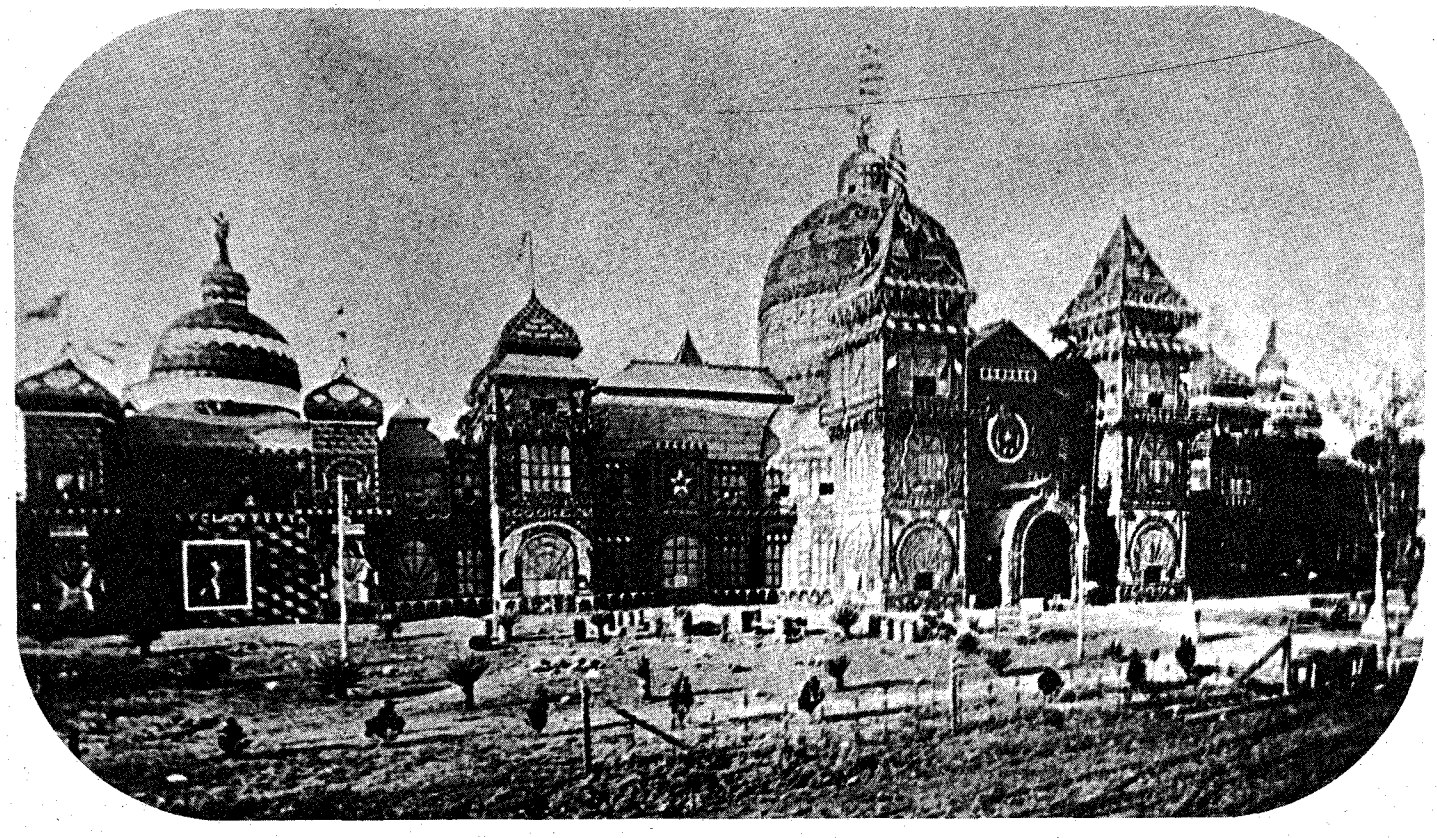
The idea for the Texas Spring Palace, a "unique and attractive place of amusement" that would present "a compact and realistic view of the products of the state and bring Texas to the knowledge of the world in a pleasing and comprehensive manner," was introduced in 1888 by R. A. Cameron, colonization and immigration director for the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad.

It was an era of expositions. The Universal Exposition was scheduled to open in Paris, France in 1889. Toronto, Canada and St. Paul, Minnesota were having Ice Palaces. Sioux City, Iowa had just wound up the second season of a successful Corn Palace.

The heads of Fort Worth's business community were enthusiastic about Cameron's proposal from the beginning, and wholly convinced that Fort Worth, then a city of approximately 32,000 people, was an ideal location for the project. A company was organized with a capital of $50,000; Captain B. B. Paddock, crusading editor of the Fort Worth *Gazette* and the city's biggest booster, was elected president of it. The eighteen-member directorate named W. F. Sommerville, head of a Texas land mortgage company, as general director. Cameron was chosen as Sommerville's assistant.

TEXAS' BEAUTIFUL FIRE

Below, the Texas Spring Palace as it appeared a few days before it went up in flames. D. H. Swartz was the photographer.



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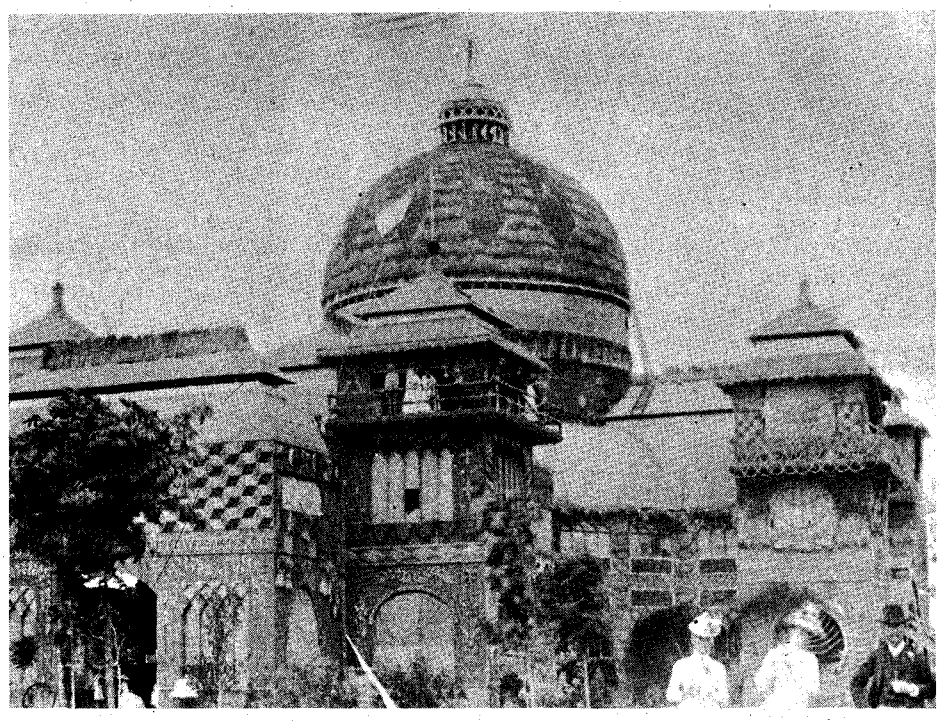
A contract for the construction of a building in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross (a cross shaped like the letter X), with outside dimensions of 225′ by 375′ was awarded to the Thos. J. Hurley Loan and Construction Company of Fort Worth. The structure was to be erected on the Texas & Pacific reservation at the south end of the city's downtown area.

E. D. Allen of Chicago was employed to superintend the decorations. And, during the months of feverish planning and construction, the decorations, displays, and exhibits came under the close scrutiny of both the exposition directors and their ladies, the Auxiliary Spring Palace Association. It was everyone's vow that the Spring Palace would not be a place where visitors would " . . . see crazy quilts, lace handkerchiefs, embroidery, threshing machines and the like," but would view the products of the forests, fields and quarries of Texas in " . . . a beautiful picture, or rather in a karporama depicting many pictures, a veritable fairyland worked out entirely with grains and products of the soil."

The rather obscure term karporama, which, roughly, means "plants on display," was suggested by Alexander Hogg, superintendent of Fort Worth's public schools. "Karporama—The Fruits of the Earth," became an alternate name for the Texas Spring Palace. At times, the exposition was referred to simply as the Karporama.

Practically every section of the state sent representative products to be woven into artistic displays. Colorado City, in an area where salt was found in abundance, furnished a turreted palace of rock salt which measured 15′ by 25′. Houston sent palmetto plants, Spanish moss, and grasses. The citizens of Johnson County (with reckless disregard for their county's agricultural reputation) agreed to show the largest cockleburrs and sunflowers grown in Texas!



Visitors from all parts of the nation thronged the halls of the Spring Palace, but the exhibition ended its 1889 season with a deficit of more than $23,000.

TRAP

The Spring Palace lasted a year before its "expectant throngs" turned into an anguished, hysterical mob . . .

By FRED FRANK BLALOCK

Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE early spring of 1889, work on the project was progressing on schedule. Opening day was set for May 29, and the directors decided it was time for an intensive publicity campaign. "No expense or pains were spared in advertising the Palace in all parts of the country," Captain Paddock recalled.

Special committeemen traveled by rail to Mexico where they extended a personal invitation to President Diaz to attend the grand opening of the exposition. The committee then went directly to Washington, D. C. and delivered a similar invitation to President Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Harrison.

"These invitations," said Captain Paddock, "were the limit of the engraver's art and were handsomely bound in silver." And the Captain added, "This was but a sample of the extravagant management that attended the work from start to finish."

On May 30, 1889, the day after the exposition opened, Miss Mary Field, a

A monument to Al Hayne, the lone casualty and hero of the Spring Palace fire, was erected near the site of the exhibit. The pool degenerated to a watering trough, and in 1922 vandals carried away the marble image of Hayne, sculpted by a local artist, Lloyd Bowman.

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sensitive and observant Fort Worth girl, wrote: "At last—the day! Never have I beheld such a spectacle as took place in our city with the formal opening of the Spring Palace! There were great crowds of visitors; trains brought car after eager car full. Each of the main thoroughfares has been decorated with the national colors.

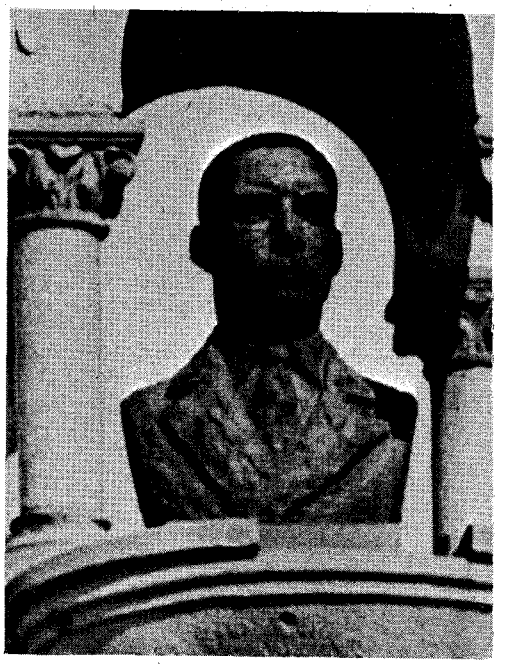
"At an early hour the expectant throng began to gather for the trades parade. Finally approached the bands, the military and fire companies, and gaily ornamented floats in a procession which I may be moderate in estimating was two miles in length!

"An opening address was delivered by Governor Sul Ross, and Governor Thurston of Nebraska was there, too. While the officials reviewed the marching from the balcony of the Commercial Club Room, enthusiastic cheers were raised. It gives me a thrill of pride to think how advantageously Fort Worth and Texas are being advertised.

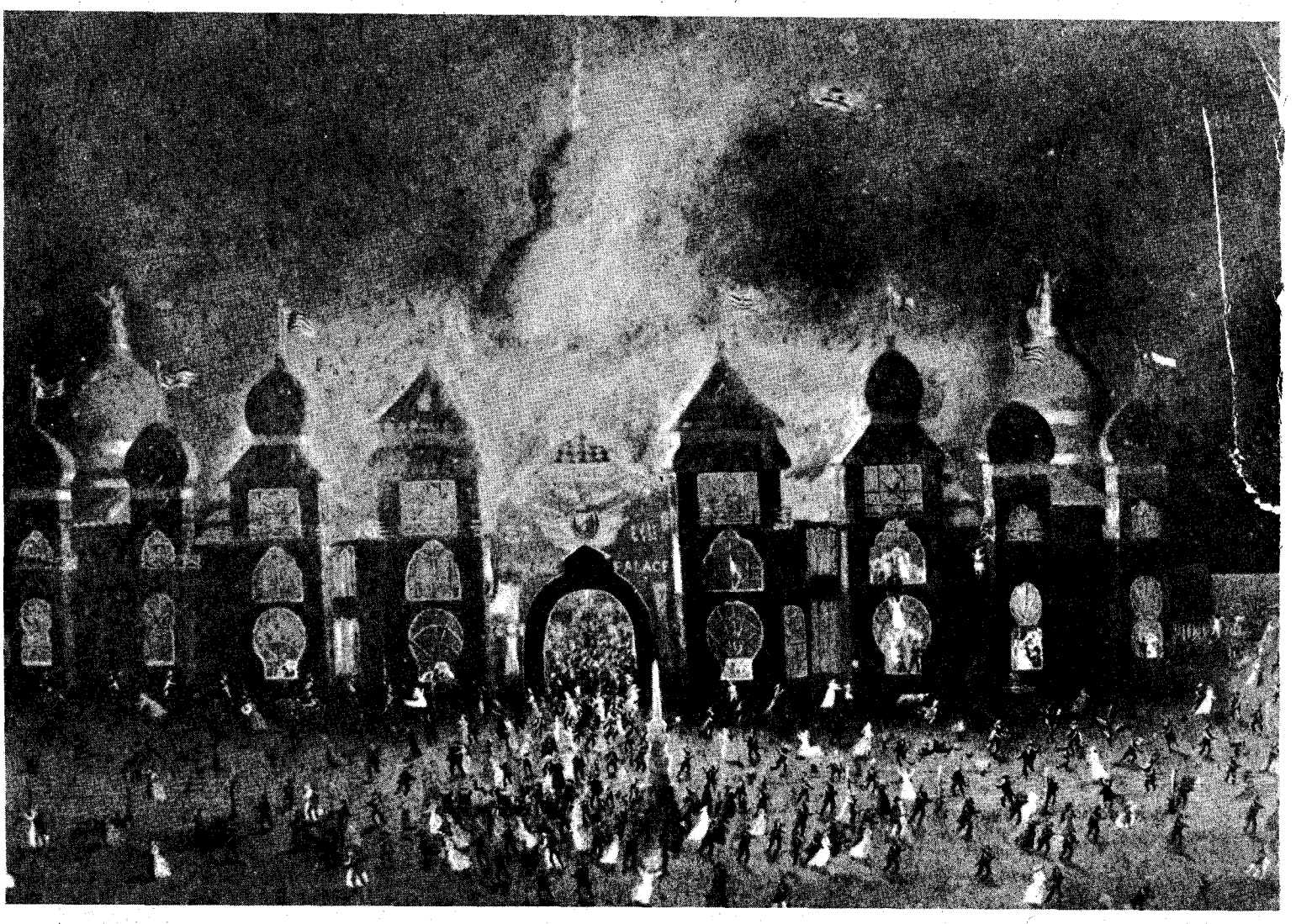
"I am most anxious to be off to the grounds, for the ladies have spent one hundred days executing their designs. Covering the outside are split ears of corn, while booths occupy the interior. Each County crowns a section of the tower with a lambrequin of seeds and grass containing its name. You can imagine the uniqueness of the effort."

The Palace, a two-story coliseum built entirely of timber " . . . culled from the pine forest, the cedar brakes and oak groves of Texas," featured towers, arches and ovals and a massive dome that was " . . . exceeded in size only by that of the Capitol at Washington."

Captain Paddock said, "It was easily the most beautiful structure ever erected on earth."



At right, Al Hayne's portrait in bronze by Fort Worth sculptress Evaline Sellors, adorns a second monument to the man. It was erected in 1934, using portions of the original monument. Below, prints of this oil painting by Orin A. McCormick hung on the walls of most Fort Worth residences during the 1890s.



The Burning of the Texas Spring Palace

BY O. A. McCORMICK. *On the Night of May 30th, 1890.* J. E. DANIEL, P

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Opening day was crowded, noisy and wonderful. American, Texas and Confederate flags streamed from every spire atop the Palace. Fried chicken, lemonade, and ice cream were hawked from booths. And there were sideshows ruled over by "Yellow Stone Kit," a barker with diamonds for buttons.

In a pond, near the main entrance to the Palace, a giant turtle lazed, completely unaware of his billing as the "oldest living Texan."

Inside, the sixty-seven-piece Elgin Watch Company Military Band of Elgin, Illinois rendered rousing march tunes under the baton of the great J. Hecker. President Diaz was unable to attend the opening, but he sent emissaries—the Mexico City National Band accompanied by tumblers and jugglers.

In addition to matinee and evening concerts and scores of exhibits, there were balls, cotillions and plays. The principal state production of the season was "Spring Palace City," a parody on "H. M. S. Pinafore," the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera. The two-act operetta was written by Fort Worth's Edward J. Smith and served the dual purpose of entertaining Palace visitors and promoting the city. The romantic narrative related the doings of a fictional family, the Russell family of New York State who visited Fort Worth and were delighted with the friendly reception given them and the healthy business climate they encountered. They reacted by moving their household (and the father, his business interests) to the thriving frontier city.

THE "Spring Palace City" programs carried advertisements promoting everything from sterling silver to windmills. K. B. Seaton and D. S. Arnold, livestock and investment agents in Sweetwater, offered: "Over 500,000 acres of the finest farming and grazing lands in Texas, situated in the counties of Nolan, Tom Green, Runnels, Taylor, Jones, Fisher, Stonewall, Scurry, Mitchell and Howard. From $1.25 per acre up. In tracts to suit purchasers. Over 50,000 head of livestock—horses, mules, cattle and sheep."

F. F. Collins Manufacturing Company of San Antonio and Fort Worth, "oldest windmill men in the state," listed themselves as: "state agents for the Star and New Improved, Long-Stroke Eclipse Windmills, conceded to be the best in use."

And D. H. Swartz, "leading Fort Worth photographer and portrait painter" who took several photographs of the Texas Spring Palace itself, advertised his studio at Houston and Fifth Streets as " . . . the finest and most complete gallery in Texas."

On and on the shows went for the better part of a month—a smorgasbord of amusement for the entertainment-starved folks of the state. Spirits ran exceedingly high. Newspapers proclaimed the uniqueness of the exposition, and visitors continued to pour into Fort Worth until the very last day. When on June 27 the season ended, the Texas Spring Palace seemingly had been an overwhelming success.

This poster promoted the wonders of the Texas Spring Palace.

Mary Field wrote, " . . . Spring Palace closed yesterday with an eloquent blare of trumpets and firing of artillery. The featured music was a chorus of school children and harmony furnished by the Elgin Band—really lovely. . . .

"Records proclaim over 100,000 spectators since the opening, and they have not been merely local but from every State and Territory in the Union, noticeably New England! Today regular and special (outbound) trains alike were filled to capacity.

"Altogether," Miss Field continued, "the enterprise has been a success. Several thousand dollars were given General Director Cameron [apparently Cameron succeeded Sommerville as general director during the season], and a gold medal to President Paddock, who then announced a second season next year!"

Little did young Miss Field know at the time, of the financial woes the Spring Palace directors were experiencing. When the gates closed, the final tally revealed a deficit of more than $23,000. It took President Paddock and the other directors about half an hour to draw money from their personal accounts and pay off the bills of the company. Paddock blamed overly extravagant management for the exposition's failure to pay its own way.

THE directors were determined to make the second season of the Spring Palace a financial as well as a popular success. In January of 1890 they authorized 100'-long additions to both the east and west wings of the Palace and announced that they were putting into effect more economical plans and were going to observe "more system" in expenditure of funds.

After Governor Alva Adams of Colorado formally opened the second season on May 14, visitors found a Spring Palace greater than the old one. There were new acts, the most astounding of which featured a young daredevil who billed himself as Mr. Leroy. He ascended 1,000 feet in a balloon and then parachuted into the Palace enclosure before the awe-stricken crowd.

Spectators entering the Palace halls found an exhibit almost as amazing as

(Continued on page 66)

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Wild Old Days!

WHEN WINNERS WERE GIFTED IN GOLD

By Louise Riotte

BACK in the Gay Nineties, Schultz & Company, makers of Star Soap, was a going concern well aware of the promotional value of contesting. I have one of the original brochures (two pages) printed at this time, 1890-1891, and distributed from the plant at Zanesville, Ohio.

What impressed me particularly about this contest was the fact that the winners were paid off in GOLD. The grand prize was $100 and on down to one winner of $50; third prize of $25; fourth, $20; 5 prizes of $10 each; 20 of $5.00; 40 of $2.50; and 555 winners of $1.00 each. In all $1,000 was given away, quite a sum for those days, and competition was keen. The winning puzzle from a previous year was run to suggest the manner of solution.

It wasn't too easy to compete. Here is one of the directions: "Competitors must send in two solutions—one in verse, the other literal and explanatory." One not only had to solve the rebus but explain how he did it!

The Schultz Company went all out to convince the public that the contest was fairly handled. The brochure contained a "Statement of the Committee who conducted the drawing for the Star Soap rebus for 1888-'89" and a "Statement of the young lady who drew the numbers from the wheel."

I found extremely amusing a further bit of information contained on the back cover. A picture is offered with this apology: "This is a hastily executed cut, from a photograph (and we are sorry to say not doing the lady justice), of Mrs. Wilson Vogle, South Easton, Pa. who was fortunate enough to secure the first prize in the drawing of the last Rebus."

The picture is indeed an unfortunate one and the lady does not look at all happy. As a matter of fact that back page is quite humorous in several other respects and should be looked at carefully.

CONTESTING is as old as the human race. Life itself is a constant competition, a never-ceasing struggle. Men compete against each other, against the elements, against insects, birds and beasts. The first known contest occurred in the Garden of Eden. Satan, in the shape of a serpent, triumphed over Eve.

The first known beauty contest was won by Esther, a Jewess, whose prize was

All persons are cautioned against using the word STAR as a brand for soap.

TRADE-MARK PATENTED JAN'Y, 1866.

SCHULTZ'S STAR SOAP

THE PERFECTION OF FAMILY SOAPS.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, 1890 & 1891. N. Y. OFFICE, 164 FRANKLIN ST.

GRAND PRIZES OF $1,000.00 IN GOLD FOR CORRECT SOLUTIONS.

THIS REBUS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE GREAT, ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE STAR SOAP.

$1,000.00 IN GOLD. 624 PRIZES.

READ THE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

The above Rebus is issued to enlighten the public upon the merits of STAR SOAP. For correct solutions we propose giving $1,000.00 in Gold, divided into 624 prizes, as follows:

First Grand Prize	$100	5 Prizes, each		$10.00
Second "	50	20 "	"	5.00
Third "	25	40 "	"	2.50
Fourth "	20	555 "	"	1.00

Answers must be in by noon of July 1st, 1891, but the drawing will not take place until July 6th. This intermission is necessary in order to have time to go over all solutions carefully. Solutions as received during the year, right or wrong, will be properly filed, with date of receipt and name and address of sender. In addition, those that are *correct in every particular*, will be numbered and registered separately. On the above date tickets bearing corresponding numbers with the correct solutions will be placed in a box or wheel, and thoroughly mixed, then drawn out one at a time, by some person blindfolded under the supervision of a committee of prominent citizens of Zanesville. The numbered tickets will be thoroughly mixed after each draw. The first number drawn will take the first prize, and so on down, the last 555 numbers each drawing $1.00. If there are more than 624 correct answers, of course some will draw no prizes. A full account of the drawing, together with the Author's key to the Rebus, and the names of those who have drawn prizes will be published soon thereafter, and mailed to all who have sent in solutions, and best of all, the lucky ones will receive their prizes. Remember that no solution will be considered correct unless it is *absolutely so*. If you fail on one word, you nevertheless fail, and as completely as though you had but one line correct. This is but justice; not only to Schultz & Co., but to those whose answers are correct. Also, remember that you must send in two solutions; one in verse the other explanatory. By looking at the other key for last Rebus, on page 2, you will understand our meaning. You can send in a second, third, or as many answers as you like if the first don't suit, but only one correct answer from each person can compete for a prize. Do not write asking what this or that may mean; we can not answer any such questions. Neither will we let any one know whether answers are correct or not, or how many we have received, until the expiration of the time. In sending in solutions be careful to write your name and address plainly.

Each person sending in a solution of this Rebus must accompany it with a wrapper taken from STAR SOAP. We require this as an evidence that competitors are taking an interest in STAR SOAP.

SCHULTZ & CO., Zanesville, O.

COMPETITORS MUST SEND IN TWO SOLUTIONS—ONE IN VERSE, THE OTHER LITERAL AND EXPLANATORY.

YOU MUST NOT ON[redacted]E REBUS, BUT EXPLAIN HOW YOU DID IT. SEE OLD REBUS ON SECOND PAGE AS A GUIDE.

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to become the queen of King Ahasueras. The first known contest in the New World was conducted by Columbus who offered a sum of money to the sailor who first sighted land. A seaman, Rodrigo de Triana, claimed the award. Columbus had seen a light in the distance before the sailor did; nevertheless, he paid off.

When the New World was colonized, settlers from England brought with them the knowledge and lure of lotteries. For two hundred years, these drawings were the prevailing type of contest. It was not until 1850 that contesting, as we know it, attained national importance.

In that year P. T. Barnum, the great showman, sponsored a song-writing contest as a publicity stunt for Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. Hundreds of thousands of entries poured in. The fad that Barnum popularized continued for seventy years. Publications offered small sums for verses, charades, riddles, puzzles, problems, story endings, and essays.

After World War I, contesting accelerated. Newspapers, magazines and commercial firms sponsored every imaginable kind of contest. These ran the entire range of human contrivance and inventiveness. Sponsors offered prizes for guessing how many beans, pennies, or cigarettes were squeezed in glass jars that usually contained false bottoms.

Sums of money were awarded for "best" letters, essays, poems, stories, recipes, pictures, adventures, scenarios, criticisms, last lines, puzzles, questions, and a myriad of other forms of competition.

Beginning in 1919, newspapers sponsored contests consisting of a series of cartoons depicting titles of books. Other series, based on the movies, centered around titled stars' stories.

Five years later, the crossword puzzle craze swept the land. Practically every newspaper and magazine participated. Large prizes were offered, circulation increased, wives were neglected, husbands and children raved about emu, Ra, nacre, ester, obi, boa, goa, moa, and other unusual words.

In the early thirties, with the perfection of radio, contesting reached even greater heights. Contest announcements blared from loudspeakers, inviting and enticing the listeners to participate in "easy-to-enter" competitions.

AFTER World War II, contests entered another phase, that of huge give-away programs. Programs such as "Information, Please," "Double or Nothing," "Take It Or Leave It," "Quiz Kids," and others were extremely popular. Programs were presented, with constantly increasing prizes and awards reaching princely proportions. Contesting became big business. During this era it was not unusual for about five hundred million dollars to be spent every year in such promotions.

One distinctive trait of contests is that they tend to multiply in times of economic adversity and decrease in periods of prosperity.

The rebus contest in its day led all others in popularity. In the language of American contesting, a rebus puzzle is one that contains pictures, some of them preceded by a plus (+) sign, others by a minus (—) sign. The contestant is required to indentify all objects and subtract the letters in the minus words from the letters in the plus words. After correct cancellations have been completed, the remaining uncancelled letters form another word or name.

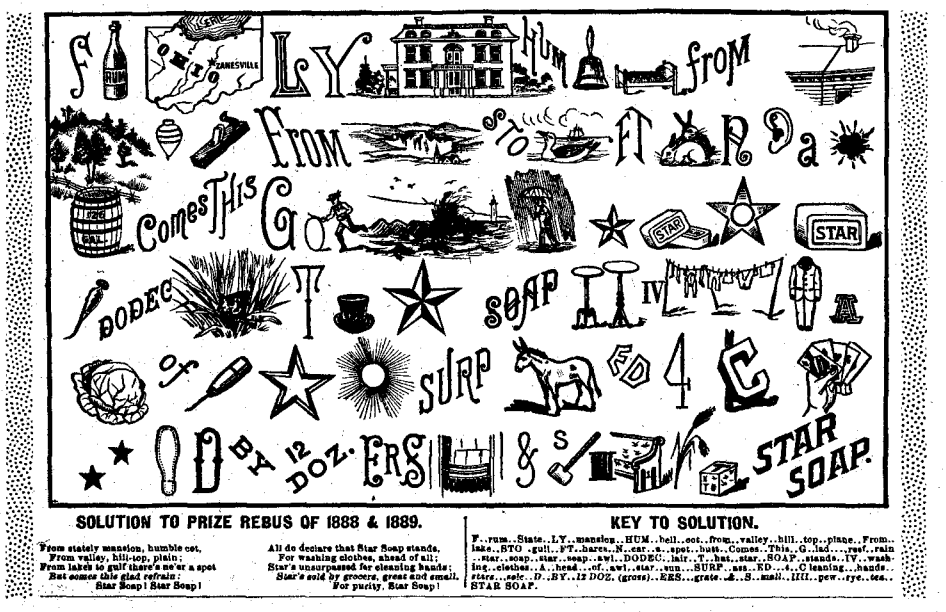
To solve a rebus, the contestant should strive to have all the pluses correctly named, or try to do the same for all the minuses. Then, by the use of anagrams (individual letters on pieces of paper or cardboard), he can begin spelling out the objects that are missing. Soon a word will be left over. If he has correctly identified and accurately spelled the names of the objects, the word which remains after cancellation is usually the solution.

Obtaining the correct answer to any rebus puzzle depends entirely on the proper cancellation of the letters in the PLUS words. When cancelling a letter, it does not matter which of two similar letters is cancelled first. The final result will be the same. Thus if there are two B's in the PLUS objects, it is immaterial whether the puzzler crosses out the first B or the second B. The answer is not affected by the cancellation, but by the accuracy of the identifications.

It is not even necessary to get all the pluses named, or all the minuses, to solve a puzzle. If enough objects on each side of the equation are identified then, by anagrams, the other objects can be determined. This situation frequently occurs in solving rebus puzzles.

Benjamin Franklin liked the rebus and used it, along with scrip writing, in a

(Continued on page 52)



Above, a sample of the popular contest rebus puzzles. At left, after contest results were final, the winners were often asked for their testimonial on the fairness of the contest and hopefully an endorsement of the sponsoring company's product. The short rebus below spells out a town name. It is *one of an entire page of similar type puzzles that were featured in a 1902 edition of the Daily Ardmoreite.* While we do not have the solution to the rebus on opposite page, the town name in the short one below is Wyandotte.

Photos Courtesy Author

This is a hastily executed cut, from a photograph (and we are sorry to say not doing the lady justice,) of Mrs. Wilson Vogle, South Easton, Pa., who was fortunate enough to secure the first prize in the drawing of the last Rebus.

Owing to limited space we can only publish the few following acknowledgments of the many received. If any one has doubts about the prizes being given as published, they can satisfy themselves by writing to any of the parties whose names are in the list.

SOUTH EASTON, PA., July 8, 1889.

Messrs. Schultz & Co., *Gentlemen:*—I was very much surprised to-day by a call from your New York manager, Mr. Lester, who *gave me the pleasant information that I was the lucky winner* of the capital prize of $200 in gold, for your STAR SOAP prize rebus for the past year. I had no idea of getting $200 in gold when I sent in my solution. The studying of the rebus was pleasant pastime. Have used STAR SOAP for family purposes for a long time, buying it from Mr. Aaron Richards, grocer, of this place. Many thanks for your promptness and fairness, and with good words for STAR SOAP, I am, respectfully yours,
MRS. WILSON VOGLE, 416 Wilkesbarre St.

Here is the acknowledgment of the happy recipient of the second capital prize. Mr. Stillson seems to be somewhat of a wag, and we are sure will take the publishing of his photograph, from the original sketch by himself, as a good joke. We might say to the ladies that we do not believe that this is an accurate picture of him, it is only a happy burlesque of about how we would all look if we should get $100 in gold unexpectedly. Go in, Stillson!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 8, 1889.

Messrs. Schultz & Co., Zanesville, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I have this day received *One Hundred Dollars* in *Gold, being the cash prize drawn on No.* 10368 for your STAR SOAP rebus, 1888-'89. I cheerfully testify to your fairness and promptness in honorably paying the prizes as you advertised. This is the third prize I have drawn, the other two being each for *one dollar*, for past rebuses, which I received promptly a few days after the drawing. I can also say that STAR SOAP is a *good, honest* article like its makers. Very truly,

J. O. STILLSON.

Well! I should Smile.

I send you my photograph taken immediately after receiving the package. Notice the delicate play of light and shade on the features. The photographer cleaned his plates with STAR SOAP.

Ye. Treat Your House To a Fall Hat.

Don't try to go through the winter with a leaky roof, when a dollar or two spent now will fix it.

Plumbing and Steam Fitting

A specialty. All kinds of Roofing, Guttering, Tin and Sheet Iron work. Prices reasonable. Work guaranteed.

A. W. HOLMAN, West Main Street.

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GIRL ON A STRANGE FRONTIER

Responsibility was like a long black coat thrown heavily across her shoulders—weighing down the hope of youth and offering disillusion in its stead

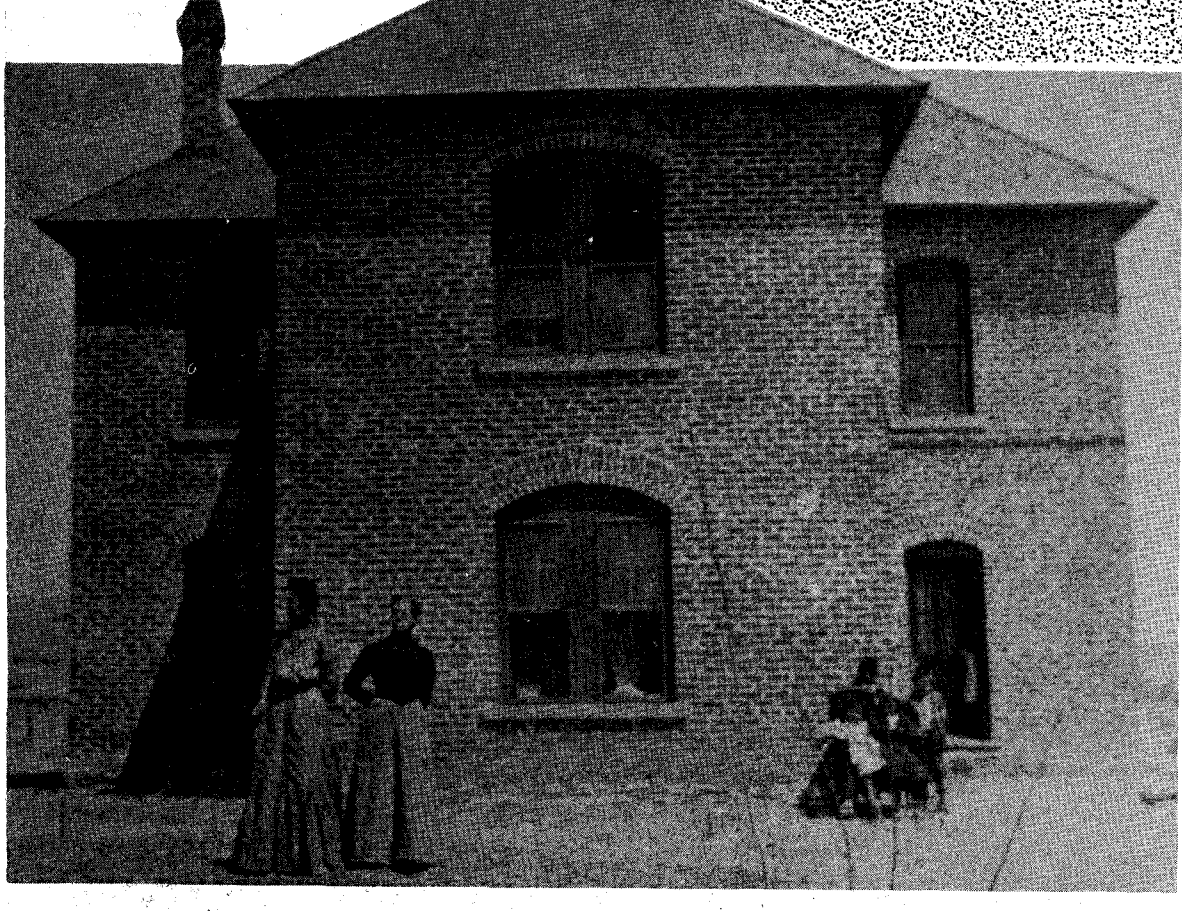
THE thundering roar of the flooded San Juan River peaked with devastating suddenness. Raging dark waters spread quickly from the main channel to cover the brushy flats on each side; from there swirling waves raced onto higher ground. The few makeshift and red brick buildings of the Hogback Methodist Indian Mission, one of the first to be established in that area of New Mexico, were surrounded almost at once.

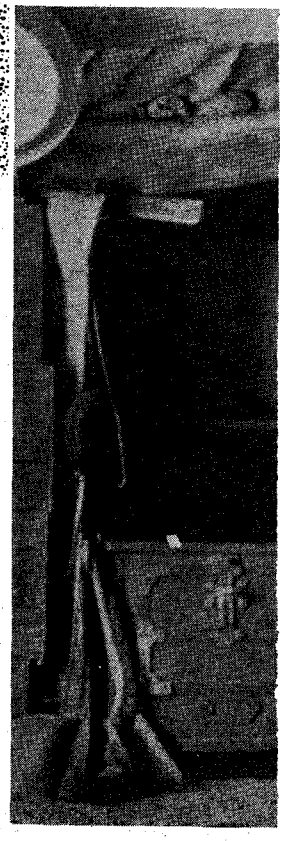
Sharp headrises, one after the other, were pouring down the San Juan from the Las Animas and La Plata, tributary streams. Uprooted trees and dead logs massed and attacked with destructive force.

Indian Agent William T. Shelton at Shiprock had informed the mission people earlier that no real cause for alarm existed. According to him the San Juan had not flooded out of its regular channel for three years, and was not likely to. That afternoon, on receiving this assurance, the mission school and medical dispensary quieted down and resumed the daily routine. Not until disaster struck during the night did the people at Hogback realize they had been sadly misled as to the Mission's safety.

A half-blind Navajo interpreter, Frank Damon, who was unable to sleep because of worry, had gone out from the buildings when the river roared the loudest. The ominous sound echoing through the dark hours alarmed him enough that he woke Mr. Simpson, the white man in charge, and warned him that the flood was going to be a very dangerous one.

Known to Navajos as "Old Age River," the San Juan continued rising at incredible speed. As the lapping waves





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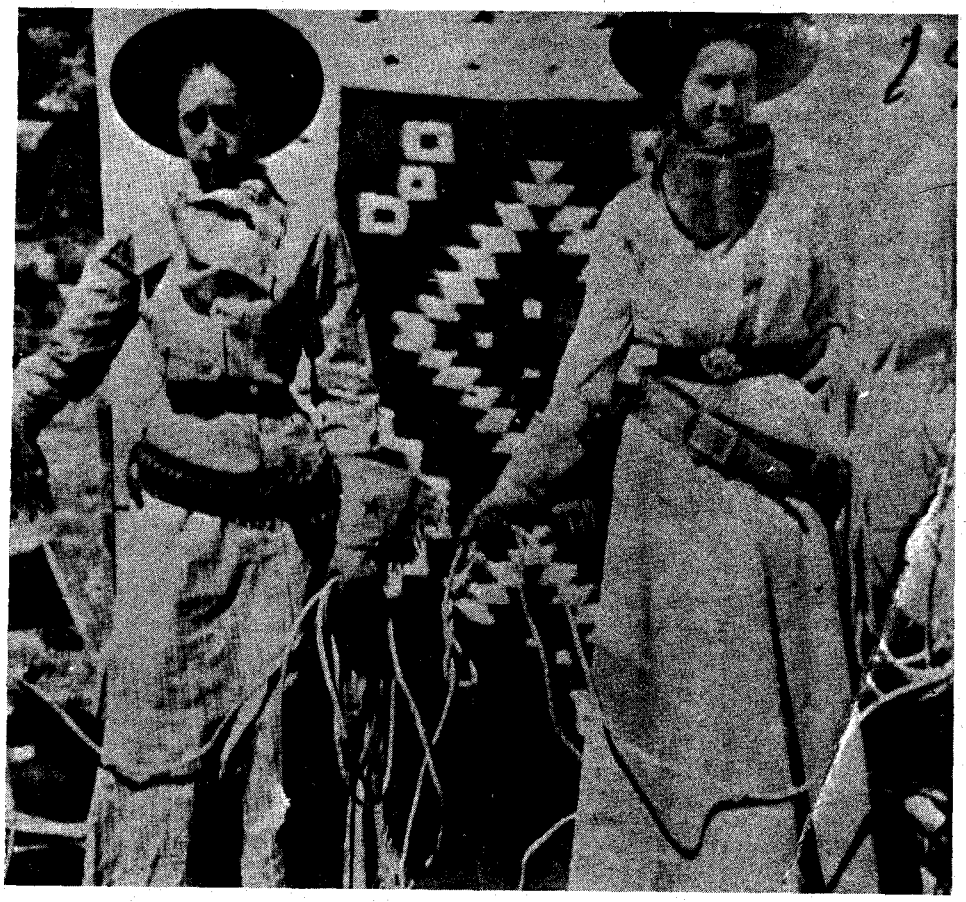
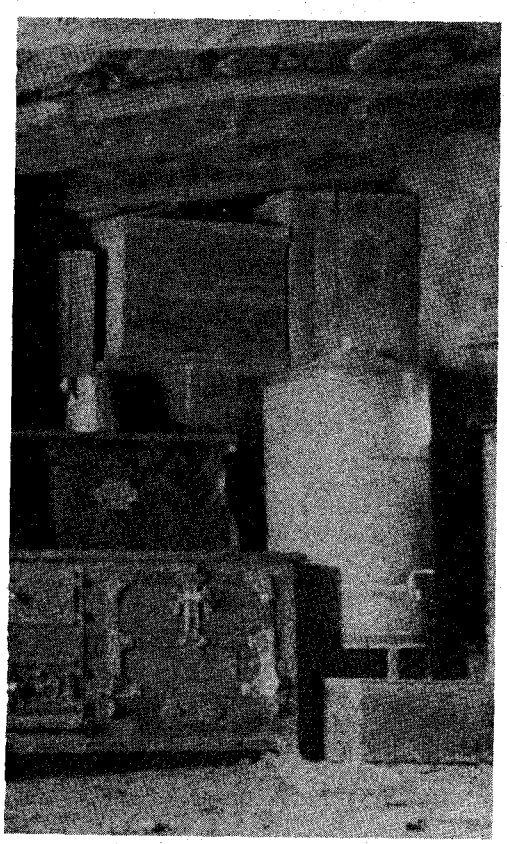


Above, Jessie Smith and a friend at the Hogback, New Mexico Methodist Indian Mission, in 1907. Below, the typical kitchen of a frontier Indian school. Far left, the old Hogback Mission, down the river from Farmington, washed away in 1911.

Courtesy Walter Runke



By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

reached the building foundations, eighteen-year-old Jessie Smith, a schoolteacher at the mission, started getting the twenty-seven students out of the dormitory for flight to higher ground. Simpson, though warned by Damon, appeared in time to berate her for upsetting the Indian children. He declared there was absolutely no danger and went back to bed.

Damon somehow managed, in waist-deep water, to harness a team of horses and hook them to a wagon. He and Jessie got the children hauled from the mission to the homestead of the Eldridge family two miles from the river basin. After water covered the mission grounds on the river flat and flooded out all the lower rooms, Jessie and Damon were credited with saving the schoolchildren from harm.

Still, the Mission organization failed to learn its lesson from this flood, and in 1911 all of the buildings were washed away and a number of lives were lost. One of the victims was Mr. Simpson.

JESSIE SMITH was born at Sterling, Colorado in 1884. She went to school in that state and attended a seminary for girls. The family moved to Farmington, New Mexico in 1899 and began farming irrigated land.

When the Methodist Mission offered her a job she was just eighteen years old. Jessie's father took her there by wagon, with a small trunk carrying all her possessions.

The day we talked, this charming lady of ninety years told me that was the saddest time of her life. Leaving home

(Continued on page 42)

Jessie in her room at the Indian mission.

Courtesy Jessie Carson

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Ross

Am seeking information concerning Belle Ross. The following is known. She was in St. Josph, Missouri in 1906 and was a white woman of child-bearing age. It is believed that she was illiterate and worked as a hotel maid. She knew and might have been a friend of Henry Jackson Ford and wife. Henry was my father-in-law and was an old stagecoach driver between Buffalo and Sheridan, Wyoming for years, at the turn of the century. He died in 1955 at the age of ninety-five. Who did Belle Ross marry and did she leave descendants? If she is living, she would be about ninety years old. All correspondence concerning Belle Ross will be answered.—M. F. Longenecker, Box 156, Ansley, Nebraska 68814

Brown

I would appreciate hearing from relatives or people who might have heard of Abram (Abe) Brown and his brother Ewell/Euell Brown. Born in the 1840s in either Virginia or North Carolina; served in the CSA, 53rd Regiment, Company G. They were entered March 20, 1862 into the service in Stokes County, North Carolina. They had a brother, Henry Hubbard Brown, who tried to reach them in the late 1800s in Rocky Ford, Colorado. Anyone having any information, please write.—Mrs. Kris Le Vitt, 523 S. Woodward Blvd., Pasadena, California 91107

Baumcratz

This is a trail exceedingly dim and cold. Does anyone of this name have a story that has been in their family for about seventy-five years as to what ever became of one Bertha Eugonia Baumcratz Tomlinson? She married Charles Tomlinson sometime between 1880 and 1885 at Vancouver, Washington. He was then in the U. S. Cavalry, stationed at Vancouver Barracks and serving in the Indian wars.

She left without a trace about 1900 or a little earlier and no one ever knew what became of her. I know where her immediate descendants are, those who are still living, but we are hoping she may have had brothers and sisters who may have passed the story on—or perhaps knew where she is buried.—Mrs. C. M. Lindsay, 12540 S. E. Powell Blvd., Portland, Oregon 97236

Heaton-Stout

I would like to hear from any descendants of the Heaton or Stout families that came originally from the vicinity of Chester, Meigs County, Ohio.—George Hinds, 406 Spark Street, Lead, South Dakota 57754

Iliff-Obenchain-Starr

John Iliff, an ancestor, was in the Civil War. He died in prison sometime between 1863-1866 in Richmond, Virginia. He is buried in Crown Cemetery. Any information about John Iliff will be appreciated.

Would also appreciate information on an Obenchain or Obenchains who ran a grist mill in Roanoke, Virginia. There was a Starr plantation in Roanoke. These Starr people are related to the Obenchains and Iliffs. Some of the Starrs changed their names to Stair.—Chauncey L. Kaiser, 602—18th Street, Washougal-Washington 98671

Barnum

Need information on Joshua D. Barnum, born 1820 in New York. His wife was Anne Brosius (or Brozier) Barnum, also born in New York. They married in 1846 in New York. Children: Austin, George Albert, William H., Isabelle, Hattie Ann, Alice Adeline, Allen Ross.

They are in the New York census for 1870, and the Callaway County, Missouri census in 1880. When did they move to Missouri and where in New York were they from—Buffalo County?

Need burial place of Allen J. Barnum, my great-grandfather. Would also like to know Joshua's brothers and sisters and Ann's brothers and sisters; also their parents.

Relatives, friends or descendants of any of these please write.—Carol Himmel, Box 381, Camino, California 95709

Camp-Clark-Barbee

Would like to hear from descendants of A. C. (Arthur) Camp born in 1836 in Georgia. When did he die? His wife, Josephine P., was born in Texas in 1849 and died in 1925.

Susan Camp was born in 1867 in Fayette County, Texas. Whom did she marry and when did she die? Martha (Mattie) Camp Clark was born in 1868 in Fayette County, Texas. Children were Edward, Ernest, Estelle and perhaps more.

Andrew Barbee had four children or more. Kate Barbee Barkley had one son, Louis. Any information about the above people will be appreciated.—Mrs. J. M. McLemore, Box 42, Katemcy, Texas 76850

Miller-Hargis-Boatman-Allen-Lighter

My great-grandfather was James Holman Miller. He married Eliza Boatman and they lived around Hooker, Missouri. Were they born there or did they move there later? They had the following children: Ira, George, Ed or Edward, William, Thomas, Rosa or Rose. William was my grandfather. He married Eloise Lighter. They had two boys, Harry and William Roy, the latter known as Roy around Rolla where he lived until his death on May 27, 1956. He married Onetta Hargis. Onetta's father was Ethan A. Hargis and her mother was Lula Alice Allen.

I am looking for anyone related to any of these people who might tell me where they were born, and who their parents were. All of these people lived and died in Pulaski or Phelps Counties, Missouri. The Waynesville courthouse burned around 1900 and records were destroyed.

Does anyone know of the people who settled the Swauk mining district formed in 1873? D. Y. Borden was the first recorder, elected in 1873. Then there was a John Black, H. M. Cooper, William Elliott and Charles Bigney. Does anyone know about Thomas F. Meagher who came to the district in the early '80s? They named the town on Williams Creek after him and called it Meaghersville, around 1890. Before that it was called Williams Creek, Washington Territory. —Mrs. Clara E. Barker, R.F.D. 2, Box 84, Cle Elum, Washington 98922

Doughtery

I would like to find some neighbors that I lived by in 1930. Their name was Doughtery: Robert L, Jack or J. C., and sisters Lorene and Lela Mae.

Lorene married a man by the name of Earl (?). Their parents' names were Lulu, and Lee O. who passed on several years ago. When we first met, my name was Merl Mitchell. Later I married Howard Nunley whom they also know. Lela Mae, Lorene and Earl last visited us in 1936 or 37 at Vinita, Oklahoma. They lived in Tulsa at that time. Since that time Mr. Nunley has died and I am now married to James Bennett. If anyone knows these folks have them write me.—Mrs. Merl Bennett, 2207 S.W. 30th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119

Lewis

I would like any information about the family or descendants of John Eric Lewis, son of Thomas Newton Lewis and Hannah Skinner Lewis, He was born in Hebron, Nebraska, on November 24, 1881. —Minona Lewis Gilmore, 6810 W. Mexico Drive, Lakewood, Colorado 80226

Verner-Logsdon

I am looking for information on my great-grandfather, John Logsdon. He served in the Civil War as a Confederate soldier from Texas. He married Mary A. Verner in Fannin County, Texas in 1866. He had two brothers; one, T. J. Logsdon, got married the same day in Fannin County to Mary Boutwell. The other brother is unknown to any relatives. John

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died in 1876, possibly in Burneyville, Love county, Oklahoma. Anyone know of this man?

Also, I'm looking for information on Verners of Fannin County, Texas, in the 1800s. There were two boys, Jim and John. Jim was shot and killed by a famous outlaw called "Pecos," and John in turn shot and killed Pecos, then fled to Indian Territory because other outlaws were after him. This story was in school history books. The Verner boys were born in Fannin County in 1845. Their father was Harvey B. Verner. John was in the Border Patrol before the killing.—Gloria Logsdon, Route 6, Box 162, Sonora, California 95370

Webb-Stapp

My great-grandfather, Henry James Webb, was born in Indiana (don't know where for sure, maybe Warrick County) in or around 1820. He married Nancy Jane Lee in Fayetteville, Washington County, Arkansas August 15, 1850. Her name was Nancy Jane Stapp.

In 1870 they were living in Burnet, Burnet County, Texas and they had the following family from 1951-1872: Howard W. (known as Dock), Jefferson M., Elijah K., William O., Henry L., Joshua D., Thomas S., Nancy Belle, Benjamin F., and Sally.

I know where all of the children and their children are except Henry L., Thomas S., Benjamin F., and William O. It is their families I am hunting. William O. Webb married a woman named Lennie ----. Very little is known about this man and his family. They lived in Gasoline, Briscoe County, Texas in 1915 and had a couple of boys and about five or six girls. I think their oldest girl's name was Jessie; another one was Nellie. She had polio or spinal meningitis and married a man, name unknown, and had three children. (This is hearsay).

Nothing is known about Thomas S. Webb, except that he owned a nice restaurant in Dallas, Texas.

Nothing is known of Benjamin F. Webb. It is not known whether Henry L. Webb lived to be an adult or not.—Mrs. Patty Lou (Webb) Eubanks, 3301 N. W. 29th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

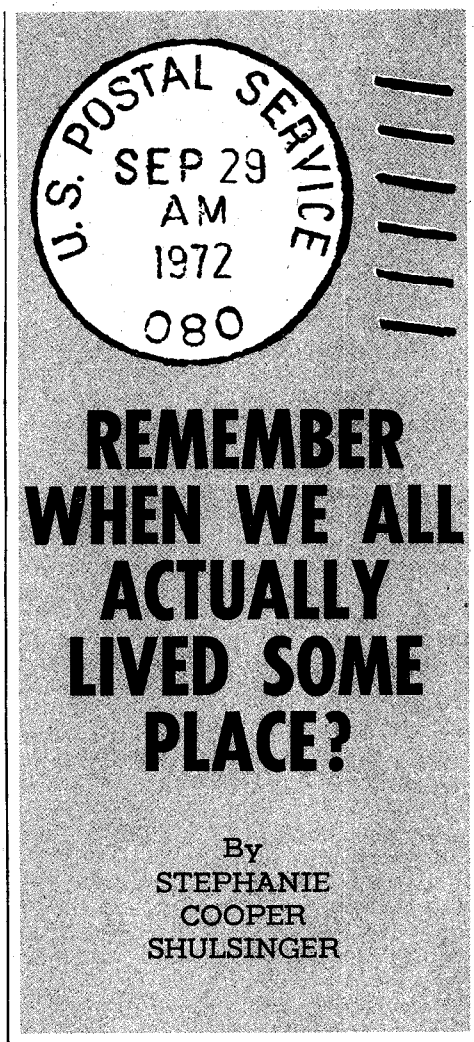
Taylor-Adams

Nancy Evelyn Taylor (a native of Tennessee) married Thomas H. Adams in the 1830s or early 1840s. Thomas and Nancy lived around or in Gonzales, Texas in the 1840s and 1850s. In the 1860s they were around the Willow Creek, Lampasas County, Texas area.

Thomas H. Adams was either a native of Texas or Arkansas. He served in the Mexican War of 1846 and when he returned home from the war, helped organize a sort of Home Guard Organization.

In January of 1868 a wagontrain left Willow Creek for California, traveling over the old Southern Overland route. The captain of this train was a farmer from Arkansas, John Adams, and wife Emily. He was Thomas' brother. He left the wagontrain at Maricopa Wells while

(Continued on page 72)



REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Part VI
SOUTH DAKOTA

Academy (Charles Mix Co.)—named for a school once located there.

Artas (Campbell Co.)—the misspelled Greek word, "artos," meaning "bread," chosen because the area grew quantities of wheat.

Bijou Hills (Brule Co.)—in French means "jewel," the nickname of a local Frenchman.

Canistota (McCook Co.)—misspelled for Canistata, a town in New York.

Canova (Miner Co.)—named for the Italian sculptor, Antonio Canova.

Cavour (Beadle Co.)—honors an Italian statesman, Count Cavour.

Chancellor (Turner Co.)—named in honor of Bismarck, famed German chancellor.

Corsica (Douglas Co.)—named for the homeland of the many Corsicans who settled here.

Dante (Charles Mix Co.)—named for the Italian poet who penned "The Inferno."

Dirty Woman's Creek (Haakon Co.)—from the name of an Indian woman.

Hidden Timber (Todd Co.)—for a grove of trees partly hidden behind a bluff.

Hisega (Pennington Co.)—this name contains the first initials of six girls' names: Helen, Ida, Sadie, Ethel, Grace, and Ada.

Hisle (Washabaugh Co.)—an original name adapted from the last name of an early settler, William Highshield.

Interior (Jackson Co.)—located inside the Badlands.

Java (Walworth Co.)—named after a small local railroad.

Kadoka (Jackson Co.)—in Sioux means "hole," for an opening in the Badlands.

Keyapaha (Tripp Co.)—Sioux for "turtle hill," describes a cluster of low, round hills.

Lead (Lawrence Co.)—named for a vein of ore found there.

Lily (Day Co.)—named for Lily Parks, the first postmaster's sister.

Loyalton (Edmunds Co.)—settled by former Union Army soldiers after the Civil War.

Mahto (Corson Co.)—in Sioux means "bear."

Nasty Creek (Harding Co.)—muddy and hard to ford.

Oacoma (Lyman Co.)—in Sioux means "the place between."

Okreek (Todd Co.)—a phonetic spelling of "Oak Creek," which runs nearby.

Onida (Sully Co.)—a misspelled version of "Oneida," named for the town in New York.

Owanka (Pennington Co.) —Sioux for "campground."

Pactola Lake (Pennington Co.)—named for the river Pactolus in Asia Minor, where gold was found in abundance by the ancient Greeks.

Parade (Dewey Co.)—originally "Paradis," honoring an early pioneer, George Paradis; later changed because there was another town named Paradis in the state.

Porcupine (Shannon Co.)—descriptive of ridge fringed with pines, which resembled a porcupine with its quills spread out.

Pukwana (Brule Co.)—in Ojibway means "peace pipe."

Pumpkin Center (Wellington Co.)—a colorful name originally chosen as a sneering description of a small country town.

Punished Woman's Lake (Codington Co.) —named from an old Sioux legend about an Indian girl who was punished by being tied to a tree on the shore of this lake.

Ravinia (Charles Mix Co.)—indicates that there is a ravine here.

Redelm (Ziebach Co.)—for "red elm."

Sinai (Brookings Co.)—named for the Biblical mountain.

Trail City (Dewey Co.)—a waterhole on a cattle trail.

Wakonda (Clay Co.)—a Sioux word meaning "spiritual" or "holy."

Wewela (Tripp Co.)—in Sioux means "little spring."

Winner (Tripp Co.)—a triumphant name selected when this town got the railroad.

Yankton (Co.)—an Indian tribal name.

Zell (Faulk Co.)—the name of a pioneer family.

Zeona (Perkins Co.)—an original name thought up by local settlers who just wanted to be different.

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Hero of the *Tacoma*

(Continued from page 18)

ma. The tug *Sol Thomas* continued to stand offshore, waiting for a chance to put a line on the *Tacoma.* On Thursday morning, the fourth day, Captain James Hill arrived with his steam tug *Fearless.* He had gone to North Bend for fuel.

When Hill heard of the shipwreck, he came back with boatbuilder John Kruse from North Bend, Captain Nelson of the *Gotama,* Captain Falk of the *Mary & Ida,* and Captain Bendergard of the *Wing & Wing* to help in the rescue efforts. Like Captain Lawson, Hill was forced to hold the *Fearless* back from the reef because of the high sea and west winds. (Ironically, Captain James Hill lost his life in the wreck of the *Fearless* in this same place November 20, 1889. There were no survivors.)

Thursday the storm turned its full fury towards the Oregon coast. Snow squalls spit from a darkened sky, and the sea poured over the wreck with waves which seemed to break ever higher. John Bergman found another fishing boat. He and his exhausted crew tried again and again to reach the wreck, but the raging Pacific either swamped or capsized the boat at every attempt. One man suffered serious injuries. Darkness at last halted the tired volunteers.

On Friday morning the fog lifted briefly and those on shore could dimly see the nine men remaining on the *Tacoma.* Four held to the rigging on the main mast; five clung to the foremast. Bergman and his rescue squad were on the beach again that morning. Later the official citation described Bergman's heroism in these words: "You were the first to the rescue and the last to quit the field. But for your skill and indomitable leadership, seconded by the fidelity of your comrades, many if not all of the eighteen or twenty people saved by you would undoubtedly have lost their lives." The men with Bergman were listed as Andrew Parsons, Benjamin Dexter, Robert Breen and two others, unnamed.

Bergman remained at the scene after all hope had vanished for the remaining men. Then he assisted in securing the bodies of the drowned sailors and helped in giving them a Christian burial. His conduct, the citation said, was "intelligent, persistent and heroic."

FRIDAY evening the mainmast went overboard. At sunrise on Saturday, the foremast disappeared in the storm. Now all that showed of the *Tacoma* was her cylinder head. Captain Kortz listed ten men lost: James K. Grant who died on shore, Alexander Allen, Michael Maguire, Patrick Hayden, Patrick O'Neil, Patrick Maguire, G. F. Casey, Henry Gardner, Richard O'Farrell, and Edward Rook.

The nine men who remained on the ship had clung to the rigging for three days and four nights without food or warm clothing during the coldest winter weather experienced in many years on the Oregon coast. The men who were saved owed their lives to John Bergman and his volunteers.

After the wreck of the *Tacoma,* Captain George D. Kortz was understandably reticent in speaking of the cause of the disaster. Kortz had been the hero when the side-wheel steamer *Great Republic* was wrecked in the lower Columbia River in 1879. There he had rescued many passengers under similar circumstances. He was familiar with the Pacific Coast and had piloted ships in Oregon waters before.

Captain Kortz blamed a faulty compass for his misfortune, but the Coos Bay *Times* put the blame squarely on the unfortunate captain's shoulders. The newspaper account said " . . . at four o'clock p.m. on Monday he [Kortz] and the officers took observations and supposed that they were 28 miles offshore. The captain then ordered the course changed to south by east, three-quarters east, and that's all he knows about it. One thing is certain; a terrible mistake has been made, human life has been sacrificed unnecessarily. While the exact cause may not be known, it should be known that 28 miles offshore, 60 miles north of the Umpqua, with a shore trending westerly, and a northern ocean current, is too near for a steamer to bear east of south in a fog . . . we cannot but believe that the captain was either recklessly careless or unpardonably ignorant. He ran ashore with plenty of water west of him; the case is prima facie against him."

The Coos Bay *Times* editor was as quick to condemn the captain as he had been outspoken in his diatribe against Keeper James Desmond. He blamed Captain Kortz personally and gave little credence to the story of the faulty compass. Whatever the reason, this would be one shipwreck that could not be laid to the Umpqua Lighthouse.

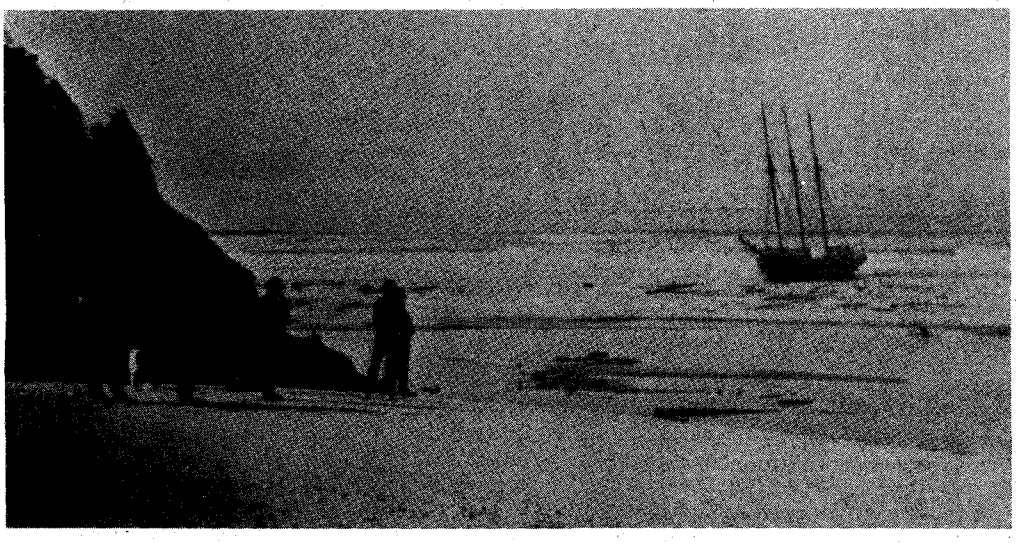
In 1857 the U. S. Government had authorized a lighthouse at the mouth of the Umpqua, the first one on the Oregon Coast. In 1861 this structure toppled from the foundation which its builders had foolishly placed on shifting sand. From 1861 to 1894, when the lighthouse was finally rebuilt on permanent footings, navigational maps still showed the original beacon. Several shipwrecks were blamed on this error in the charts, but the southbound *Tacoma* had foundered on a reef four miles north of the Umpqua bar and absence of the signal light could not have been the cause of this tragedy.

The iron-hulled *Tacoma,* built in the East for H. S. Crocker & Company, cost $500,000. She was one of a fleet of four colliers built to carry coal between Puget Sound and San Francisco for the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads. This tragic trip was the only one she ever made. In February, a company representative bid in the salvage for $500.

The United States Government, in 1892, presented Captain John Bergman with a gold medal and a citation for heroism for his part in the rescue of the *Tacoma*'s men in 1883. Bergman at that time had been in charge of the Umpqua Life-Saving Station at Gardiner for a year. The new station near Gardiner occupied a site where Fort Umpqua once stood.

Bergman and his pretty Swiss wife, Lena Moy, had seven children. After Lena's death, the Captain remarried twice. He settled in Florence, Oregon when he retired from the Umpqua Life-Saving Station, and lived to be ninety-two. At his death in 1939, the Government citation was read at his funeral services; Coast Guard members were his pallbearers; a brave man received a hero's last rites.

The *Alpha,* tossed up on the beach by a February storm in 1907, somewhere north of the Umpqua Bar.



Girl on a Strange Frontier

(Continued from page 39)

did not appeal to her at all. She wanted the job but she realized that it would take time to become adjusted to the new environment.

Thus began an association with the Navajo Indians that has endured all the decades since. When Jessie arrived at the Hogback Mission there was a total of nineteen pupils and, later, never more than twenty-nine. In addition to school duties she was also expected to give first

(Continued on page 44)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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RANGE LIFE

Look What I Stepped In (The Lowell Press, $8.50) by Paul Swaffar is an amusing and informative book for anyone interested in cattle, ranchers, or rural life. Swaffar, well known in livestock industry circles, was Secretary of the American Hereford Association for twelve years. Experts Donald Ornduff *(The Hereford in America)*, B. C. (Bud) Snidow, Harold Thierman and Dr. Arthur D. Weber also make important contributions. Swaffar's book is a potpourri of facts, fiction, and philosophy, all tempered by a cowman's good sense. As a result, the book has important information on such popular subjects as cross-breeding, dwarfism, and cattle auctions—as well as an abundance of humor. Delightful illustrations by Tom Phillips highlight the book.

MODOC WARS

Burnt-Out Fires: California's Modoc Indian Wars (Prentice-Hall, $8.95) by Richard Dillon is a comprehensive chronicle of the Modoc Indian war, which resulted in genocide of the Modocs. Captain Jack, the Modoc Chief, was hopelessly caught up in circumstances and opposing forces—his standing in the tribe, the inefficiencies of the Indian Agents, the policies of the United States Army, and the greed and mistrust of the whites. The actions occurred in the region straddled by the Oregon-California line and the lava beds in the vicinity of Tule Lake just one hundred years ago beginning in November 1872. Although some Modocs were model Indians, adopting and following white man's ways, they finally rebelled when the whites pushed for an unjust treaty which would take all their lands. Dillion traces the story with diligence, sorting out fact and fiction and evaluating previous accounts. He brings to light much information as a result of his research. The Modoc was a crafty fighter, and from his stronghold in the lavas, held the Army at bay. In the end, Captain Jack and his lieutenants were hanged October 3, 1873. *Burnt-Out Fires* is a noteworthy addition to Dillon's previous writings and will be of interest to students, historians, and Western Buffs.

COWBOY ARTISTS

The Sketchbook of Byron B. Wolfe (The Lowell Press, $20.00) won one of the 1973 Westerners International Co-Founders Awards as a best book with a Western orientation. Eulogies by Dean Krakel, of the Cowboy Hall of Fame, and by cowboy artist Joe Beeler, express their opinions of Wolfe as a friend and artist. Now deceased, he has been a popular Western artist judging by the large number of admirers who have bought his paintings. His work covers a broad spectrum of western subjects including explorers, mountain men, overland travel, Indians, horse stealing, cowboys, roundups, trail driving, nesters, rodeos, outlaws, peace officers and others. The book would make a neat present for anyone interested in the West. A few technicalities should be mentioned: swelled fork saddles were not made until the 1890s; old-time Appaloosa horses usually had rattails and thin short unruly manes; in reference to the painting entitled "Range Life," cowboys would never hold a herd for branding next to a fire where food is cooking in the Dutch oven and frying pans—a bunch-quitter might stampede the campfire, or a roped calf could swing into it, or his proddy mother might charge the cook and camp.

We are pleased to recommend to Western art lovers the *Eighth Annual Exhibition: Cowboy Artists of America 1973* (Northland Press, $5.50). There are thirty-two illustrations of paintings, drawings and bronzes by many outstanding modern cowboy artists. The cover art in color is by Melvin Warren, winner of the George Phippen Memorial Award for the most popular work in the Phoenix show. A few of the other artists included are John Clymer, Robert Lougheed, Gordon Snidow, James Boren, Joe Beeler, John Hampton, Fred Harman and Tom Ryan. We note that poses and action scenes are realistic and convincing. However, some of the horses are pretty fat for roundup and trail work. Saddles in old-time scenes should have slick forks instead of swelled forks. The latter didn't come into existence until 1890 or later. The illustrations are beautifully exhibited on handsome paper which allows art quality to surface. Narrative is limited to a statement by U. Grant Speed and a foreword by U. S. Senator Barry Goldwater, both praising the cowboy art project. Very good.

LOST DUTCHMAN—MINE OR MYTH?

Many hopeful gold hunters have exhausted themselves on wild goose chases after the phantom gold of the arid Superstition Mountains in Arizona. *The Sterling Legend: The Facts Behind the Lost Dutchman Mine* (Ram Publishing Company, $3.50) by Estee Conatser represents the best appraisal of the story we've read. As Karl von Mueller has said, "The author has placed the known facts, rumors, innuendos, myths and legends into an adventurous perspective." The legendary Lost Dutchman's gold is a basic part of Arizona folklore which historians include as part of the state's trade baggage. Many writers leave readers with the belief that gold was and is there and that some have sampled the rich lodes. But Conatser clinches the fact that to date, the Lost Dutchman Mine is only a legend. The author supports this view with a recent quote: "The Arizona Bureau of Mines has no factual information regarding the Lost Dutchman legendary mine. So far as we are aware, no commercial production of gold has come from within the main mass of the Superstition Mountains."

NOT MANY LEFT

The surge of horseback pleasure riding has created a lively market for businesses associated with equestrian sports. Careful foot care is essential in sound horsemanship and to help with it is *The Complete Horseshoeing Guide* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Robert F. Wiseman. The author, a range conservationist for the Bureau of Land Management, is an expert horse trainer as well as farrier. He describes tools of the trade and how to use them. Advice on how to meet and deal with horse owners helps the farrier stay in business and keeps customers informed and satisfied. The author also tells how to calm nervous horses so they will quietly accept their new shoes. Several illustrations show a learner the way to throw and shoe a mean horse, or make a lazy one hold up his own weight while the foot is shaped and shod. Guide for special shoeing needs and foot care and leg care help make this a complete shoeing manual. Recommended for horse owners.

FINE WRITER—GREAT TEACHER

Few writer-historians have been honored with book-length biographies, and some of those have been rather dry reading. A great match-up of subject and biographer, however, in Ray Tassin's *Stanley Vestal, Champion of the Old West* (Clark, $11.00) gives us an interesting and informative book. Walter Stanley Vestal became Walter Stanley Campbell when his widowed mother married J. R. Campbell, a former Bancroft researcher and last frontier educator. A move from Kansas to Guthrie, Oklahoma in 1898 brought Walter in contact with many pioneers of the last frontier and more important to his writing career, with the Plains Indians. At eleven he made friends with the Cheyennes and before he died he was known and honored by the other Plains tribes—twice he was adopted by Sioux chiefs. Dr. Tassin wisely devotes a quarter of the text to Walter's early years. Their influence on his books and career was tremendous. Walter wrote twenty-four books

(Continued on page 64)

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aid to the Indians of whatever tribe. The Mission maintained a dispensary of sorts, when supplies were available, but due to lack of funds medicines and bandages were often lacking. The drugs on hand were only common patent remedies. The nearest doctor was at the Shiprock Agency. Most of the time one wasn't available, even there.

Jessie never forgot a small boy, seven or eight years old, who was brought to the room where treatment was given ailing Navajos. He had measles, and a tribal medicine man had covered the boy's body with piñon gum, smeared over the red pustules of the disease.

The child's fever was high and Jessie didn't think there was any chance of saving his life. Nevertheless, the young girl—in a quandary without any adult advice or help— cleaned off the hardened piñon gum. The patient was then given a pill, and cold compresses were placed on his forehead to try to reduce the fever.

The next day, much to Jessie's surprise, the boy appeared to be on the road to recovery, and that afternoon his father and the medicine man took him away over her protests. She felt certain that back in the family hogan it would be the end of her little pupil, especially if the piñon gum treatment was resumed.

Much to her astonishment the father returned three days later, reporting through an interpreter that the boy was up and walking around. The session with the measles had ended, and the man held Jessie's hand a long time, declaring his appreciation in flowery Navajo speech.

Each fall and into the winter, Navajos brought their children to the Mission to be treated for common colds, or what they believed them to be, but often the malady was diphtheria, pneumonia and other respiratory diseases. The children were treated as well as possible with what was on hand. Very rarely did a doctor come over from the Shiprock Agency. Hogback was twenty miles west of Farmington; but with only wagon, buckboard and horseback transportation, it might as well have been a hundred. No medical help could be obtained from Farmington in time to do much good. In those days it was a lonely world in the back of beyond.

The brown-haired, handsome girl who stood five feet, seven inches tall had been raised in a home where the conveniences of the day were available. At the Mission there existed only the crudest kind of make-shift kitchen for feeding the schoolchildren, rude bunks with few blankets, one sewing machine to make them clothing, and it often was broken down. Food consisted of the barest staples. Only two small huts were available as lavatories. Washing and bathing was done from a general bench with water packed in buckets from the muddy river.

CHILDREN attending the school were from the poorest Indian families. They were brought in by parents more to prevent their starvation than for any other reason.

One of those taught by Jessie was a bright little boy wearing large gold earrings of the Spanish type. On enrollment

O. J. and Jessie (Smith) Carson in the garden of their present-day Navajo Indian trading post.

the Mission gave him the name of Alfred Eaton because his Navajo name was Bake a'sche Liki Begay Begay, or in English, "The son of White Cow's son."

His father, White Cow Begay, was a Navajo-Mexican. His grandmother, Marguerite, had been captured as a small child and enslaved by the Mexicans long before American occupation of the Southwest. Her son was called White Cow simply because he had once owned one.

Jessie took special pains in teaching the boy English because he was so avid for an education. Not many years later he "joined" her family and spent twenty-five years with Jessie, her husband and four daughters in a trading post. He proved to be a man of utmost loyalty to his benefactors.

Up north in Colorado the Mission was in bad repute with Indians. This was the land of the fierce Utes who always preferred war to peace. They claimed all the country south to the San Juan, and even large territories below the stream. They often sent small war parties south, ordering whoever was in charge (at first two women and then a man superintendent) to move out or be killed.

Sometimes it took police from the Navajo Agency to force them to desist and leave the Mission people alone. Nine times, before and after Jessie served at Hogback Mission, the agent had to take action with his Indian police force. In one instance Agent Shelton asked for U.S. troops to force the Utes back into Colorado to their reservation.

The Indian who caused the most trouble was Chief Kastiana, a Navajo-Laguna. He had a ranch in The Meadows among white settlers north of the river from Farmington. He decided that all whites in the area, including those at the historic trading post at Hogback, should be driven out of the country.

Mounting a large bunch of Navajos he descended on the Mission demanding that all whites leave immediately or be killed. He rode from there, splitting up his force into small units, to deliver the same ultimatum to settlers along the north side of the San Juan. The situation rapidly reached a climax and appeals were made to Agent Shelton to put down what was amounting to an uprising.

The Indian students at the Mission were extremely frightened and wanted to return to the safety of their homes. Jessie and the others experienced considerable difficulty in controlling them.

Before violence erupted, it so happened that Joe Tanner, a trader and freighter formerly of Tuba City, Arizona, came along. When told of what Kastiana was doing, Tanner started out after him on a horse. Along the way he told settlers who had been warned to get out, that they should hold on. Then he encountered a large band of whites—men from Tuba City who had resettled in the San Juan Valley—armed and determined to drive out the Navajos or kill them.

Tanner was overtaken by a messenger from near Jewett (later Liberty post office) and was told that Kastiana and part of his band had surrounded Hogback, intending to kill the few whites there and burn all buildings to the ground.

Tanner, with his brother Syrus (Sy) and a few armed settlers, turned back. When they reached Hogback trading post, then owned by Harry Baldwin, the Navajos were firing into it.

No Indians had been killed by return fire from the three men inside the trading post, which was fortunate because Tanner was able to get Kastiana and his principal renegades into a conference. Agent Shelton had been sent word for help, and Tanner told Kastiana that soldiers were surely already on the way. The outbreak would be put down with much bloodshed; thus Tanner persuaded the band to withdraw.

Subsequently Kastiana and several of his men were arrested, taken to the Shiprock Agency and tried before the Agent. Few got more than six months in jail.

ALL of these interruptions caused excitement and fear at the Mission. The people there hardly knew from one day to the next what might happen. It was a precarious existence, with no one knowing when someone might be killed.

One day a middle-aged Navajo was brought in, suffering from what appeared to be appendicitis. For once the government doctor at the Shiprock Agency was available and he arrived in a few hours after being summoned. He diagnosed the patient's condition, explaining through Damon to the family and their medicine man that an immediate operation was necessary.

The medicine man objected, declaring that if the white doctor cut into the patient he would die. The doctor operated anyway.

In those days an appendectomy was rare and very little was actually known

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Root or reflection of violence in America?

The "lawless frontier" was probably a more peaceful place than most American cities of the same era, yet the Western outlaw became "a culturally valid metaphor of how we have viewed ourselves," as W. Eugene Hollon writes in his provocative new book.

"Eugene Hollon's well-documented and highly-readable *Frontier Violence* shows that if violence isn't as American as apple pie, it's at least as American as a six gun, and that should give us pause."—Fred R. Harris, former Senator, Oklahoma.

"A brilliant exploration of the dark side of Western life during the heyday of frontier violence. A powerful and compelling book." —Wilbur R. Jacobs, University of California, Santa Barbara. *Illustrated*, $7.95

FRONTIER VIOLENCE

ANOTHER LOOK

W. Eugene Hollon

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

about such surgery. The patient died the following day. Strangely, not the doctor but the Mission was held responsible. Angry Navajos, aroused by the medicine man, began gathering around the Mission buildings. Damon slipped out a boy student who ran all the way to Shiprock Agency, and mounted Navajo Indian police arrived just in time to prevent bodily harm to the Mission people and destruction of the property.

After each school year ended, Jessie remained on for most of the summer while other employes departed on vacations. She wanted to go home each Christmas to be with her parents and numerous brothers and sisters, so she swapped vacation time.

The beginning of each school year, in September, was a great trial. Most of the Indian children had been taken home, for during the summer months food was fairly plentiful. When brought back to the Mission school, a period of three weeks ensued during which the children were deloused and refitted with decent clothing. Ridding the boys of grayback body lice was easy because their hair was shaved off; but it took twenty-one days to rid the girls of vermin.

In addition to lice almost all of the children had to be treated for skin eruptions, the worst being impetigo. Many had stomach disorders from a diet of green corn, a staple food during July and August, and from unripened piñon nuts. These various diseases and ills had to be treated and cured before the children were able to work or do much good in school. Jessie recalls that the entire month of September was given over to doctoring the children brought back to them from desert and mountain hogans. Mission authorities tried to discourage parents from removing their children from school for the summer but always failed. Each fall there would be several who did not return because of some fatal disease contracted after going home.

One midnight during Jessie's last year with the Mission, the girls' dormitory erupted in loud noises and confusion. She got there in a run to find a big Navajo headman cuffing his daughter around, with the girl protesting loudly about something. The matron and Damon arrived soon after Jessie did; then the interpreter restored order with a few words in Navajo.

With patient questioning Damon obtained the story. The Navajo had kept an older daughter at home in the Chuska Mountains to herd sheep. She died with a strange malady which the local medicine man could not cure. Therefore the father had come to get his fifteen-year-old to take over the herding of the family flock.

The superintendent, somewhat angry at being awakened at one o'clock in the morning, took the Indian into his office where it was carefully explained that the father agreed that his daughter could attend the full school year. He had no right to remove her. The girl, when questioned, stated that she did not want to return home until the following spring when school ended.

"Let one of your boys herd the sheep," the superintendent suggested to the Navajo.

"What?" he exclaimed in horror. "Herding sheep is a woman's work, and if a boy does so, never thereafter will he be good for anything else!"

The Navajo left without his daughter, but went straight to the agent at Shiprock. A few days later a policeman arrived with an order permitting him to take the girl into custody. Jessie, distraught because the girl was a fast learner and intelligent, never saw her again.

JESSIE was to endure another unexpected trial when a Navajo woman died about three miles from the Mission. The body was cold before other people sleeping in the hogan discovered what had happened. As members of the family began dispersing in a hurry, they found coyote tracks in the soft soil around the home. To them this meant an even worse calamity—that a coyote in the form of a witch had come during the night to take the woman's life.

Later that morning a man appeared at the Mission with a request that someone come and bury the body. The superintendent and most of the Mission personnel were gone to Farmington that Saturday to buy supplies.

Even Damon was superstitious about the coyote tracks; there was then left Jessie, who wasn't. The two went to the hogan with the distraught Navajo. Jessie checked the coyote tracks and assured Damon that the animal had never ap-

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proached closer to the hogan than a hundred yards. That evidence made him feel more secure about grave digging, but he was so blind that the grave he dug was a shapeless, shallow hole.

Jessie, after wrapping the woman's body in a robe left behind by the fleeing family, took the shovel from Damon and straightened the grave into a rectangle. She helped carry the body to it and when the grave was filled, said a prayer while Damon tore out the west end of the hogan. This was customary when death occurred inside the dwelling.

When it came to courage and the spirit to get things done, the valiant Jessie had it. She never flinched about attempting the most distasteful duties when others refused; neither did she display any evidence of fright before an Indian. This trait she learned from her brothers, who had all turned to Indian trading at an early age. (Indeed, her youngest brother, Pat, was murdered and his body burned up in his store.)

Once a woman was brought to the Mission in the last stages of syphilis. It was rare for a Navajo to contract the disease. The running sores on the poor woman's face and body sent others fleeing from the dispensary in horror, for little was known about the malady.

Jessie put the woman to bed on a shake-down mattress and got Damon to hook up a light democrat wagon. The dying patient, since she couldn't possibly be treated at the Mission, was loaded into it on the same mattress and sheets. Damon took her to the agency where a small hospital had been established.

On his return the sheets and mattress were burned due to fear of contamination. Thereafter the wagon was usually referred to as the "syphilis wagon." None of the women attached to the Mission, and few of the men, would ride in it for the next six months.

When a Navajo cowboy was brought in with a broken leg it seemed as if Jessie was going to have to set and splinter the break. This was something she knew very little about but with her usual fortitude, she set about preparing to do the job. However, before she had begun, the doctor arrived from Shiprock Agency. A messenger had been sent there five hours before the victim was taken to the Mission. The doctor set the broken leg and, much to everybody's relief, had the cowboy carried to Shiprock in a buckboard.

The lot of the Indian children nearly broke Jessie's heart. They were always hungry, diseased, and poorly clothed when brought to the Mission. If they could be kept there two years, they could learn the rudiments of the three Rs, but usually parents left them only one or two winters. Yet this was the beginning of the Navajos' education, which has progressed so far today.

One of the few pupils who remained all during Jessie's time at Hogback was Alfred Eaton. His grandmother knew the value of at least a partial education and insisted that he remain in school. In later years she visited Jessie often, expressing her thanks for Alfred's training and taking pride in the fact that he then worked for Jessie's family.

On one of her Christmas vacations home Jessie had met the Carson family. The father, J. C. Carson, was the first elected sheriff of San Juan County (Farmington, the county seat) in 1899. Jessie and O. J. (Stokes) Carson were married at Aztec, New Mexico, in 1908. Their honeymoon was spent in Denver, a favorite spot for newlyweds in those days.

Carson was a rough and tough cowboy but under Jessie's gentle influence he calmed down and became a country storekeeper, entering the Indian trading business at Star Lake in 1916.

From that day to this (Jessie, 88 years old; Carson 86) they have never been out of the great Navajo Indian country and are presently owners and operators of the post at Inscription House in Arizona.

Harry Carey

(Continued from page 11)

the canyon, aiding 600 deputy sheriffs and police and state motor vehicle officers in the difficult task of carrying over 200 bodies from the silt and mudwash to dry land and transferring them by ambulances to temporary morgues at Moorpark, Piru, Newhall and Fillmore. Many were clad in nightclothes partly torn off by the force of the waters, mute evidence that the little warning given had been insufficient.

IT WAS the worst disaster California had known in years. Carey's ranch was directly in the path of the deluge, and he lost 750 sheep, 60 horses and 200 cattle. Ruined financially, he worked up a vaudeville act with his wife and made personal appearances in the nation's theaters.

Both were soon rescued from their plight, however, by Irving Thalberg, who cast them in MGM's new talking picture, based on the 1927 Alfred Aloysius Horn-Ethelreda Lewis novel, *Trader Horn*. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, other featured players were Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo (later popular as "The Cisco Kid"). In February 1929 the party left Culver City to spend the next several months in Africa, filming in such locations as Nairobi, Lake Victoria, Tanganyika, Uganda, Belgian Congo, Masdini, Butabia, Panyamur, Murchison Falls at Lake Albert, and Kenya.

The project was not completed without hardships. Miss Booth contracted a near fatal jungle sickness. There was considerable delay and difficulty in getting sound equipment into Africa. Then MGM was dissatisfied with some of the scenery, and a number of exterior shots had to be redone in Hollywood and Mexico. But the movie "Trader Horn" was a shrewdly fashioned adventure. Carey not only played his most notable role as old Aloysius Horn, but earned enough to rebuild his San Fernando ranch.

Hardly had this been accomplished when fire struck, and every ranch building burned to the ground. Dismayed and disgusted, Carey worked hard to survive a second financial crisis, dividing his time between Westerns, character parts, and the stage.

Although younger actors had taken his place for good, he proved that he could hold his own in "The Vanishing Legion" (a Mascot serial), "Bad Company" (RKO-Pathe), and "Cavalier of the West" (Artclass-Weiss Bros.) made in 1931. In 1932, he made two more serials for Mascot ("The Devil Horse" and "Last of the Mohicans"), three Westerns for Artclass ("Without Honors," "Border Devils" and "The Night Rider"), and "Law and Order" for Universal—"a superior specimen of Western heroics" in

Harry Carey in the John Ford-directed, Universal production of Bret Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flats."

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which Walter Huston as "Saint" Johnson, "armed with a brace of six-shooters and a sense of indignation, admirably assisted by Harry Carey, Raymond Hatton and Ralph Ince, set out to convert the shouting hellhole of Tombstone."

Following a character bit in Zane Grey's "Sunset Pass" (Paramount, 1933), Carey made "Wagon Trail," "Rustler's Paradise," "Powdersmoke Range," "The Last Outpost," "Wild Mustang," "Last of the Clintons" and "Ghost Town" for Astor Pictures, Paramount, Ajax and RKO, respectively, and was leader of the Vigilantes in "Barbary Coast" (United Artists, 1935).

The years 1936-1939 saw Carey in his most widely varied roles. He was commandant in "The Prisoner of Shark Island"; Kit Carson in "Sutter's Gold"; Senator Nash in "The Accusing Finger" (a crusade against capital punishment); a newspaper publisher in the circulation war of "Street of Missing Men"; and captain of the *William Brown*, a legendary slave ship that foundered and sank in "Souls at Sea."

In "Danger Patrol," a story of "the stern-faced, resolute fellows who 'fly' the high explosives when oil wells are blazing their heads off and only a douse of 'soup' will stop them," Carey was the "typical, hard-shelled father with the inevitable heart of gold—one of the 'soup' hustlers—who forbids his daughter to marry the young man of her choice because he is a 'soup' hustler too."

In "The Law West of Tombstone," he was a tall-talking, colorful liar named Bill Parker (reminiscent of Texas' famed Judge Roy Bean), who takes up residence in the frontier town of Martinez and dispenses barroom justice backed by his quick-speaking Colt.

His versatility was best attested as President of the Senate in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

Harry Carey and Conchita Pinellos in "The Kick-Back," an R-C Pictures, FBO production of 1922.

IN 1940, after nearly thirty years on the screen, Carey made his legitimate Broadway debut in a play called "Heaven-

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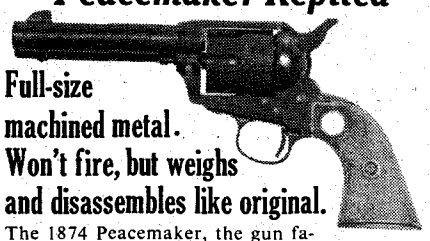

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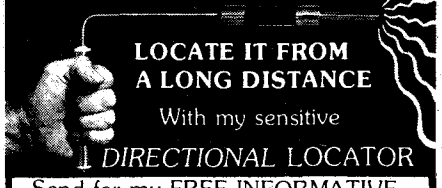

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ly Express," in which he portrayed an aged locomotive engineer "with seasoned authority." The following year he was again on the stage in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" which *Life* magazine called the best play of the season. In 1944 he appeared in "—But not Good-bye."

During this period, he also had character parts in such motion pictures as "My Son Is Guilty," "Outside the Three Mile Limit," "Beyond Tomorrow," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Parachute Battalion," "Among the Living," "The Great Moment," "The Shepherd of the Hills," "The Spoilers," "Air Force," "Happy Land," and ironically enough, "Sundown"—"a tale of intrigue among the African blacks and stalwart English heroes."

Still straight and lean at sixty-nine, Carey made his last appearances in three Westerns: "The Sea of Grass," from the novel by Conrad Richter; "Angel and the Badman" with Gail Patrick and John Wayne; and David O. Selznick's multi-million-dollar, two-hour-and-a-quarter interpretation of Niven Busch's sex-blistered romance involving a half-breed Indian girl and two dagger-eyed Texas brothers entitled "Duel in the Sun." These three pictures were released during the early months of 1947.

Shortly afterward, Carey developed a heart and lung condition. A Black Widow spider bite at Balboa Beach in August aggravated the situation. On September 21 he died at his home in Brentwood, near Hollywood, of coronary thrombosis.

More than a thousand persons, many wearing ten-gallon hats, gathered at the Photo Memorial Farm, of which Carey was a member, for an outdoor service conducted by Reverend J. Herbert Smith of the All Saints Protestant Episcopal Church. The funeral was exactly as Carey said he wanted it to be. He was wearing his cowboy boots, a black suit and shoestring tie. Burl Ives sang a cowboy lament, and John Wayne recited a favorite poem.

As further tribute, when John Ford directed his Technicolor version of "The Three Godfathers" with John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey, Jr. in the leading roles in 1949, he introduced it with a film clip of Harry Carey on horseback against a sunset. A footnote stated that the feature was dedicated to the memory of this popular character actor and great Western star.

Saddle Tanker of Turkey Trail

(Continued from page 23)

man open to the "Four Winds of Heaven" with eighteen loaded cars behind them, descending a steep crooked grade at a terrific rate of speed.

After three miles the wheels of the fifth car broke and ditched fourteen cars, laying them all down at the side of the tracks. The four remaining loads pushed the engine down into Chestnut and out onto the mainline. Luckily the track was clear at the time.

Another time the N. P. engine hit a wagon which was crossing the track at the Koontz Mine. The engine was derailed and tipped over on its side in the ditch. A wrecker from Livingston finally got it back on the rails.

When young Mrs. Audry Ogle left her home in Bozeman to join her husband Earl, engineer on the Turkey Trail, she and her baby rode the N. P. as far as Chestnut. There she had no choice but to climb up into the engine cab for the remainder of the trip to Maxey's Mine. In a short time she smelled smoke and when she investigated, she found the baby's blanket had been set afire by sparks from the smokestack of the engine.

It was fantastic railroading with no fatal accidents but many exciting incidents. The passengers, if any, rode the caboose, if there was a caboose. All who rode the train did so at the risk of life and limb. Schoolchildren had a lark riding a coal car down to Chestnut—tops in transportation, as far as they were concerned.

WHEN a trainload of empties was brought UP from the mainline to Hoffman, the cars were left on the sidetrack the Turner Brothers had built there. Later, one to four at a time, depending on the weather and track conditions, they were taken DOWN to the mines. When loaded with coal they were brought back UP to Hoffman and held there until they had a trainload. Then DOWN they all went to the mainline.

Turkey Trail had been a top-pay job for enginemen and trainmen, manned by Northern Pacific crews and equipment until the N. P. would no longer put its engines and crews on the short mountain pike.

The mines in the area sold all their coal to the N. P. until that company opened its own mines at Colstrip in eastern Montana. Trail Creek coal was medium volatile to high volatile, bituminous, 11.0000 B.T.U. grade content, nut and slack as it pulverized quickly.

In 1914 the Turkey Trail spur passed to the ownership of Charles Garnier of Livingston and Wilford Johnson of Lewistown. They anticipated a profitable sale to the Milwaukee Railroad as part of a projected Yellowstone Park branch from Three Forks via Bozeman and Meadow and Trail Creeks to Gardiner. When the Milwaukee abandoned its Yellowstone Park plans, Garnier and Johnson had a railroad without operating crews and equipment.

The Chimney Rock Mine was owned by the Maxey Brothers—Will, Dave, John and George, sons of Daniel Maxey. They joined Anderson and Evans of the Meadow Creek Coal Company and leased the Turkey Trail.

The Maxeys bought an old Porter saddle tank locomotive from the Anaconda Copper Company and moved it from Electric near Gardiner where it had been idle since the coke ovens there had closed. The Meadow Creek Coal Company acquired another and larger Saddle Tanker from a branch road near Helena. Then both were in business.

The Saddle Tanker was so named because the water tanks or boilers were attached to the sides of the engine where they rode like a saddle on a horse. It

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had no tender, just a box on the cab platform.

The Maxeys mined their own coal and at times operated their own trains. Their little Saddle Tanker would hustle a car of coal up the grade to Hoffman, pick up two or three more cars and take off down the precipitous slope. When the loads began to push, Engineer Maxey would "throw her into reverse" and Trainman Maxey would "tie 'em down another notch" with clubs. On one trip when they were bouncing along the rough roadbed, the engine coupler slipped under the lead coupler, and the front end of the car went up into the air. When it got tired of riding the drives, the engine rolled over on its side. Wheezing away, it acted as a roughlock to hold the cars, by now well tied down on the brakes. The Maxeys took a long walk home, and returned the next morning with jacks and timber. With these they pried and pushed until they hoisted the small engine back on the rails. They fired her up and finished the run by joggling and wobbling the winding way to the main line.

After World War I boomed the used-iron market, Garnier and Johnson decided to salvage as much as possible of their bad investment. The Turkey Trail rails were contracted to a junk dealer for shipment to France. The Maxeys, however, were not about to give up their lease on the pike without putting up a good fight. They won the first few skirmishes, then battled it out in the courts where the dispute was settled.

In the spring of 1918 the Turkey Trail iron was rolled up. Dreams of a coal empire and of a new transcontinental rail connection with Yellowstone Park were ended.

IN THE WAKE of the passing of the railroad and also of coal mining, you may prowl around the Turkey Trail and find three ghost towns along the twelve-mile stretch of Trail Creek. Storrs, Hoffman and Chimney Rock were rough and tumble settlements but with steady families who built houses, schools and churches.

Storrs was named for Captain Storrs who first discovered the rich pockets of coal three miles south of Chestnut. These proved profitable for a time. During its heyday, Storrs had a population of 800. It was a model Anaconda Copper Mining Company town with a garbage truck, fire hydrants and water piped to numerous buildings from a 16-million-gallon reservoir. No saloons were permitted in an A. C. M. town, but just outside the limits—on the east and on the west of Storrs—the miners could find a place to quench a thirst.

After a disastrous fire in the mines, Storrs started down the ghost town trail. The coal supply dwindled and the coke ovens were closed. Parts of the ovens remain today, and there are parts of foundations of houses, business buildings, kilns and washeries. But slag piles loom black and silent over caved-in roofs and coke ovens, and tumbleweeds somersault over the crumbling ruins.

Hoffman, named for Senator Hoffman of Bozeman, marked the site of the side track at the top of the Divide. There all signs of activity have disappeared.

Chimney Rock or Maxey's was eight miles up the creek. Many of the Storrs homes were moved there to house the increasing number of miners and their families. The Maxey Mine at one time employed 150 men in three shifts, working twenty-four hours a day. The population of 500 supported a grade school, high school, post office, store and saloon.

Within a few years after the passing of the railroad, Chimney Rock was a ghost of its former self. Some of the houses were moved to Bozeman, some to Livingston, others razed. The school building was one of the last to go. Roofs have fallen in on those that were left.

Chestnut, an almost ghost town, may easily be seen by motorists traveling Interstate No. 90 between Bozeman and Livingston. Located on the Northern Pacific mainline, it held on longer than Storrs and Chimney Rock—even after all retail and shipping business had been lost. But family by family the population dwindled until today there are just a few homes and a one-room schoolhouse. Passers-by seldom give a glance to Chestnut where once 800 people lived.

THE TURKEY TRAIL had a precarious future from the time of its construc-

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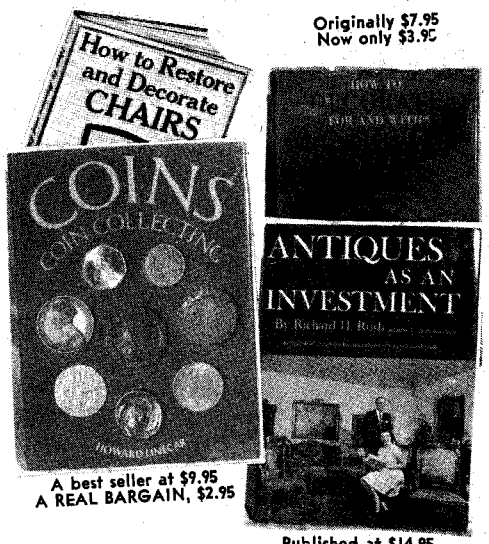

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tion until the rails were torn up and shipped to France. About the last reminders of the short-lived line were two rusty Saddle Tanker engines, half buried in the willows at Maxey's. After a few years they, too, were gone.

A part of the old trail is now a county road from Chestnut to Hoffman, following Trail Creek to Maxey's. The road goes on to meet the Livingston-Yellowstone Park highway. Coal moved over this road in trucks until 1947, when all mining operations were closed down.

With the passing of the railroad, the whole community began a slow death and is now reduced to practically nothing. Dreams of a coal empire just didn't materialize. It's sad to look at the remnants of the coke ovens and think back to the time when the miners had to give up and move on—for their future was someplace else, not on the old Turkey Trail.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

short tract called "The Art of Making Money Plenty."

I have also, among my cherished possessions, a page from the *Daily Ardmoreite* of 1902, published in Ardmore in the days when Oklahoma was called "Indian Territory." (Oklahoma became a state in 1907).

The rules state: "Something That Should Interest Every Reader—$5.00 in Prizes Free. Solve all the following rebuses and you may win one of the prizes —all stand for the names of a City or Town." The usual series of contest rules then follow. Many amusing pictures cover the page. Evidently the Ardmore merchants of the day were the "last of the big spenders" for $5.00 was the entire amount of money to be given—$1.50 going to the first prize winner, a second prize of $1.00, and five prizes of 50 cents each!

But money *was* a bit scarce in the Territory in that early day and I'll bet everybody in town entered and tried to win a prize for the fun of it, as well as the money.

A STORY FROM BROKEN BOW

Courtesy Jennie M. Melham Memorial Medical Center Broken Bow, Nebraska

THE WINTER of 1880 was so severe that residents of Custer County, Nebraska referred to it for years afterward as the "Black Winter"—the winter when mourning crepe was as commonplace as the superabundance of snow that blanketed the region until spring. Temperatures for seemingly endless weeks ranged from -10° to -20°.

It was into those harsh and desolate conditions that Jennie M. Reynolds was born in an area northeast of Broken Bow known as Dry Valley. Jennie's parents had come from the East, much like other pioneers of the day, hoping to wrest a living and a future from a land so bleak that it was called the "Great American Desert." One of five children, Jennie Reynolds drew her first breath in the crude, one-room sod house that hugged a corner of her parents' 160 acres. The land had been acquired through a Federal homestead act and the deed to it was eventually signed personally by President Benjamin Harrison.

Among the treasured memorabilia of Jennie's descendants today is a cracked and faded photograph of that sod dwelling, taken by an itinerant cameraman in 1889. In it nine-year-old Jennie, her brothers and sisters and parents, are posed in a typical and proud family group, along with a span of oxen, the ox master and the family's work horses.

At about the same time that photo was taken, but in far off Fall River, Massachusetts, a young man in his early twenties stepped ashore from a trans-Atlantic ship, seeking a new life in America. Charles Melham was a native of Syria who, after schooling in Europe, was eager for adventure and anxious to seek the bountiful opportunities of a new land. All but penniless and unable to speak English, Charles began making his way as a traveling peddler through the towns of New England, without friends or family and with nothing to recommend him but his enthusiasm and his simple honesty.

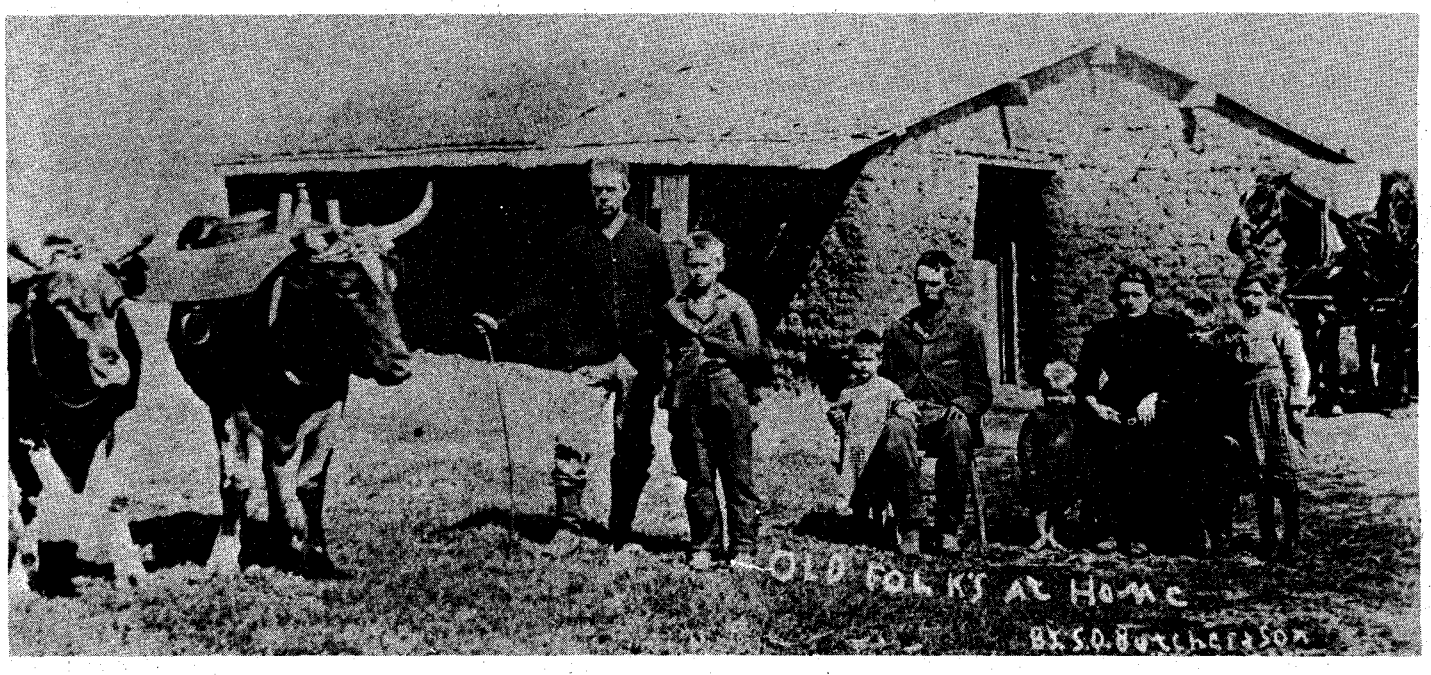
THE MORE Charles heard about the vastness of the territory to the West, the more he ached to see it. Within a year of his arrival in America he set off on foot to explore the continent, and worked his way West by hiring out to farm families for bed and board.

Crossing the Adirondacks, through Ohio and on to the Great Plains, Charles worked and walked his way until he arrived in Custer County, where he secured lodging with the Rapp family on a homestead near Berwyn just as winter was approaching.

It had been his intention to continue West with the first sign of spring, but the Rapps had grown fond of the young man, and impressed with his strength and courage. They urged that he stay on and consider operating a wagon that would supply medicine to local homesteaders. Doctors were few and widely scattered, and settlers had little or no access to medical aid.

Charles energetically took up this new enterprise to give Custer County what today would be called "a mobile medical dispensary" but in 19th century rural America was a "medicine wagon." The young immigrant thrived on hard work and in a relatively short time became a respected member of the community. With his earnings he purchased land—slowly, a parcel at a time—until eight

Jennie, at age 9 (on extreme right), poses with her family and farm animals in front of the one-room sod dwelling that was her home until she married Charles Melham.



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years after arriving in Nebraska he formally assumed the responsibilities of a farmer on his own 520 acres in the Dry Valley area.

One of his first customers for patent medicines had been the Reynolds family. Charles now returned to the Reynolds' household to court their pretty daughter, Jennie. In the spring of 1900 they were married. Four children were born to the young couple. One child died in infancy but the remaining three—Ralph, Leo and Kenneth—were raised on the farm and walked each day to the same one-room Dry Valley School that their mother had attended only a few years earlier.

In 1918 the family moved to Broken Bow on 80 acres of land just north of the town line. The contemporary frame house they built there still stands, as neat and trim today as it was when Jennie and her brood first moved into it. Four years later Charles Melham died, and Jennie assumed sole responsibility for raising and providing for the family.

The boys regularly visited the gravesite of their father, for Jennie sought to instill in them a strong sense of responsibility to family and community, and a deep pride in their forebears and origins. It was their mother's example that led the boys to pledge to each other that one day they would create a suitable tribute to her.

Ralph, the eldest, and the second son, Leo, went to Omaha to launch their business careers, leaving Kenneth, the youngest, at home in school. Jennie Melham remained deeply involved in community work in Broken Bow. She raised a niece, Viola Reynolds Koch, and during the depression of the 1930s she housed and fed farm children attending high school in Broken Bow. Many of the families of these children were unable to pay for the lodging and care she provided their youngsters; Jennie accepted whatever they could afford, including produce and poultry from their farms.

BUT there were tears and heartbreak ahead. Kenneth died in 1932 from injuries suffered in a school athletic event. Ralph was fatally injured in an automobile accident in 1935. Only Leo remained to comfort his mother—and fulfill the pact the three brothers had made so many years before.

With the deaths of Ralph and Kenneth, Leo returned to Broken Bow as often as he could. His mother, afflicted with arthritis for years, was an invalid from age 73 until her death. After being hospitalized, her only direct contact with the outside world, except for occasional visitors, was through a special telephone which she was able to use despite her crippled hands. Leo had had the phone installed so he could chat with her from whatever corner of the world he was required to be in, and his regular Sunday evening calls were the highlights of her days, until her death in 1970 at age ninety.

During those years of physical suffering for the uncomplaining Jennie Melham, one of her few joys was the meteoric success of her remaining son. Leo had become a major figure in the transportation industry—it was he who conceived and developed a method to detach and

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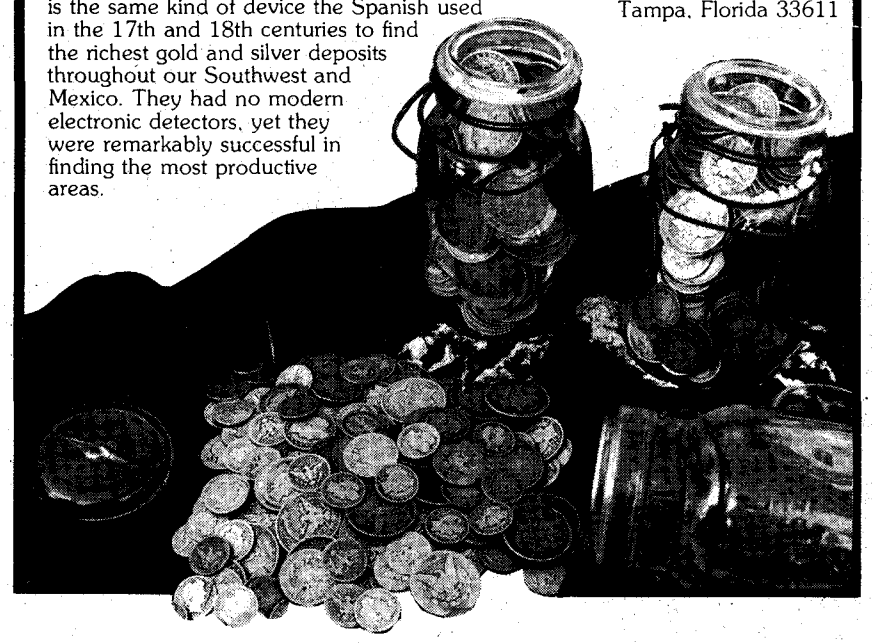

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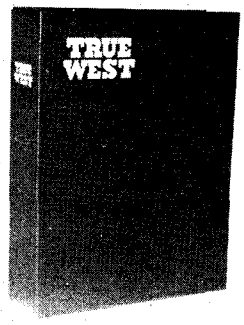

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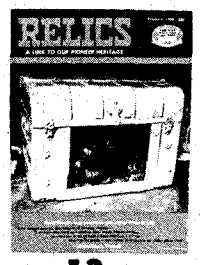
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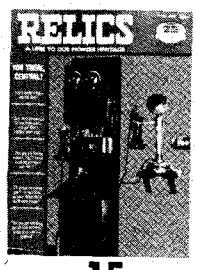
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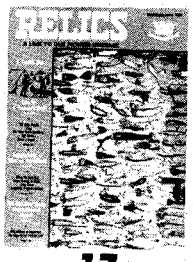
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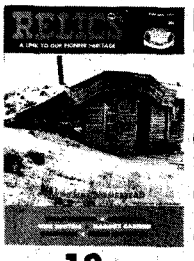
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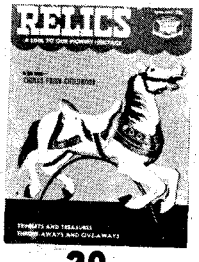
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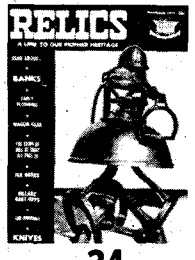
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Jennie and Charles Melham in their wedding picture, taken at Broken Bow in 1900.

transfer truck-trailer bodies to railroad flatcars or ocean liners, eliminating the need to load and unload goods in transit. Such "intermodal containers" have since become familiar sights throughout the world.

During the seventeen years of his mother's illness, Leo had visited her often. And the need for a modern medical facility for the Broken Bow community had become more apparent to him each time. The thought developed that such a facility would be the perfect memorial he and his brothers had wanted for their mother. Immediately upon her death Leo set aside 10 acres of the family property as the site for a new hospital, and shortly afterward he pledged the initial funds for the Jennie M. Melham Memorial Medical Center.

Since that Black Winter of Jennie Melham's birth in 1880, the sod houses and barren farmland have given way to the modern residences of a thriving community. The mobile medical dispensary that Charles Melham drove over the dusty back roads and cow paths are now relegated to photographs on the pages of children's history books.

Residents of Custer County will be forever indebted to pioneer families such as the Melhams, not so much for the scant material possessions they bestowed on their offspring, but for the legacy that nurtures strong family ties, and channels individual responsibility to the betterment of all mankind.

Lone Wolf of Wyoming

(Continued from page 30)

more in there, backed up against a cutbank. We left the horses and rode to the cabin. We argued who would let the

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sheriff know about finding the dead man. Tex said he'd better stay home with his wife and take care of the corpse.

There was a barbwire party line telephone that worked sometimes between Sussex and Kaycee. I headed for there and made Palmer's Ranch that night. Palmer said there hadn't been a stage through to Sussex for over a week. Next morning I headed for Powder River. When I got to Sussex there was no stage yet, and the barbwire telephone was as dead as the sheepherder we'd found.

I got a fresh horse at the Quarter Circle C. X. and rode on to Kaycee. It was late when I got there and I was darn near froze to death. I got my horse put up and fed, and then got a couple snorts under my belt. When I found out the stage had come in that day, I found Old Shotgun and asked him to tell the sheriff or Pap Myres, the justice of the peace, to come out soon as they could and get the man.

He asked me, "What would they want with a dead sheepherder? He didn't do nothin' but freeze to death and there ain't no law against that."

He told me to write it all down so he could give it to them as he wasn't on speaking terms with either since the last time his stage was held up. They'd acted like he had held himself up.

I sure hated to head back for that homestead, but I knew Tex was waiting and I ought to let him know. So I hit the trail. It was better going back. The road had been traveled some and I made better time. I stopped at Old Hank's and changed back to my own horse and made Sussex that night and home the next day. I had been gone six days.

Tex had a well beaten trail up to where the stiff was. I asked him if he'd had much trouble keeping him from leaving. I had never been able to figure Tex out. He had a heart in him as big as an ox, and could get tears in his eyes easier than any real he-man I ever saw. He loved all animals. And somewhere in him there was something that came alive when he talked. It always showed in those steel-blue eyes of his. He changed in seconds, and all who knew him gave him plenty of room. It wasn't temper. It was a form of jealousy like kids have with their puppy love.

We built a fire and kept it going till the sheriff and old Pap Myres got there from Buffalo. All they did when they got there was eat and sleep half the day and all night. Then they went up with us and searched the corpse. They found a watch with his name on it, a gold chain, and some homestead papers where Jacob Rizor, the same name on the watch, had filed on a homestead in Alberta, Canada. They went off by themselves a while and held a confab. They finally came back and told us to bury him and they would take care of the rest. It made me madder than hell.

I asked them, "What in hell do you mean by 'the rest'?"

Old Pap said, "He was a Canadian citizen and we'll have to notify that government. Go ahead and bury him and send the bill to Johnson County and we'll see you get paid for it."

We all went back to the house and

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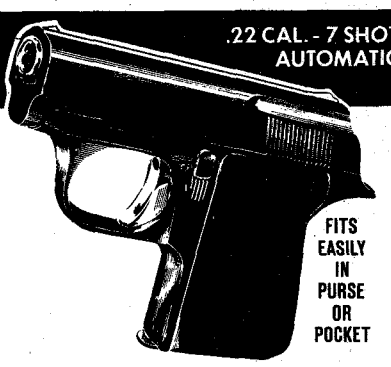

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Tex and I got all the well-digging tools we had and went back. Where Tex had built a fire, four or five days while he was alone with Jacob, the ground was pretty well thawed out. It was close to a great big sand rock about ten feet high.

We got down about four feet before dark. I said, "Let's roll him in and cover him up before it gets dark on us."

I thought Tex would go crazy. He jumped up and yelled, "What in hell's the matter with you? Ain't you got no love for your fellow man?"

I looked at him for a while and said, "Well, some of them I know I don't think a hell of a lot of, others a feller would go through hell for. But let's you and I get rid of this one and get some of our own work done."

Tex calmed down and admitted, "I guess I'm kinda jumpy. I need some sleep. But when I die I want to be buried like a human being, seven feet deep." He told me to go home and do the chores and he'd dig down a few more feet and for me to bring back the lantern and we'd bury him that night.

I WENT HOME and fed the stock. The Dutchman was there. He had turned his horse loose and was getting supper. Tex's wife had gone home to her mother when we found Jacob.

I sure didn't like that Dutchman, but I was glad to see him right then. While we ate I told him what had happened and he went with me to help finish with Jacob.

When we got there, Tex was in the hole making dirt fly. You couldn't see his head so I knew the grave was over six feet deep. Just for a joke I kicked some dirt in the hole to see if he'd think Jacob done it.

He didn't say much, just asked how tall Jacob was. I said, "About eight feet." The Dutchman said he was about five-foot-eight and jumped down in the grave to prove how deep it was. It still wasn't deep enough for Tex so Dutch got a-hold of the shovel and finished the job.

Tex had Jacob wrapped up in a couple of soogans and a piece of tarpaulin. He said, "Now let's figure some way we can get him laid in there without dropping him."

I told Dutch to stay down there and we'd hand Jacob to him. Tex gave him some instructions about which was the top side of him and to be sure and not lay him on his belly. We handed him down and, while the Dutchman was getting him located, I said to Tex, "Let's cover that Dutchman up with him. He's gonna get you in a lot of trouble if you don't look out."

I could tell the way Tex looked at me he knew what I meant.

When Dutch climbed out I rolled a couple rocks in and Tex said, "Don't get in a hurry; keep your shirt on. Someone's got to say a prayer before we cover him up."

"Who we gonna get to do that?" the Dutchman asked.

Tex asked me to do it but I told him the only prayer I knew started off with, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and Jacob was sound asleep already.

Tex said, "I'll do the best I can," and he took off his hat and looked at the sky.

I don't know how Tex and the Dutchman felt, standing by that grave with darkness all around, looking toward the clouds and heaven and a big bright moon. But it made me, for the first time in my life, realize what Tex meant when he asked me if I didn't have any respect for my fellow man. I never heard a prayer before or since that day that meant more to me. It made me feel like a different person. I couldn't help but see the hidden side of my pardner. We all have our faults and as I remember hearing, "There is some good in the worst of us and some bad in the best of us."

Tex ended his prayer with, "Take him into Your home, O Lord, same as I would You. Amen."

TEX and I were sure busy for a while getting what stock we could find gathered up. We were lucky; we found most of them. Dutch stayed with us and helped. We skinned what we found froze and hung the hides on the fence. The only feed the stock could get at was on the high places, so we kept changing to places where there was still grass they could get at.

Tex's wife came home, so I rode up to Step-in-a-half Jones'. About half of our stock was getting so poor and weak we were scared they couldn't make it till spring. Jones had quite a little hay and sold us all he could spare.

We cut out the weakest ones and drove them to Jones'. Tex's woman went along to help.

The Dutchman and I got to talking about how jealous Tex was, and laughing. We finally figured out we'd pull a joke on him. When we were almost to Jones' ranch Dutch said, "Hell, you all can make it from here. I'm going to ride by Palmer's."

The three of us drove on to Jones' and Tex's wife left for home to get supper. Tex and I fed the stock and made a deal with the Jones kid to feed our stock every day. They wanted us to stay for supper but Tex was in a hurry so we left in a high lope. (Tex's wife didn't know anything about what me and the Dutchman had planned.)

Dutch went straight to the homestead and hid behind the house. When she got home she went in and started supper. Tex and I rode over the ridge and down toward the cabin. I saw the Dutchman getting on his horse back of the house. I didn't think the joke was gonna work till Tex said, "Ain't that that lying Dutchman riding off? Bet he rode straight home and waited for that woman of mine."

Tex jerked out his gun and started the lead flying. Dutch was sure in a hurry and headed for the high places. Good thing he was out of six-shooter range.

Tex made a bee line for the house. His wife came running out to see what the shooting was all about. I was right behind Tex when he got off and said, "What kind of a woman are you, monkeying around with that Dutchman?"

I couldn't help but laugh. I tried to explain to him, but he was sure mad. His wife wasn't afraid of him; just started

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elling him off. She told him he wasn't nothing but a big kid to let us job him that way. Tex was so mad, though, that he didn't cool off very fast.

Dutch came back to the top of the hill and stood and looked down for a long time before I could get him to come down. I laughed till my belly hurt. Dutch was too scared to laugh. He pulled out after he ate.

Tex was still sore the next day. I started laughing a couple of times but he let me have it straight. "It ain't funny to me."

I never saw a man as jealous as he was. He still had a lingering idea that the Dutchman had been in the house. One thing sure, Tex and the Dutchman never got along after that.

The weather had cleared off and we had a chinook wind that sure helped the feed situation. Looked like spring was on its way. I told Tex I was going to ride to Casper and back and thought I'd be home in a couple weeks before I left for the roundup. I took my time and made Casper the fourth day late in the evening.

Casper was a big shipping point for cattle to Chicago and Omaha. It was like Cheyenne, full of gamblers, pimps and prostitutes. The Sand Bar in Casper was one of the biggest and toughest red light districts in the country.

I wandered around till after midnight making the different joints. Ran onto Curley Brown from the Powder River country. He'd known Tex before he left home and told me that Coyote Kate, Tex's old girl from Del Rio, Texas, had been on the line all winter in the Sand Bar. She had found out where Tex lived and had gone out to see him.

I asked Curley when she left. Curley had been talking with her the night before so she must have left that morning, he said. We went down looking for her and found out she had taken the stage to Ross and was going to get a horse and ride to the ranch.

I guess it wasn't any of my business but I knew she wasn't making a visit that meant any good for anybody but herself. I thought maybe I could catch her before she got there and talk with her, telling her Tex was my pardner and was married, and get her to stay away. I took off across country as straight as I could for the homestead. If I could beat her there I could watch for her and head her off between there and Ross.

I MADE it to the 88 ranch, Old Mike Henry's, the first night. The stage didn't stop there but went by. I had broke lots of horses for the 88 and knew most of the boys. They called the 88 the Brown Springs Post Office where the stage picked up a flour sack with what mail there was and left another sack with mail when they passed twice a week. Nobody had seen who was on the stage, just the driver and guard with the shotgun. Our homestead was west of Ross. I detoured Ross and rode straight for the homestead.

My horse was getting pretty tired when I tipped the ridge where I could look down at the light in the homestead window. Seems like whatever horse I was

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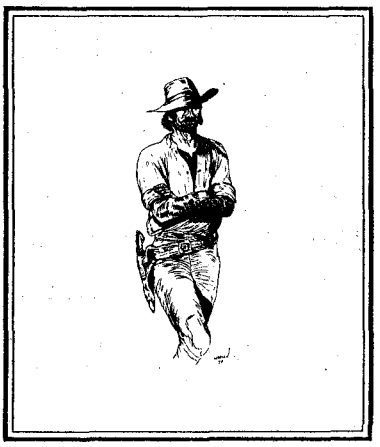

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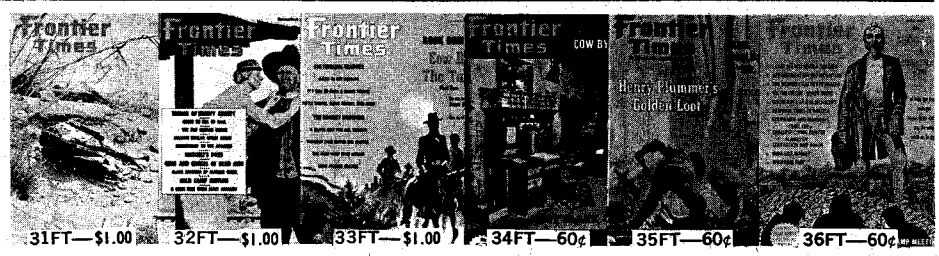
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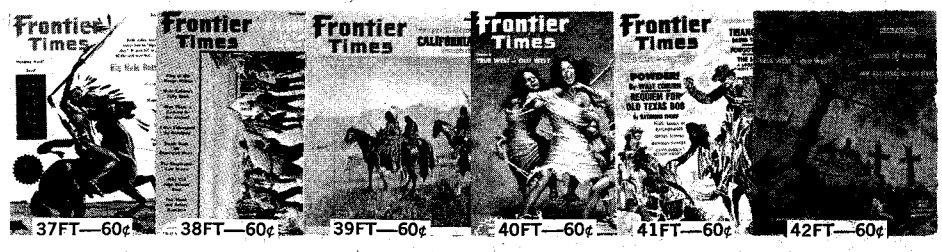
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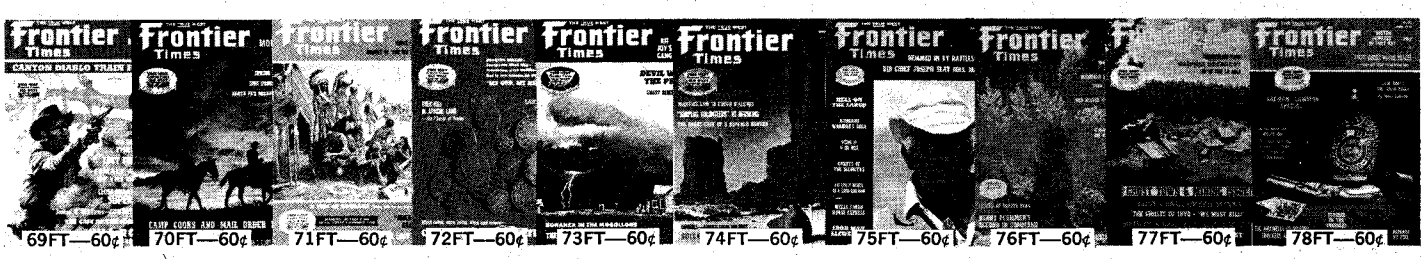
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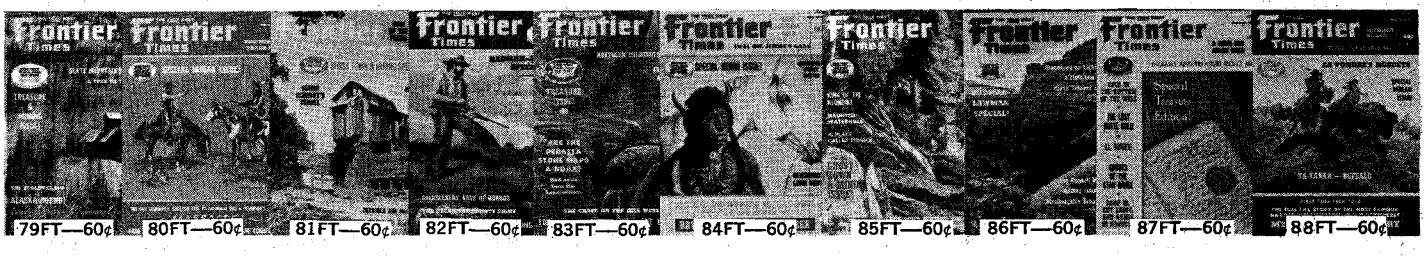
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riding when I came home always signale Tex someone was coming. They alway nickered long before I rode up.

Before I got off, Tex stepped out fror behind the house and asked, "That yo Ed?"

When I answered he said, "You gc back in a hurry. What's wrong?"

I told him his old girl friend Kate wa on her way to see him.

"What in hell does she want to see m for?"

"Remember what your mother told yo That woman is no good. Let's go in. I'r sure hungry. And we better talk it ove with your wife and let her know what t expect."

That wife of Tex's sure was on the jol When we went in she had the eats o the stove. I knew Tex wouldn't kno how to tell her so I came right out wit it. I told her she had company comin and it was a woman. I asked her if Te had ever told her about the first girl h ever had in Del Rio.

"No," she said.

I told her Tex had told me all about it and the girl had got him in plenty o trouble. I told her most of the story, an when I finished it didn't seem to bothe her.

She asked us both how we were going t get rid of her. My advice was to let Kat do the talking and get rid of her the be way we could without letting a no-goo woman wreck what was left of our out fit.

Next day about three o'clock Kat rode in. I told Tex to stay in the hous and I'd meet her and have a talk wit her.

I went out and said, "Howdy, stranger ain't you lost?"

She said, "No, I ain't lost. Tex live here don't he?" She then got off he horse and said, "Put my horse away, cow boy. I'm tired and hungry and want t talk with Tex."

I didn't know for sure what to say o how to start saying it, but I got of on the wrong track, I guess. I told he to keep her pants on and let me do th talking. "Tex don't want to see you. He' married and has forgotten all about hi past and wants to forget you."

She blew her lid and asked me who thought I was. I told her I was Tex' pardner and was trying to give her som good advice. I don't know how long w argued. I kept between her and th house and kept trying to get her to g while the going was good.

Finally Tex's wife stepped out th door. "Let her come in, Ed," she said an she went back in herself.

I followed Kate in. She looked at Tex' wife and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tex's wife."

When Kate looked at my pardner an said, "Did you marry this squaw? the fireworks started. Pocahonta charged. She hit Kate across the bac with one of those old cast-iron spide bootjacks.

Kate fell and pulled a two-barrele derringer from someplace and fired bot barrels. The bullets hit the cook stove an glanced off onto a wash boiler. It sounde like the Civil War had broke out again I never have or never want to refere

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another fight like that one.

Those two women sure went to battle. They pulled hair, bit, kicked and, finally, Pocahontas won. She got up and got the butcher knife to finish the job, but I stopped her.

Tex had taken it all in. When it was over he took his wife in his arms and thanked her and cried like a baby. We got Kate in bed and doctored her up.

Next day she was pretty weak but wanted to leave. I made her stay till the next morning, when I hooked up to the buckboard and led her horse and took her to the stage line. It was sure good to get that job done.

I had a long talk with Pocahontas about the whole thing. She was glad the way it turned out. Like me, she thought it might help Tex to get all those things off his mind.

Things were shaping up pretty good after we got all the stock gathered up and the ones we had to feed back from Step-in-a-half's. We found out we hadn't had as big a loss as we thought.

I told Tex, "It's all yours again till I get back, pardner," and pulled out for the roundup.

WE were camped at Sand Springs when I heard Tex had shot the Dutchman and his trial was set for the 1st of May. I headed for Kaycee and took the stage to Buffalo. I got there a few days before the trial and Tex was not in jail. The Dutchman had not died and was going to live.

The trial lasted over a week. It was the darndest trial I ever heard of over a shooting. They brought up everything they could think of against Tex, from rustling to murder.

When they put the Dutchman on the stand to testify, he closed up like a clam. He wouldn't even say Tex had shot him. They hated to, but they finally turned Tex loose. That night Tex told me the whole story. Someone had told Tex the Dutchman had turned state's evidence against him and Tex was going to be arrested and tried for rustling and horse stealing.

"It's just like you've been telling me, Ed—he's no good, and I should of killed him long ago."

I told Tex to forget his damn killing and go home. "The next shooting you get into will be your last if you ain't careful."

I rode with Tex and his wife as far as Kaycee where my horse was and went back to the Hat wagon.

When the roundup pulled in after the last shipment of beef I stayed around the ranch for a month or so. We had a good winter and good feed. Tex's wife was having a baby and had gone home with her mother till it was over, and I pulled out with Whiskey Dick to help break some horses for the C. Y. outfit.

There was a great change in Tex. He wasn't so jealous after the kid arrived. His wife named it Ed. I asked how that happened.

Tex said, "We couldn't think of a better name."

Our outfit had a pretty big herd of cattle by then. We were throwing most of it into the mountains every summer. I took the cows and calves to the mountains and Tex went with the roundup. That fall we shipped over five carloads of beef to Omaha.

But I told Tex I still didn't feel like being tied down. I'd take half of what the cattle brought and pull out on my own. He tried to talk me out of it. His wife cried and begged and said I was the only real friend they had.

I sure hated to leave and had a big lump in my throat. I took eight saddle ponies, my bed on one and rode one and drove the rest. When I topped the ridge where we had buried Jacob I looked back and could see both of them, standing and waving at me.

I ended up in Montana that summer on the Crow Indian Reservation. Somehow I couldn't get Tex and his wife out of my mind. I dreamed about them and kept wondering how they were getting along. I stood it till the last of October and headed for the only home I ever had. It was a long ride. I cut across country, changing horses as I went. I seemed to get a feeling something was wrong the closer I got. The last day I rode a long way. My horses were tired like me.

It was late when I got to the top of the ridge. There was a bright harvest moon above and it was light as a moon could make it. I could see the same light in the homestead window beckoning at me. I looked for Jacob's grave and saw a fresh one alongside of it. I got off my horse. The rest of the horses were strung out down the hill, heading for what they thought was home.

I looked at the board at the head of the fresh grave and in the bright moonlight I could read what it said: "Here lies Tex."

God only knows how I felt. He was the only real pardner I ever had. I am sure he was the greatest cowboy I ever knew. Hundreds of things about Tex flashed through my mind and they all seemed good. I remembered us burying Jacob and the prayer he said. Kneeling by his grave I said, "Lord in Heaven, forgive my pardner and take him into Your home as I am sure he would You."

When I got up I saw Tex's wife looking at me. "Ed, there's a lot of the Great Spirit in you. Welcome home, cowboy."

She didn't know who had killed Tex but he was shot in the back standing by Jacob's grave. I asked her if she had seen the Dutchman lately. She told me her father had had a letter from the Dutchman from Texas, before Tex was shot. So it couldn't have been him. I told her that sending a letter to someone to mail for you was an old trick, but a good one, and for her to keep her eyes open. "If that damn Dutchman's around here, and I am sure he is, he won't feel easy till he kills you. And what he'd like best is to shoot me in the back like I'm sure he did Tex." I didn't want to scare her but it was the truth.

I SETTLED down for a few days getting things caught up on the ranch. Several times I was sure I saw a rider watching from the ridge where Tex was resting by Jacob. Pocahontas was sure she had seen someone several times, too.

Just before dark one evening I was

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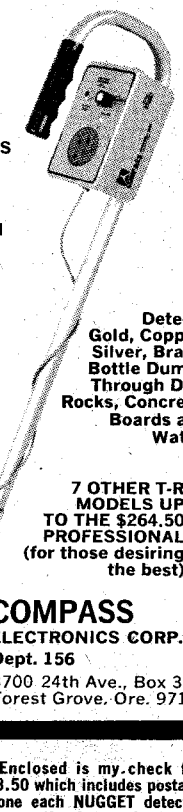

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shaving myself in the bunkhouse. I had taken my gun off and hung it on a set of deer horns in a far corner. I happened to look out the window and saw Pocahontas running through the front door of the cabin. I watched till she ran out the back door with a .30-30 rifle.

I ran for my gun, grabbed it and, just as I reached the door, I heard Pocahontas yell, "Look out, Ed, it's the Dutchman!" Two shots rang out at the same time. I opened the door and Dutch fell in through the doorway. I grabbed his gun and ran to Pocahontas who was down by the corner of the cabin. I was yelling, "Are you all right?"

She sat up and said, "Yes, he just nicked me."

She got up and we went to work on Dutch. He was hit bad, but he finally opened his eyes and started mumbling.

I said, "You're a long ways from Texas! What did you kill Tex for?"

He used up the last of his strength telling us how he hated Tex and should have killed him a long time ago.

After we buried him I told Pocahontas, "Well, that letter your father got from Dutch makes him in Texas. So let's you and I let him stay there." And we never spoke of it again.

A Pair of Spurs

(Continued from page 19)

there. A stone was erected over his grave, reading:

THOMAS DICK RISON
SON OF TOM AND MRS. RISON
Died May 3rd Eighteen Ninety Eight
Age Ten Years Nine Months and Three Days
Gone But Not Forgotten

The manner of Tom's death was a terrible shock to Walter. Always before he had been a jolly, happy kid; now he turned moody and very quiet. He avoided his companions at school, spending most of his waking hours with his mother. Walter loved horses, however, and spent a great deal of time with them. He trained his father's buggy horses for riding and before too long his mother bought him a saddle.

One day Walter took his air rifle, got on his horse, and rode over to the little hill. It was real hot, a midsummer day, and he was gone a long time. Finally he came back, a splendid, victorious look on his face. "Mom," he said, "I killed the Devil and took his rattles. See them? Eleven of them and a button."

From then on Walter was more like the boy he had been before losing Thomas. He regained his smile, though he still remained very much a loner, having little to do with anyone but his mother.

Walter became a good horseman, seeming to have an uncanny command over the animals. The meanest little bronco would follow him around like a pet dog, after just a few days' handling. Because of this, he got many horses to break and train from neighbors, at a pay per head that kept him in spending money. Walter became known all over the country as a top bronc-trainer, and he was well liked by every man and boy in that country. Still, he remained quiet and preferre being alone.

Just as Walter reached early manhoo his father died. Their farming had bee on a rental basis, so Walter and hi mother moved to the prairie countr forty miles east, where Walter took up homestead. They built a little home o it and fenced it, and each year Walte would plant several acres to grai hoping to grow enough feed for hi horses. His mother stayed on the home stead and Walter took work on adjoinin ranches, breaking horses. It meant livin away from home the greater part of eac year, but he was always close enoug that he could gallop the colt he wa breaking over to see how his mothe was getting along.

THEIR nearest neighbor was Jerr McGhan, and north of Jerry lived family by the name of Todd. McGha had quite a lot of stock, both horses an cattle, and whether he owned it or not h controlled a large area of prairie pasture He was quite a horseman himself, bein known as "Wild Horse Jerry," but Wal ter was considered better and it seeme to create some jealousy.

Some people claimed that McGhan wa "mean at heart." Others said he was jus mean toward the Risons on account o his envy of Walter. Though McGhan d get along with the Todds, he was un pleasant to Mrs. Rison at the store o post office or wherever they happened t meet. And he would cut Walter's fence and let the range livestock in to eat u what crop was growing. If he passe through the Rison homestead he woul leave the gates open—anything to show disrespect toward his neighbor.

Walter, upon coming home for just a hour, perhaps for just a dinner with hi mother, would find half a day's work ahead of him, fixing fence destroyed b McGhan. Walter was working at th Seven Cross Ranch, about fifteen mile away, so it wasn't too much effort o his part to gallop over for a noon meal but to have to spend five or six hour fixing fence every time he came was a little trying on his patience. He tol McGhan several times to leave the gate shut and not to cut his fence.

"You know, McGhan," he said one day "me and my mother are poor folks wit just a few old milk cows and some saddl ponies and we would like to raise enoug feed to winter them. If you would leav the fences alone, I think God would b kind enough to send us some rain an that way our stock could make it til spring."

"Kid, you are just a sodbuster and don't like sodbusters. This is open rang and I want it left that way. You got n business with a homestead. You don' live on it the required time each year, an I doubt if you are twenty-one years ol anyhow."

"McGhan, I live there as much time a I can and still make a living, breakin horses. Now, I made Uncle Sam believ I was twenty-one years old so he gav me papers showing that I am the on who filed on that land, and if you don' leave my fence alone I'll make you be

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lieve I'm twenty-one years old, whether you do *now* or not."

One day, Walter came home from the Seven Cross Ranch rather early in the morning. Before going to the house, he rode the fence. He found the north fence cut in two places. This took some time and a lot of will-power to fix. After it was done and Walter was riding toward his house, he saw McGhan crossing his homestead with a team and buggy. He was driving toward a gate about two hundred yards away, so Walter just drew rein and watched. McGhan drove up to the gate, got out of his buggy, threw the gate down, got back in the buggy and drove through, driving slowly on at right angles to Walter.

Walter very calmly got off his horse, took a rifle from the saddle scabbard, drew a bead on McGhan and pulled the trigger. McGhan dropped sideways in the buggy. The team ran away.

Walter, quickly mounting his horse, galloped to catch them. He overtook them, turned them around, drove them through the open gate and tied them to the fence. He then rode to his home.

"Mother," he said, and there were tears in his eyes, "I killed the Devil. But the little Todd girl was in the seat beside him and the bullet went through her, too. Tell her folks. I'm going to the sheriff's office. Goodbye, Mother."

Walter rode his horse forty miles, directly into Greeley to the sheriff's office, and told the entire and exact story. The sheriff and coroner went back to the McGhan ranch where they confirmed Walter's statements. Walter was then indicted on two charges of murder. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary at Canon City.

In a letter from the classification and records department of the Colorado State Penitentiary, I have this statement: "Our records were extremely incomplete at the time this man was confined in this institution." I can believe that, as they give Walter's date of entering as December 16, 1910. The date could be correct, but they have him received from Las Animas County. The trouble occurred in Weld County and Walter was tried at the Weld County Seat, which is Greeley. It was also said that his sentence was commuted to twenty-three years, and that he was paroled on August 6, 1920. This I cannot understand.

I have a very good friend, who in 1940 went to see his long-time acquaintance, the warden of the Colorado State Penitentiary. During his visit, my friend was given a tour of the institution. He and the warden came upon Walter making spurs in the workshop.

"Fellow," my friend said, "I know a cowboy from your home town of Eaton."

"What's his name?" Walter asked.

"Smillie," my friend said.

"Here," Walter said, handing my friend a pair of spurs. "Give these to him. I went to school with some of the Smillies."

I still have those spurs.

Joe Rader Roberts

(Continued from page 25)

—some volumes lovingly encased in acetate to preserve their beauty; others thumbed and smudged with use. Hundreds of pages drawn from George B. Bridgman's work on anatomy are neatly stacked in 8" x 11" boxes. Magazine illustrations going back to those boyhood days in Lockhart lie piled up everywhere in his Austin studio, and the stacks continue to grow. Much of his professional collection was lost during a disastrous fire which destroyed his Houston home in November 1970.

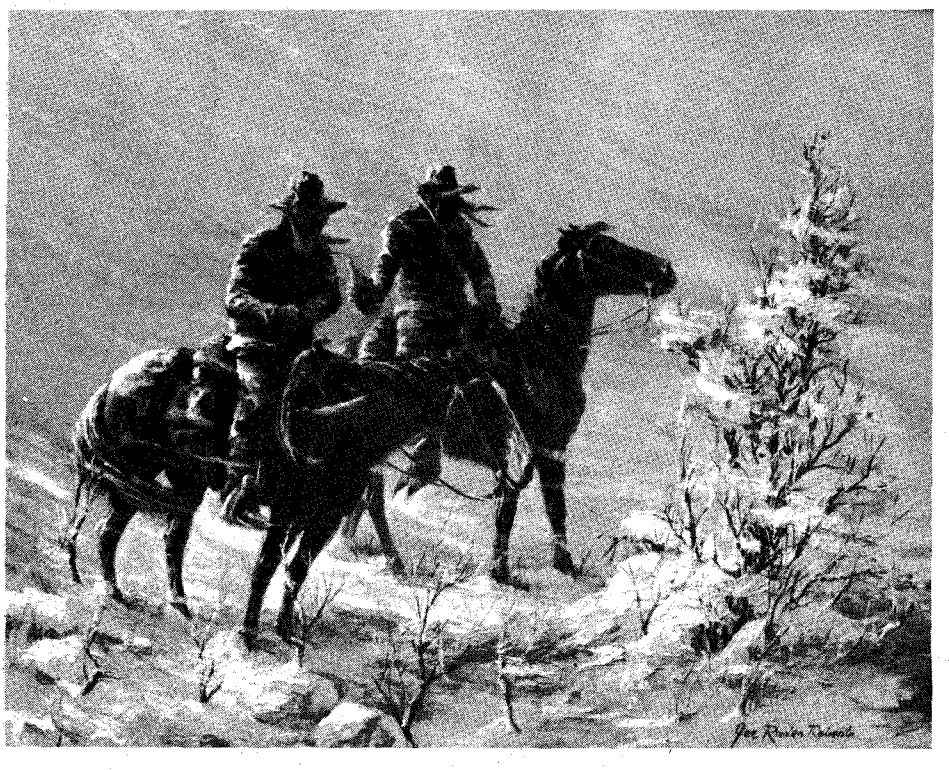
Joe Rader moved to Austin in May of '72 because it was closer to Lockhart and because the state capital is a good "artists' town," boasting numerous galleries, art dealers, and professional artists. It is also within an hour's drive of hardscrabble hills, piney woods, rolling farmland, and cliff-lined lakes that aren't so very different from the old days (if one keeps to the side roads).

Joe Rader Roberts is a companionable sort of man, lacking in the self-importance and temperamental posture that so many artists either actually feel or quickly adopt. He sees no appreciable difference between illustrators and painters. Almost every painting throughout the history of Western culture has been for a purpose—an illustration of some theme. Joe Rader snorts with impatience at those who would categorize art and make value judgments based on anything but the quality of the specific painting and how close the artist came to achieving what was intended.

Though the impact of his work is direct and immediate, the harmony achieved through line and color, which seems effortless, stems from much concentration and hard work. He is always experimenting, always trying to improve, and today his canvases hang in some of the finest collections in the United States.

The 19th century American West has caught the imagination of people the world over. Many talented artists are turning out work covering every facet of it. So what quality sets Joe Rader Roberts' paintings apart? Perhaps it is the feeling of bravura which his animals and men project—and to that ever-present sense of *action* that underlies his subjects, even in repose.

Two cowboys attempting to "warm their innards" in a mighty cold situation.



The Ashes of Nora Cundell

(Continued from page 22)

rims and their shadows played hide-and-seek in and out of the canyons and over the cliffs.

Nora settled herself to do a sketch while I inspected petrified wood and the many colors of earth. As we lost ourselves in the beauty, the sun kept moving to the west. I filled my pack several times, then sat and decided which of the pieces of petrified wood I would keep.

Many trails ran across the bench where cattle had wandered in and out of washes looking for grass. Once we jumped a pair of jackrabbits who took off across the bench and disappeared up a wash. Then there was a lone horse track in one of the trails going farther north than we were going, but we never saw the horse.

The sun was getting quite low when we came to the place where I thought the trail led off the bench.

To my horror, when we came to what should have been the trail down, there was a drop of some thirty feet. The trail had caved straight off. Shadows were moving across the canyon to Echo Cliffs and I made a quick estimate of the time and knew darkness would catch us in

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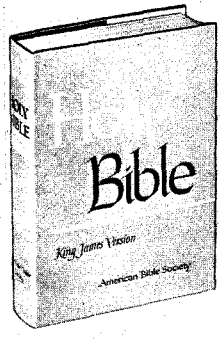

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about an hour. We could never make it back to where we had come up onto the bench. It was too far and, in the darkness, dangerous. A fall could break a leg or an arm, and Jim would never know where to look since the fellow who gave us the ride would not be back until tomorrow.

Nora and I talked the situation over and decided I would go back to where we saw the horse track, then follow it and see if he had gone off the bench. Nora would stay close to the edge of the bench and keep in sight so I could motion to her if I found a way off. My thoughts were racing as I hurried back up the trail. My back-pack was getting heavy and my steps slower.

However, about a half-mile back up the trail I was delighted to see the tracks of one lone horse taking another trail leading more to the north. I followed, and sure enough he had gone off the rim—in a place that looked impossible. The first ten feet were steep and dished out like a bowl, then the trail went around a point which stuck out, but I could not see beyond this point. I stood in wonder that a horse had gone off that trail, but there his tracks were.

Nora joined me and after one look, said, "Chris, I just can't go off that trail. I simply cannot do it."

The wind was blowing quite strong along the rim of the bench. I looked at the shadows and knew it was now or spend the night just where we were. I tightened my pack and canteen close to my body and slid down into the swale, telling Nora to follow me. The wind was stronger than I had thought and I couldn't stand, just had to crawl. On reaching the point, I yelled to Nora to come on, and then I went out of sight around the other side. What a relief to see the trail going on down to flat ground.

I could hear Nora calling to me but I couldn't tell if she had left the top, so I worked back to see around the point and found Nora around the other side, but afraid to come farther because the breeze was so strong. Finally I managed to get her bag and help her get to the side I was on. We rested a few minutes before working our way to the bottom. What a wonderful feeling to stand on flat ground! We now only had to cross Paria and another half-mile would see us home.

Jim had had a long day, too. He was just coming from the river gauge as we arrived home. After supper we all sat around the table and looked over the collection of petrified wood I had toted home—about fifty pounds—many of these rocks I still have. All in all, it had been a wonderful day and was our last long hike before our friend sailed home in September.

NORA planned to return to us and the multi-colored land she loved. We felt it would not be more than a year. What we didn't suspect was that she would fall gravely ill and die. However, she was not to be robbed of her promised return. Nora's will stated that she wanted to be cremated and her ashes sent to the Vermilion Cliffs Country.

On that May day in 1949 the group beside the big rock were accompanying Nora to her last resting place. Preacher Smith ("Shine"—as the Navajos called him) gave the memorial service. Smith was a friend of long standing with the Lowreys; he had been their trader at Marble Canyon when Nora had come on her second trip.

Because of Nora Cundell's paintings thousands of people in England who will never see Arizona's canyon country with their own eyes, have known a little of the beauty of the place Nora called her second home. A plaque has been on the rock for over twenty-five years and I am sure people have wondered about the woman whose name it bears.

Fluffy clouds still drift over the rims the ever-changing color still bathes a land so big no artist will ever show its true breadth, but Nora did her best to capture the light and beauty.

The road has been changed and no longer passes the huge boulder Nora's plaque is on—but solitude never frightened her and, besides, her memory is warm in our hearts.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 43)

and the graduates of his popular professional writing course at the University of Oklahoma have turned out hundreds of books and magazine articles. This reviewer's own favorites among Walter's books are *The Missouri* (1945), *Warpath* (1934), *Joe Meek* (1952) and *Kit Carson* (1928) but all of them are good. There are some interesting photos of Walter and his family, a bibliography and an index. Highly recommended.

BEST GUIDE

Treasure Hunters Manual (Ram Publishing Co., $6.50) by Karl von Mueller has gone into its 7th edition indicating that digging for buried loot has become a consuming avocation for many. The text carries most of the information needed for successful treasure hunting. Snooping for booty is a specialty requiring training and preparation. Von Mueller's book provides a guide with practical tips on how and where to dig, what legal considerations must be regarded, taxes involved, tools and instruments and how to use them, transportation, first aid and gold dredging for profit. The author also tells where reliable metal detectors may be bought, what books to read; and where treasure hunting organizations are located. Every amateur treasure hunter should own this book.

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The Buried Money

(Continued from page 15)

thick and nobody could get through that door without moving a lot of heavy earth.

Best of all, the adobe room contained a fireplace, a cot and two chairs.

The kitchen was obviously an afterthought. It was built of one-by-eights nailed to joists at floor and ceiling. It, too, had but one window. In front of the door, a few feet away, was the windmill.

South of the house was a flat open country with scant vegetation. It afforded a good view of any rider who might approach from a distance of four or five miles. Around the trap was a little worn trail. Bert rode down it and found that it led to a railway loading station, with the name Cerillos painted on a small building. The railroad, Bert knew, was in New Mexico, but it couldn't be far from the Line. And he also knew the Border was not fenced.

When Bert returned to the house he again reconnoitered. It had no opening except toward the east. That meant that nobody in Mexico could see a light in it. Neither could Bert see out toward the Line without leaving the house. The windmill platform, however, gave him an excellent view of all the surrounding country.

As Keeth had warned him, it was lonely. Except on rare occasions when he met a cowboy on the range he saw no one except on one of his infrequent trips to town. Tomlins' was a favorite meeting place of cowhands, and Bert mingled with those in the store because he hoped to hear of Strickland's horse or mule. He knew, too, that if he didn't respond to friendly overtures, his attitude might arouse suspicion.

Tomlins reminded Bert that his wages were available, but Bert didn't draw them. He bought tobacco and other small necessities and took a receipt for the balance due him. He had spent less than $20 of the $300 of Strickland's pay, and hoped to accumulate enough that he could make a deposit on some cattle.

Strickland had shrewdly judged that he wouldn't be happy working for wages indefinitely, and Bert knew of a small ranch near Clifton that he wanted to buy.

SEVERAL TIMES he rode into Mexico to bring the herd back, and made these trips without seeing anyone or, so far as he could judge, being seen. Once, midst clumps of mesquite, his horse snorted and he glimpsed six *Rurales* riding straight toward him. Bert had no idea whether or not they had sighted him, but he knew he would be wise in assuming that they had. Certainly if they continued their course they would see him.

Bert was more than a mile below the Line and he put his horse to a run. So long as he was in Chihuahua he kept it in a run. The cattle were headed north, but the Mexicans were paying no attention to them. Once he got into the United States, there would be no more running, at least not by Bert Judia.

He followed the hills until he reached the flat open plain south of the ranch house, knowing that if he left the hills the *Rurales* would round him up. Bert got off his horse, climbed a small dune, and took a shot with his rifle at his pursuers. It stopped them.

Without separating, they attempted to circle between him and the Line. They were, of course, armed with six-shooters, but they might carry saddle guns, also. He'd soon find out. If they did not, he knew that if they attempted to rush him, he could drop every one of them. However, if that could be prevented he wanted to do it.

Bert aimed at the noses of the horses until one man turned to the right and attempted to circle. Bert's rifle fire turned that one back. Another made a play in the opposite direction, and he, too, was forced back to the bunch.

During this time, the Mexicans had not fired a shot. They had a plan, of course. Their intentions must be to surround him, Bert thought, and cut him off from his mount. That he must not risk.

When he reloaded, he found that very little ammunition was left. That meant that he must head them south or kill them, for if they divided forces they had him. Bert leveled at one of the *sombreros* and saw the dust fly. They turned back, but he knew they would return.

Bert rode quickly to the ranch and went over everything carefully to determine his procedure in case of siege. His supplies of fuel, water and food in the kitchen were checked. Instead of using kerosene, he had been reading by the light of the fireplace. He moved his cot to a position where he could cover both window and door.

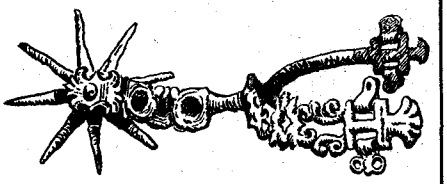
Upon a recent visit in Columbus, Tomlins had given him a cur, which he said was a good watchdog. He would not bark at a Mexican, however, and that being the case, Bert thought the animal would be of little use to him. But the dog was so friendly and so pathetic that he brought him to the ranch anyway.

If Spot were any good, Bert thought ruefully, he could get a little sleep and trust the dog to give warning if prowlers were near. Well, he'd leave the cur outside, for he *might* bark.

ONE NIGHT after the mesquite roots had burned to embers, Bert thought he saw a movement at the high window. If so, it was made by a man on a horse. The dog had given no warning, so the prowler was a Mexican. Keeping an eye on the window he covered the coals with ashes. Then he saw it again, a big *sombrero*. The man must be circling the house.

Bert picked up the .30-40 and went through the kitchen to the outside door. There was no lock on it, for at that time people thought such a precaution unnecessary. He could not hear a horse, but footsteps were stealthily approaching. Bert stepped softly back into the room. As the door swung toward the inside, he stayed behind it.

Three men stepped into the kitchen. Bright moonlight upon them left him in deep shadow. He knew they couldn't see him, but they could see the barrel of his rifle almost touching the nearest.



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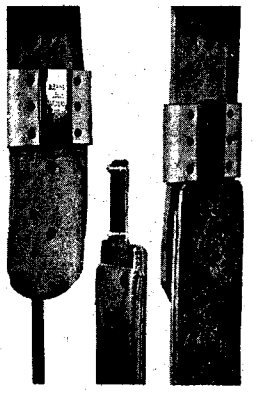

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Bert asked who they were and what they wanted.

One replied in Spanish that they were trying to find the road to Cerillos, the little station near.

"Did you expect to find the railroad running through this house?"

"No, *Señor*. We just wanted to ask the way."

"Cut around the corral and follow the trail. And do it quick."

They went out the door just ahead of the .30-40 and rounded the corner of the corral. While he could still hear their voices, Bert lay on the ground watching and listening. It was, he felt sure, just horses they wanted. They had left theirs in a bunch of chaparral along the trail.

When they had mounted and ridden on, he fired over their heads to speed their departure. Then he got a blanket and climbed to the platform of the windmill. From it, in the bright moonlight, he could see a long distance. Bert stayed there until it began to get light, and then he cooked breakfast with the kitchen door standing open so that he could see the trail. Later he followed their tracks until he was sure they had returned to Mexico.

BERT seldom got a paper but, so far as he knew, interest in the robbery at Cananea had waned. Several times he had considered riding to the deserted shack near which he had buried the money, but just in case he might be under surveillance he had refrained from going near the place. Yet he was, as Keeth had anticipated, getting weary of the lonely life, and was considering sending Keeth word that he wished to leave and asking for a replacement. Going away before one came would be inexcusable. A man didn't just walk off and leave horses and cattle without telling the owner of his intentions.

Before going he must check the money. Possibly it had been found. If so, his troubles were over; if not, he was responsible for it. Strickland might have heirs. Then he thought of conversations they'd had and could remember nothing that Strickland had ever told of his past or his family other than that he had recently come from Texas.

Strange, wasn't it, that a man would rob a *cantina*, a man who, under no circumstances, would have stolen a horse or cow? And he felt sure that Strickland would not have. Bert recalled hearing Charlie Parks say that Billy the Kid did not hesitate to rustle cattle and horses, but would not have stolen a penny of anybody's money. Well, neither would he. There was no reason, from Bert's point of view, for returning it to Colonel Greene, who was said to lose that amount or more in one poker game. Anyway, if Bert returned it, he would be incriminating himself. Who would believe his story?

No—if the money still lay buried, it could just stay there so far as Bert Judia was concerned, but he must make sure. Before letting Keeth know he was leaving, he would check.

Bert circled to the north and approached Strickland's old rendezvous site after carefully reconnoitering from a dune. For at least a half hour he watched for a movement that might identify a rider. There was none. As he neared the house it looked just as it had when he left it. If, during the interval, anyone had been there, he had left no sign. Bert concealed his mount in some chaparral and climbed to the tower of the windmill. There was no one within miles. Some cowboy might ride by, but he must chance that.

He found the shovel with which he had dug the hole, and he used the landmarks for locating the cache. So accurately had he placed it that he didn't find it necessary to dig but one hole. Without opening a bag or can, he hastily covered the entire lot, and put the shovel back in its place.

As Bert rode away, taking care not to go directly to Keeth's, he debated the advisability of retrieving the money and putting it in a bank. Its being in cash would occasion no suspicion, but the fact of *his* having it might. Again he thought of that fine little ranch he had long wanted, but he knew that he couldn't use that money for its purchase. Bert consoled himself by thinking that the ranch might not be for sale.

What he had to do was to continue to save until he had enough to make a down payment. So long as he stayed with Keeth and seldom went to town, there would be little occasion to do much spending; if he returned to Solomonville and his friends, he would be thought chintzy if he went to town and left with a penny in his pocket.

How could he ever accumulate a bankroll, Bert wondered. If he'd used his brains he would have taken some of Strickland's money. It had cost him dearly, not in work but in worry. But it was just as much a crime in the eyes of the law to steal one animal as a big herd. If he took even one dollar of it he was compromised. Perhaps he was, anyway. Had he, Bert Judia been a fool not to take all of it? Maybe—but how was a thirty-dollar cowboy to account for thirty thousand dollars?

Texas' Beautiful Firetrap

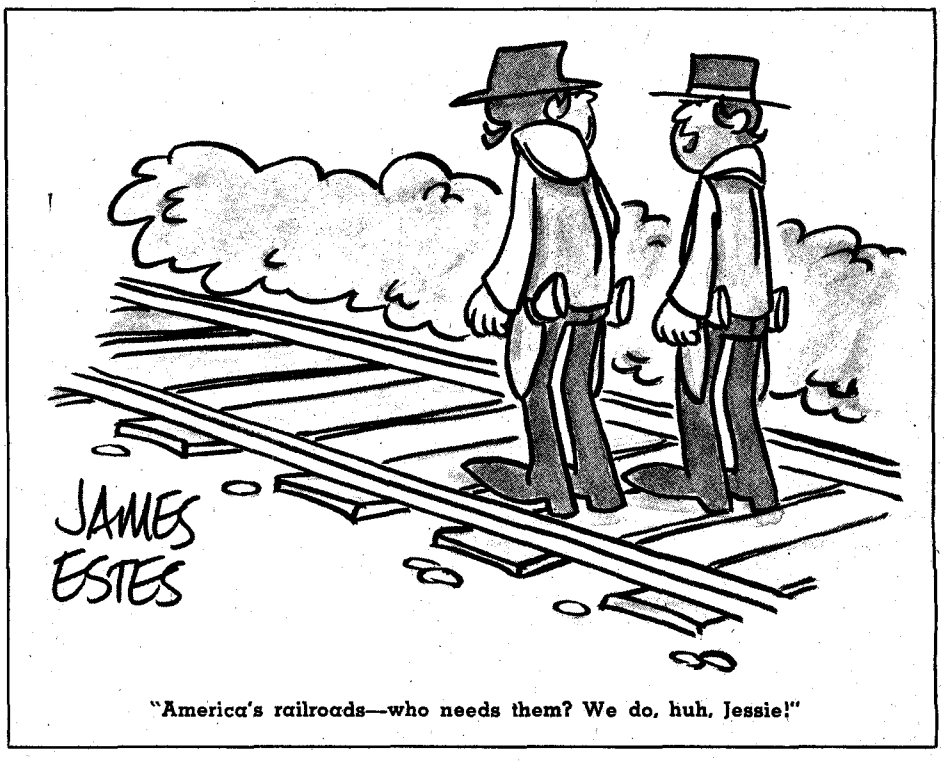
(Continued from page 35)

Mr. Leroy's aerial feat. A device called an "Edison phonographic apparatus" was grinding out classical music. In fact, several of the contraptions were all going at once. A newspaper reporter called them "wonderful machines" and said the exhibit had never before been seen at any other exposition. Two days later a new daily attendance record was set when between ten and twelve thousand persons passed through the gates that Friday.

During the following week, two special railroad cars rolled into Fort Worth. Aboard the first were twenty-three New England capitalists; the second carried twenty-two dignitaries from Chicago, headed by Chicago Mayor De Witt Creiger. All wanted to see the exposition that was whipping up such a storm of publicity. They received the grand tour, and were surprised, they said, at the "prosperity and progressiveness of the Southwestern empire."

Addressing an enthusiastic crowd, Mayor Creiger conceded to Fort Worth the title of "the future Chicago of the Southwest." He said many of the features of the "wonderful Texas karporama" would be suggested for use in the Chicago World's Fair in 1892.

As spring began to melt into summer, success for the exposition seemed assured. But tragedy was waiting for the last performance. It was 10:30 p.m. on May 30. A soft wind was blowing from the south. Inside, the Elgin Band had finished a concert. Several thousand people milled about the halls; hundreds of them



"America's railroads—who needs them? We do, huh, Jessie!"

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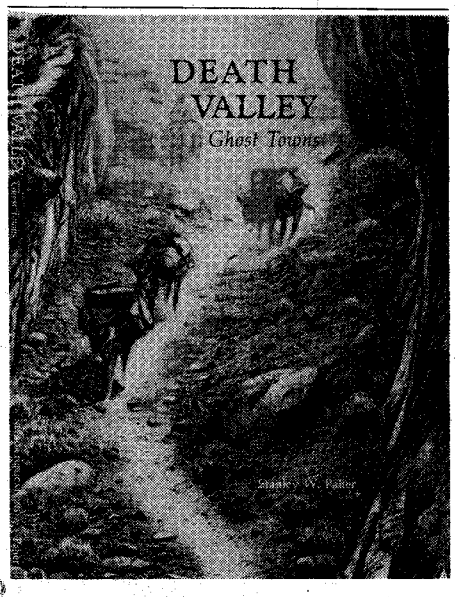

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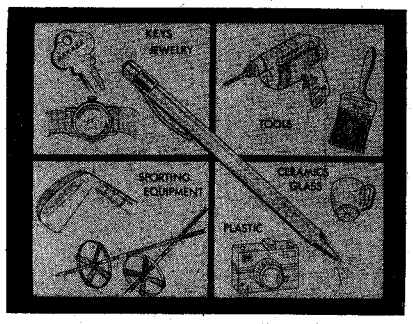

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had just arrived by rail from Dallas to take part in a fancy dress ball which would conclude the season of 1890.

"Just as the floor had been cleared, and the visitors were entering the gates," said Captain Paddock, "the cry of 'Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!' rang through the building, carrying terror to every inmate of the vast structure."

THE FIRE began in the center of the building. When first sighted, the flames were climbing an inside wall toward the second floor. There was plenty of fuel—cheesecloth draperies, dangling Spanish moss, stalks of corn.

"It was a beautiful firetrap," said Mrs. Ida McIntosh, who was among those who fled the blazing Palace.

A reporter covering the closing night festivities wrote, " . . . in an instant . . . a scene of peace, pleasure and happiness was transformed into a perfect pandemonium. Upstairs and downstairs could be heard the shrieks of women and children and the rush of thousands of people to the many entrances of the building. It sounded like the roar of a mighty wind.

"In less than a minute after the first flames were discovered, the entire upper part of the structure was one sea of roaring fire, and it spread with rapidity to the lower floor."

Above the crackle of the flames and the cries of the crowd could be heard the powerful, shrill voice of Captain Paddock as he commanded the frantic throng to be calm.

A young Fort Worth attorney, E. B. Randle, had escorted Miss Mary Field to the Palace that evening. He gave this account of the fire: "We rushed out of the building till we came to a water barrel; and I told Miss Field to stay there, and I would go and see if I could help the crowd get out.

"I rushed to the southwest corner entrance which was a much wider stairway than the one on the north, and saw the people rushing out and headlong down the stairway which led from the outside to the ground below.

"Many of them were just rolling down the stairs, and I saw one man run right across this rolling mass of humanity. I called out at once for them to 'take your time,' but there was so much excitement that it didn't do much good. I helped some of them who had fallen down and did all I could to get them out.

"In the mad rush, the top railing of the stairs had been torn off. After they were all out, I walked to the head of the stairs and looked into the dance hall, the roof of which was all afire, but could see no one. About that time, a chunk of fire fell on my neck and burned a hole in my coat collar. I went back to Miss Field, who was still at the water barrel. . . ."

A few firemen were stationed on the Palace grounds, but they were helpless against such a rush of flames. Then firemen began arriving from other sections of the city.

"My hose company reached the scene about the same time as one of the uptown companies," said Clay Sandidge, a volunteer firefighter. "A high board fence topped with barbed wire surrounded the building. The flames spread to the fence. After a hook and ladder company knocked down the fence, we went through.

"They told us to confine our efforts to two stairways on the south side of the building where a number of people were thought to have been trapped. Fortunately, no one was caught there," said Sandidge.

It was toward the north entranceways that most of the people fled. There were several people who remained cool in the face of impending death and helped direct the hysterical ones outside, but the heroic deeds of forty-year-old Al Hayne are those remembered when stories are told of the burning of the Texas Spring Palace.

HAYNE went into action the moment the first cries of alarm rang out. He rushed to the nursery on the second floor and began picking up babies and dropping them out a window into a net held by rescuers on the ground. Another account says Hayne lowered the children on a rope.

After all the children were safe, Hayne turned his attention to the fear-crazed adults, heading them toward doorways and urging them to try to regain their composure. Flames seared some of them; others broke legs and ankles when they jumped or fell from second-story windows.

But sometime during those brief moments of flight and confusion, a calm passed suddenly over a portion of the crowd. Was it Hayne's efforts, Captain Paddock's commands, or an act of God that brought it about? Whatever the source, the lull allowed hundreds to escape.

Paddock said, "No Sunday school in the country was ever dismissed with more decorum and good order. Every person accepted the direction of those in charge as if they were on dress parade on a military plaza. . . .

"That the loss of life was not appalling," Paddock continued, "is one of the wonders of the occasion. About 30 people were injured, more or less seriously, and many were burned. Low-necked and short-sleeved dresses of the ladies exposed them to falling cinders and pieces from the decorations, which were of the lightest and most inflammable character."

Within fifteen minutes after the shout of "Fire!" was first heard, the huge tower atop the Palace collapsed into the inferno. Hayne had been outside seconds before, but he dashed back to see if everyone had cleared the building. A Negro, Jesse Williams, ran in and pulled Hayne away from the flames. The Englishman, Hayne, was badly burned. He was wrapped in a sheet, loaded into a horse-drawn ambulance and taken to St. Joseph Hospital.

Captain Paddock, writing about the fire several years later, gave a somewhat different account of the manner in which Hayne was injured. "He [Hayne] seemed to be as cool and collected as any person in the building," Paddock wrote. "But he seemed to have lost self-control

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at the last minute and ran and jumped through a window to the ground below, a distance of 17 feet.

"The fall broke both ankles and prevented him from getting away from the fire, which was raging over that part of the exterior. Some gallant men took the fly' from a tent that stood in the garden, and, holding it before them, rushed up and threw it over Hayne and then dragged him away from the building."

All was confusion on the Palace grounds. Fort Worth attorney T. J. Powell was there and told of those moments: 'Frenzied parents looking for their children; husbands and wives separated and in agony about each other. The brilliant flames shooting up hundreds of feet. The indescribable babel of mourning voices and then the pall of dense smoke that hovered over the scene like an evil spirit gloating over his evil deed."

Lottie Memory was only ten years old when the Palace burned. Her father, S. J. Memory, had been construction superintendent of the building project. Memory was attending the Palace festivities that night, but his young daughter was at home several blocks away.

"My mother saw the flames from the bedroom of our house on Daggett Avenue," said the girl, "and she was nearly frantic before she learned that my father had escaped without injury. There were four of us children then, and Mother had just put us to bed. We got up and watched the flames from the bedroom windows.

"We could imagine Father and many others being caught in the wreckage when the huge dome of the building toppled and crashed into the flaming mass." A few minutes later the father returned home and told his family of Al Hayne's heroic deeds and severe injuries.

Hayne died at the hospital early the next morning. An official count showed forty-three injured, some of them seriously. All of the forty-three recovered; Hayne was the only fatality.

The shocked citizens of Fort Worth fell into mourning. Hayne's funeral was one of the largest ever held in the city. A sad procession, blocks long, trailed the cortege, and the Fort Worth City Council attended his services as a group.

Months later the women of the Fort Worth Humane Society took up a collection and erected a statue honoring Hayne. But the engineer's brother, Eugene, a Fort Worth contractor, created the first memorial to the hero. For five years after the Spring Palace fire, the grief-stricken brother paid rent on Hayne's office in the Fordick Building on Main Street. The room remained as the engineer left it on the last evening of his life.

The Fort Worth *Gazette* in 1895 commented: "That brother who loved him in life loves him in death too much to allow his effects to be removed. Men speak in whispers at the door of that room. Ladies tell the story it contains to every acquaintance. Al Hayne will never be forgotten in Fort Worth."

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

received some nice gifts which made me very happy. These included a nice pair of $50 shoes made by the Hall Boot Company, El Paso, Texas and given to me by my good friend, Joe Small. I also received a $50 hat made by the Texas Hatters of Austin. The next time you see me, I'll really be dressed up. I got kissed four times by four different women.

I am leaving here in the latter part of April, in a northwest direction. I'm rounding up my buffaloes now, hoping that I can stage some shows enroute between here and New Mexico and Arizona. And I hope to sell plenty of subscriptions to TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST, as I am the oldest (and the only) subscription agent they've got. I plan to make my headquarters in Gallup and no doubt will use the buffaloes in big ceremonies and all-Indian rodeos to be held there in June. I hope to be able to play other shows in Arizona and surrounding areas. After fifty years in the business, I find that the buffaloes always steal the show as a unique attraction. This will be my ninth engagement in Gallup. Everyone was so appreciative, it really made me happy.

You know the buffaloes and the American Indian were truly the first inhabitants of America. The buffalo was the first cattle and the Indian was the first American, so the two make a background of wonderful memories of the past. I can remember years ago when the Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson was in the United State Senate. I wrote him a letter and asked that he help me get the buffalo and the Indian back on the nickel. Traditionally, they both belong there. In due time I had a letter from Mr. Johnson and he told me in his letter that he'd help me get the job done. Incidentally, he never got it done for the simple reason that he didn't have time. Too bad that a wonderful man like him had to depart so early in life.

I guess I have "buffalo" in my blood. In the early days after my father had been discharged from the Confederate Army, he told me stories of when he went up the trail with big herds of cattle, and occasionally they would run into large herds of buffaloes. He told me that one time he made a bet with some cowboy that he could rope a buffalo. The bet was made and Daddy roped the buffalo, and the girth broke, and they had to shoot the buffalo to get Daddy's saddle, as the buffalo was dragging the saddle and following the herd.

My daddy was discharged from the army in 1865. He landed in Corpus Christi, Texas (he was a native of Jackson, Mississippi). In Corpus Christi he hired out as a trail driver to my Grandpa Willis Moore, who ranched in Oakville, Texas. After two years up the trail, my father married the trail boss's daughter (my mother). My grandmother's maiden name was Sarah Allen, and she was related to Archie Parr of Duval County who raised a wonderful son known as George Parr, the Duke of Duval.

In my rodeo life, I would like to call the names of some top cowboys that

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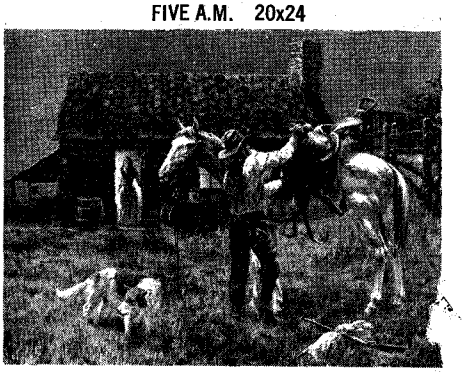

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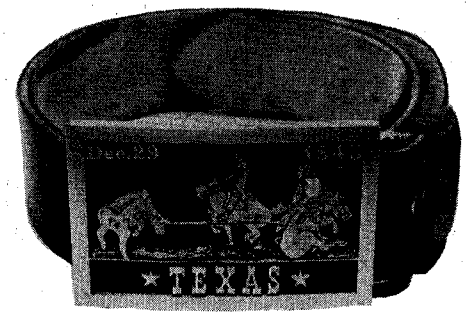

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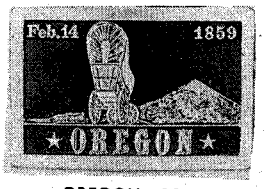

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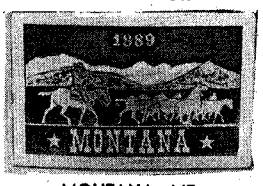

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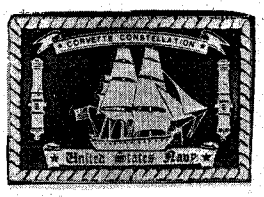

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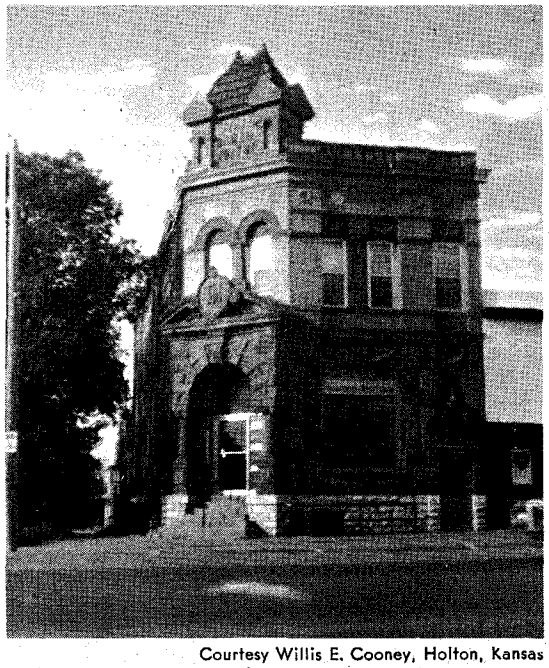
helped me in shows in various parts of the United States: Johnny Mullens; Huey Strickland; Payton, Bob, and Dee Boone; and above all, Charles W. Johnson (my oldest son). At one time, he was one of the top cowboys.

The following places are where I showed in the early days: in 1918, Globe Arizona (WWI war effort show—we had to raise $30,000 that day). Ward Bond, who was just sixteen or seventeen at the time, helped me in that show, also Neal Hart and Perry Montana; Z. Hayes; and others.

Next I showed in Douglas, Arizona (the Douglas Stampede); next, a big show in El Paso, Texas (Cattle Raisers Association); next, I put on a show in Tucson, the first big show that they ever had—that was back in 1919. From there I went to Santa Fe and put on the dedication of the Santa Fe Fiesta. I also put on a show for a rodeo in Willcox and Safford.

That is all the time I have now. Thank you all for listening. I could write until next Saturday, but I do not have the space.—Hackberry Johnson, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764



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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 41)

Thomas and the rest of the train continued on to California.

Any information of these people will be greatly appreciaed.—M. M. Adams, 2004 Vesta Street, San Diego, California 92113

Rish-Oldham

My grandfather Madden (Maden) Rish was married to Cynthia Florence Oldham in Texas in 1885 or 1886. They separated before my mother was born in November 1886 in Wise County, Texas. It was said Rish moved to Oklahoma, married and had eight children. He supposedly got rich from the oil boom. Would like any information on any of his ancestors or descendants.—Mrs. O. F. McLendon, Route D., Lamesa, Texas 79331

Parent

I am seeking information about the Parent family. My dad, Earl Parent, died about 1937 in New York State. I would like to know where he came from or hear from anyone who may have known him.—Earl Parent, Jr., c/o Box 26, Meeteetse, Wyoming 82433

Mefford

James Burns Mefford was born in Pike County, Missouri in 1821. He came West, probably from Iowa, about 1856. His wife was Hannah Pritchett Mefford. Children were: Henry Alfred, born 1843, Pike County, Missouri; Cornelius, born 1848, Macon County, Missouri; Emmarilla, born 1851, Dubuque County, Iowa; Elmira, born 1853, Dubuque County, Iowa; Hiram G., born 1857, Amador County, California; and James B. Oscar, born 1861, Solano County, California.

We think James came West by the Santa Fe Trail in a covered wagon and landed in Solano County, California.

The descendants of Henry Alfred are very anxious to learn what happened to James and Hannah and the other children. We have information about James' ancestry.—Mrs. Clarence Mefford, 1312 Jimeno Lane, Woodland, California 95695

Ivy

We are seeking information about the parents of Robert Henry Ivy. We do not know their names, only that there were ten children born to them in Gonzales County, Texas. Our grandfather, Robert H. Ivy was born February 15, 1881 in Leesville, Texas but we can't find any records of his birth. Other children's names we know are Buck, Hubert, Polp Drue, Martha and Sally. Drue Ivy had twenty-five children, all twins and triplets. He died in San Antonio, Texas in 1965. Any information about Robert H. Ivy and his parents would be greatly appreciated.—Linda Ivy Anderson, 730 B Street, Yuba City, California 95991

Bryant

I would like any information on my grandfather, J. C. Bryant, born in Polk County, Texas about 1841. At sixteen years of age he was a member of the Bourland Regiment of the Confederacy —stationed on the Frontier during the Civil War to hold the Indians in check. He was an Indian fighter, scout, sheriff of Montague County (1895-1896), a cattle inspector on the Chisholm Trail and one hell of a man. I am seventy-four-years-young and would appreciate anything in regard to him or his family.—Hubert E. Bryant, 3013 Veteran Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90034

Young-Crockett

I am seeking information about the parents, brothers and sisters of my great-grandfather, Thomas Madison Young, born in Tennessee October 25, 1806. He married Ruth Crocket born in Tennessee October 10, 1807 (she was a niece of Davy Crockett).—Gertrude Boyer, 5127 East 31st Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74135

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5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
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23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
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26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
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69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
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104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
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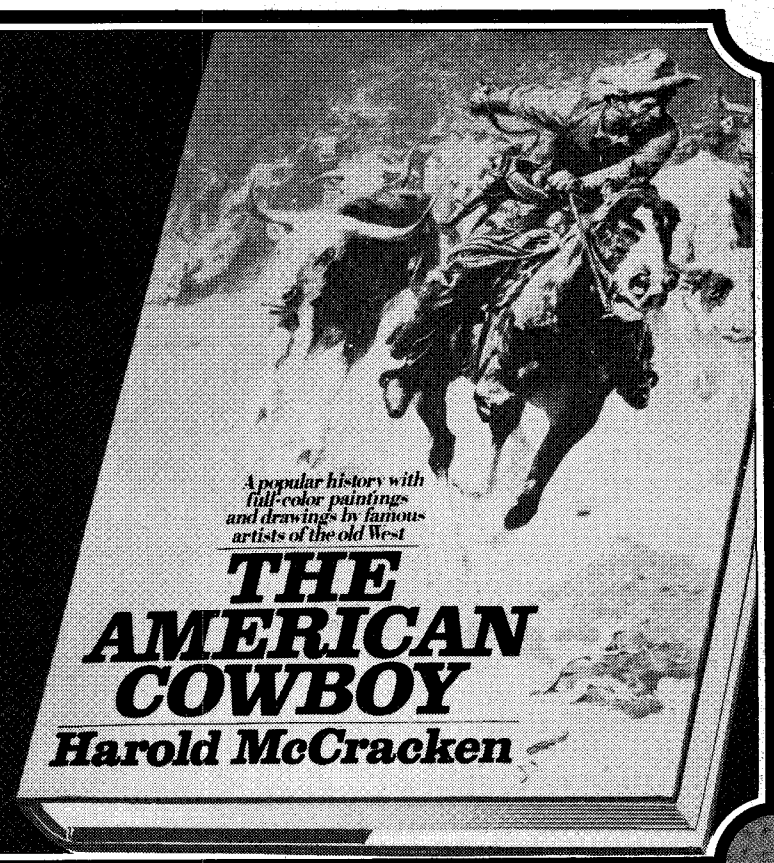

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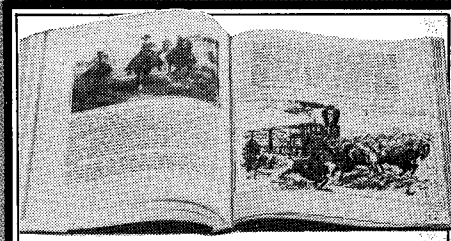

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